TRUE WEST

April, 1966 35¢

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Crook — Hardluck General

I Saw the Whitman Massacre

MINING—A GAME WITH NO RULES!

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THIS IS NOT AN "EASTERN" WESTERN!

Invitation to a Ghost Walk
THROUGH THE SUPERSTITIONS

The Peraltas' stone maps have been found! Like great signposts they point to the area where rocks and sand may suddenly turn to gold!

CONTEST!
(See page 3)

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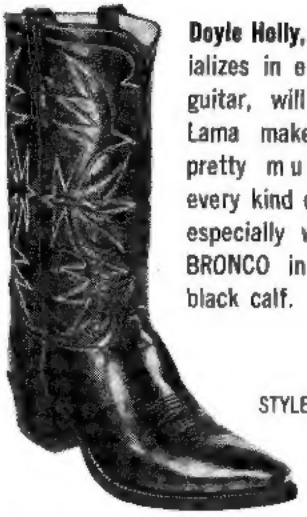
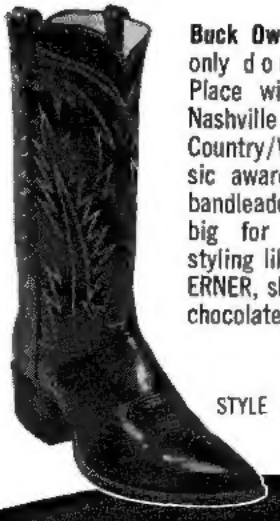
FOOTNOTES!

from **BUCK OWENS** and the BUCKAROOS



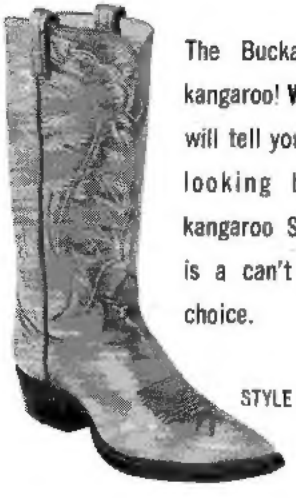
Doyle Holly, who specializes in electric guitar, will tell you Lama makes mighty pretty music with every kind of leather, especially with the BRONCO in premium black calf.

STYLE 169-T-3



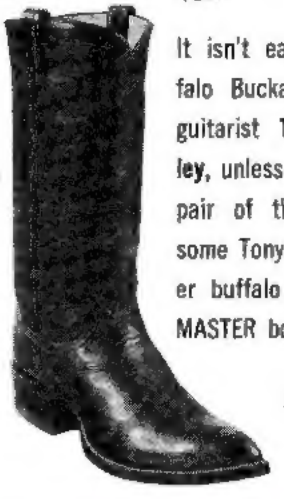
Buck Owens was the only double First Place winner at the Nashville national Country/Western music awards. Singer-bandleader Buck goes big for Tony Lama styling like the WESTERNER, shown here in chocolate calf.

STYLE 109-X-3



The Buckaroos like kangaroo! **Willie Cantu** will tell you this good looking benedictine kangaroo STOCKMAN is a can't go wrong choice.

STYLE 58-X-3



It isn't easy to buffalo Buckaroo steel guitarist **Tom Brumley,** unless it's with a pair of these handsome Tony Lama water buffalo WAGON MASTER boots.

STYLE 39-J-3

Handsome Buckaroo singer and instrumentalist **Don Rich** knows what it takes to please a crowd—and he knows ladies boots by Tony Lama please all the gals!

STYLE L-1539-J-3

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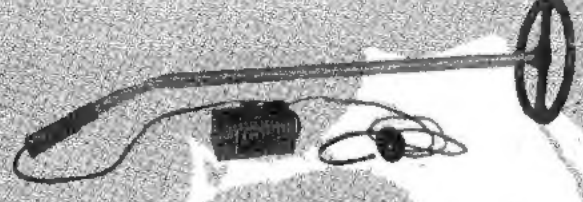

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TW 4

Estes Park, Colorado

March-April 1966
Volume 13, No. 4
Whole No. 74

True West

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ROBERT SMALL Advertising
LIZ LAWLER Production
LESTER U. BEITZ Art
MARILYN WHITE Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada, $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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CONTEST: CONFUSION, INC.

WE ARE NOT particularly confused right now, but many readers seem to be and are prodding us so constantly for some infallible means of identification for TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST that we are announcing a contest. The first prize is $100. Second, $75. Third, $50. Fourth, $25, and there will be ten prizes of $10 each.

The reason we are running this contest is because of the increasing amount of mail from readers who buy magazines with titles almost identical to ours and who find out later they aren't reading one of our publications.

I want to make the following *very* plain. We are not trying to discourage readers who *like* the other magazines. If they suit you, by golly read them and cut out ours if the old bank account won't stand them all! If you want to read ours only, and are confused by the various titles—then that's what this contest is all about.

If you wish to enter it, be sure and read WHAT WOULD YOU DO? on page 3 of March FRONTIER TIMES since it will give you more information on the situation than you may be able to get from this last minute epistle which must be shorter than intended because we got crammed-jammed on this issue.

I'm going to publish several letters we've received so that you might get a better insight on just what we want when I say *positive identification*, and they might also give you ideas relative to a winning entry.

Dear Joe:

I have watched TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and, recently, OLD WEST grow from the manger to the fine, wholesome, truthful, family type publications which they are today. They are so successful and certain copycats are so close to your titles, format, and general appearance that it prompts me to write this letter. Incidentally, I have never written a letter to an editor before and I am well nigh fifty these days.

I had figured that you would never be hard to spot on the newsstand, but when a copycat fooled me, and I later heard about the same thing happening to several friends, I began to feel rather strongly about it. My wife, Betty, one of your most ardent fans, was fooled even before I was. The little speech I gave her then rang in my ears for days when I also came home with the wrong title! She ribbed me in a nice way but it sure struck home! We went ahead and read both of these "mistakes" copies and, even though I am no authority on Western history, it wasn't hard to spot the old fiction type formula. (It made me think of the old Western pulps.) They killed themselves and the whole Western field until high-quality and more truthful Westerns were offered.

I didn't think I could be fooled by a similar title. I was. Betty was. Is there something you can put on your covers so a rushed businessman can grab what he *wants* and head for home?—Bill Tarver, P. O. Box 7625, Phoenix, Arizona 85011.

Dear Pat:

I have been intending writing you about this for some time. TRUE WEST, OLD WEST, and FRONTIER TIMES, with their universal recognition, are carrying along on their broad Western shoulders too many close imitations in titles and format. I am told by the dealers (I recently made a trip throughout most of the West and Canada) that this leads to a great deal of confusion on the part of readers trying to select the real article. The other publishers have not yet learned the lesson that there can be no substitution for or compromise with truth in the printing of interesting Western history. I hate to think how many readers are lost each month because of disgust or disappointment. The worst part of it is, if the new reader doesn't learn the difference in time, your magazines are tarred with the same brush.

I have been very proud of the fact that Western Publications are accepted and used in schools as references on Western History. It has been a great fear of mine that someone would choose one of your imitators to quote from in school. Their inaccuracies and style of reporting would stop *that* particular school from references on *any* Western magazine!

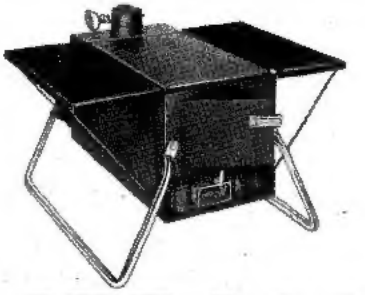
I do not say that your magazines are faultless. It would be utterly impossible to publish any type of historical work without a single error! However, Hollywood and the East still believe Western fact stories must be revved up (some to ridiculous proportions!) in order to sell to the American public. You have proven that a publisher can at least honestly try to get every fact straight and thus pick up a following—many of whom had "dropped" Westerns.

A slogan such as A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION would be good but such wordings are generally in small letters and are not easily recognized when someone reaches for a magazine in a hurry and doesn't take time to read the small print. Whatever it may be, Pat, do something to identify the three Western Publications!—Bill Judge, 2154 South Box Elder, Casper, Wyoming.

ENOUGH OF THE LETTERS from a reader's viewpoint. If we published them all, it would leave no room for articles. Now I want to quote from an author who must make a living writing and I cannot mention his name but he is concerned over the situation since

(Continued on page 72)

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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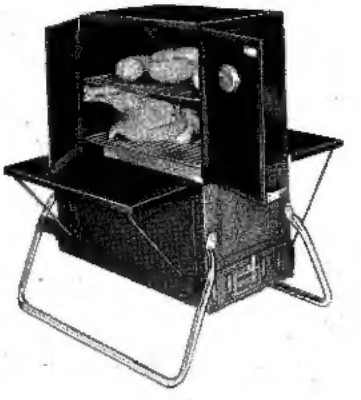

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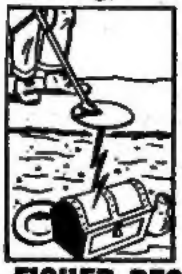

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True Western

More on Jails

Dear Pat:

The letter and the picture by Mrs. Ann Weatherford in TRUE WEST, telling about the Greenhorn Jail was very interesting to me. She must have liked your article "Early Day Coolers" as much as I did. It reminded me of a ghost jail I saw and photographed one day when I was driving through Greenwood, Arkansas. Most all tourists stop and photograph the old Greenwood Jail.

The jail is located fifteen miles south of Fort Smith, Arkansas. It is a big stone building built in 1892 and is easily seen. Its four steel doors on the north side reflect the sunlight as you drive down Highway 71 and enter the main street. You notice the four barred windows set in the north side of the old two-story building.

There are two steps at the entrance door. Each one is a large stone grinder. These were taken from an old grist mill that pioneers once used on the bank of a nearby creek.

On March 10, 1851, the little town of Greenwood was proclaimed the county seat of Sebastian County, Arkansas. The county seat was later changed to Fort Smith, and since then the county has maintained two seats of justice. The jail built at Greenwood in 1857 was a two-story log building, covered by rock walls. A wooden picket fence was built around it, leaving a yard ten feet wide inside the pickets. No one seems to know what became of this jail. It may have burned or it could have been torn down. Anyway, it isn't there now.

In 1892 the two-story stone jail was built and this time they built one rugged enough and reinforced with enough steel to insure its life. Fortunately, this old jail was left standing, even after it had served its purpose of holding prisoners. There came a day when the county jail was once more located at Fort Smith.

Greenwood's jail remained unoccupied for many years while new buildings sprang up around it. The town grew into a modern city while the old stone jail became a ghost, standing out like a backwoods pioneer among city folks.

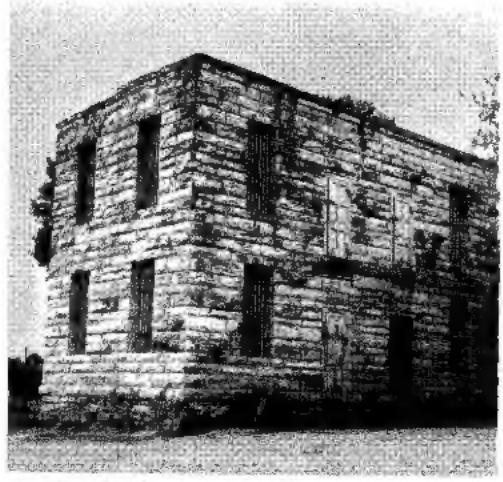
In January, 1964, the South Sebastian County Historical Society made the old jail into a museum.—Charles Kelley, Jr., 1717 North F Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Foul Up!

Dear Sir:

I suppose every hard-rock miner who has read Nancy Dorman Anderson's article in the December issue of TRUE WEST will be showering you with complaints, so I might as well get in my two cents' worth.

I'm an old, experienced hard-rock miner, so let me say the picture on page



Ghost jail at Greenwood, Arkansas

25 is captioned wrong and is misleading. What the writer calls the "remains of an ore cart" is really an air-operated mucking machine, either a Sullivan or Findlay. I have run both kinds. Also, what she calls a "steam engine" in front of Mr. Charlie Kohs is a compressed air operated tram motor. The large tank on it is charged with air at certain stations along the tunnels from compressed air lines to 125-pounds pressure, and is used for hauling ore cars to and from said mucking machine.

Anderson is a fine writer. I enjoyed her article and your wonderful magazine very much. I also enjoyed my right to squawk. This is deep enough.—Aubrey T. Dunham, 3707 S.W. 102, Seattle, Washington 98146.

Roy Bean

Dear Joe:

I enjoyed "Vinegarroon" very much. Judge Roy Bean died on the sixteenth of March, 1903. The readers of your magazines might be interested to know that after Roy Bean died, his son, Sam Bean, came back to Langtry and wrote a letter to his uncle in New Mexico, telling him of what happened, and this is the letter he wrote:

Langtry, Texas
April 2, 1903

My Dear Uncle Sam:

Your letter came some time ago. I was very glad to hear from you but very sorry you could not see Father before he died. I feel very lonely now. I am still at the old place, looking after the property Father left but have not fully decided yet what I will do.

You asked me to tell you about Father's death. There was not much to tell. As you probably know, he has been troubled with heart failure for several years

(Continued on page 68)

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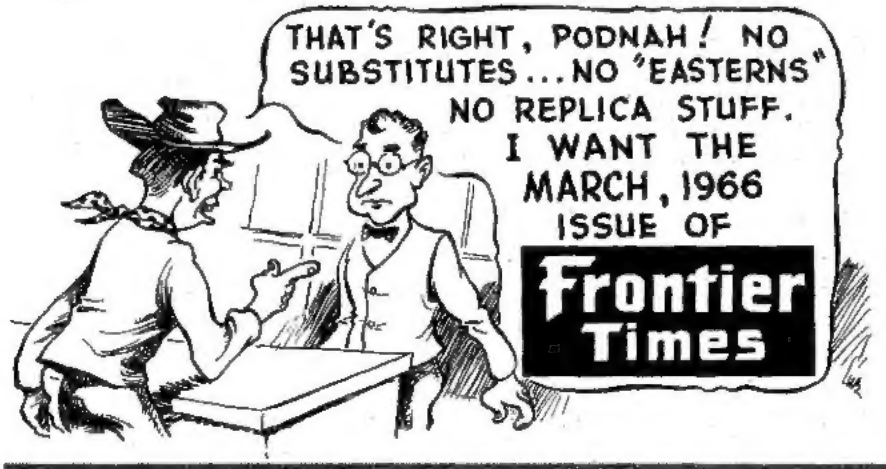

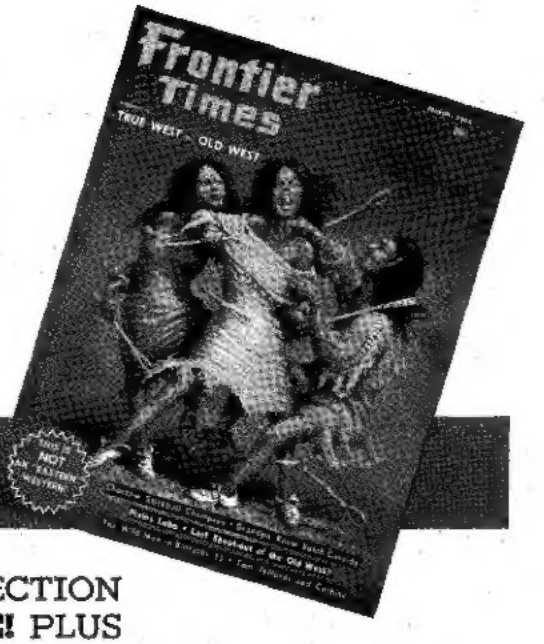

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JUST LOOK AT THIS PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

UNDERNEATH THE VINE AND FIG TREE by Suzanne Dabney Taylor. The forces of evil and the supernatural wage an eerie struggle for a woman's life. INDIAN ATHLETICS by Felix Hartlep. They called it fun . . . but it looked like mayhem! An Indian athlete needed more than ability and stamina; surely a great amount of courage was needed to participate in their hectic game. MOSE BURRIS-CHOCTAW STICKBALL PLAYER by C. L. Packer. Mose is now in his nineties and still going strong. One day last summer he picked 161 pounds of cotton—and was "just resting" to hear him tell it. WILD MAN IN BARRACKS 13 by Dale F. Giese. If McCann had given the Indians as much trouble as he gave his officers, the rest of the Frontier Army could have packed their gear and gone home! GAY DAYS ON DENVER'S HOLLADAY STREET by Alson J. Smith. An account of the men and women who "pioneered" the seamy side of life in the Queen City of the West. GRANDPA KNEW BUTCH CASSIDY by Kerry Boren. To go against the law usually means the end of family ties. There are many days when a man doesn't care—but there are a few when he'd like to let his guard down and talk to somebody from home. That's where Grandpa came in. BARBECUED BRAVES by Harold E. Whittington. A pioneer family had to make a stand with whatever weapons were available . . . including hot grease! INDIAN LEGEND ON HORSEBACK by Rowena and Gordon Alcorn. With his colorful orange and black chaps and long black braids tied beneath his chin, Jackson Sundown made a colorful rodeo contestant . . . and Pendleton will never forget him. His appearance has been forgotten by many . . . but his ability as a rider will always be remembered.

ALSO INCLUDED IN THIS ISSUE:

LAST SHOOT-OUT OF THE OLD WEST? by Tom G. Murray, TOM JEFFORDS AND COCHISE by Reuben Noel, 80 MILES WITH A PACK OF FURS by Ruth LaPlant Reid, DEATH PROPHECY IN A BAD-LANDS MIRAGE by "Kickin'" Bob Kennon as told to Florence Boyd Franklin, LAST KILLS OF THE PLAINS LOBO by Jesse Stull, THE ENIGMA OF JUANA MESTENA by Dee Woods, MONEY OF THE MERCHANTS by Gordon Yowell and VALLEY OF THE CONQUERORS by Jess Cox.

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INVITATION TO A GHOST

Through the Superstitions winds a trail so dim that only wraiths—and one man—can see it clearly. The Peraltas laid it out a hundred years ago and they travel it still

EVERY HISTORIAN, explorer or researcher finds that he has two sides to his nature. One he tries to subdue and the other he works to expand. There is an insatiable appetite for answers to questions that have defied solution. The side that must be subdued is that which tries to tempt and lure him away from goals he has set for himself.

In 1965, for the first time since we began doing research on the Superstition Mountains, we felt ourselves being torn between the factual thinking of historical research and the lustful thinking of a treasure hunter on the scent of a bonanza. We were invited by the mythical Travis Marlowe to walk beside him on an ancient treasure trail, created by the Spaniards who mined in these mountains over a century ago.

While our eyes and thoughts tried to observe everything with a serious and dedicated attitude, we began to feel the infectious excitement of what it means to be a treasure hunter. Your heart beats faster, your blood runs a little hotter, and the taste of gold and silver becomes so strong in your mouth that you forget for a moment your initial purpose.

The new sensation, unlike anything we had felt before, was consumed by the "hungry side," when it reminded us that *here* were answers to unsolved questions, and that *we* were here to record them. We had gratefully accepted the invitation from Mr. Marlowe to come and walk the Peralta treasure trail that has lain under the camouflage of the Arizona desert for 118 years. We saw Marlowe's famous Peralta Maps in their entirety and were allowed to hike beside him as he led us up the trail that he knows will lead him to the unbelievable wealth hidden deep in in the Superstitions. We vanquished questions that had had no answers heretofore—answers that history had been unable to provide. For us, this was a dream come true.

Long, long ago a mere handful of Spaniards unintentionally left the curse of ignorance and frustration upon those of us who would succeed them centuries later seeking evidence of their past. Our ambition has been to somehow break through the barriers of time and to unravel the mystery of what really transpired in the Superstition Mountains of southern Arizona.

Maybe we could have selected a more difficult area to study, but quite frankly, it doesn't seem possible. To coax these mountains to yield the facts we seek has been quite a task. The old Superstitions are undoubtedly the most exasperating mountains that God ever took the fancy to create—one huge contradictory mass! For over twenty years we have tried to learn the truth about her two most debatable phases.

OUR MAIN INTEREST is what the Superstitions have secretly hidden from the prying and probing of other eyes. Her boundaries are bulging with the priceless remains of a prehistoric age which the average visitors choose to ignore. They seem to be more interested in the legendary "Lost Dutchman Gold Mine" and are oblivious to the real wealth imprisoned here. The monotonous story of the Dutchman is all the public has been allowed to know. Little has been told of the many cliff dwellings waiting to be explored, ancient burial grounds, pit houses, artifacts and petroglyphs that date from the prehistoric "Ho-Ho-Kam" to the Indians of a more recent period. The sudden and mysterious flight of these "Ancient Ones" from their homeland has driven archaeologists to despair in search of answers to who—where—what—why?

Only in 1963 did a partial answer come to this highly debatable subject of the prehistoric Indian. It is a book that the Indians finally had to write themselves. *Book Of The Hopi* by Frank Waters and Oswald White Bear Fredricks has solved many riddles about the origin of these ancient people, the reasons behind their abrupt and unexplainable migration from not only the Superstitions, but throughout the Western Hemisphere.

Then, in 1964, came proof of the explorations of the Peraltas who gave the Superstitions her second aura of mystery. To fully appreciate the fantastic discovery that was made—whether your interest lies in history or treasure—you must first become better acquainted with the Peralta family. The Peraltas, in search of new deposits of gold and silver, came to this southernmost end of the Pinal Mountain Range in the mid 1840s. Their mines in Chihuahua, Mexico, were showing dangerous signs of becoming worked out.

History also tells us that they located riches in the Superstitions, but what proof was there? Faint clues of their presence throughout the area—arrastres, acres of stumps from trees that must have been used to fire their adobe furnaces and to build ladders to descend into the funnel-shaped mines characteristic of early Mexican mining—these still did not prove that great wealth was attained! The Peraltas left odd hieroglyphics chiseled into the sides of cliffs and boulders throughout the area of the mighty Superstitions, but again, what good were the gold signs and Spanish measurements if no one could decipher them?

In the many books we have read concerning the Peraltas, we found no two stories alike. We will not add to the confusion by repeating them. The story we are about to relate should clear up once and for all that it *was* the Peraltas who were in the Superstitions, and exactly *which* members of the family made the historic expedition. It will also prove that the Peraltas *found* the riches they were seeking, what they *were*, and the fact that they were forced to *leave* the greatest portion of the treasure behind, thus corroborating the story of the Peralta Massacre as they fled the mountains.

THE PROOF of these things was found in 1949, but was not made public until 1964. Signed by Don Miguel Peralta and his eldest son, Pedro, three carved stone maps dated 1847 were at last discovered which told the true story of the Peraltas and the fate that was destined to be theirs in the mountains of the Apache Thunder Gods.

Twice the stone tablets confirm the year Don Miguel and Pedro worked the mines. Before the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848), which would bring the area of the mines under the jurisdiction of the United States, Territory of Arizona, the Peraltas made one last effort to mine all the gold and silver they could while the area was still part of Sonora, Mexico.

They left Chihuahua with a large group of miners and camp laborers. The number of men in the expedition's party has been disputed. Some books say 400, some say 68. Let us assume that the number is not important; the fact that the expedition was formed and actually took place *is* important.

Once they reached the Superstition Mountains and mining was underway, the men must have experienced some harrassment from the Apaches because they were digging into and desecrating the sacred grounds of the Indians. The raids at first were probably considered merely a nuisance, but as mining activities increased, so did the number of Apaches. The Peraltas must have sensed danger when it became evident the Indians meant to rid themselves of the trespassers.

Don Miguel's youngest son, Enrico, had been left behind in Mexico to manage the family estate in Chihuahua. It was for him the maps were intended. This is the reason the maps were so carefully prepared. The existing maps reveal that the Peraltas did have time to make them, bury them, and set up the puzzling trail to match the explicit directions carved into the stones. They must have realized that in the event of their capture, death or what-have-you, Enrico would eventually come to investigate the disappearance of his father and brother. Enrico had never seen the mines; therefore, the maps

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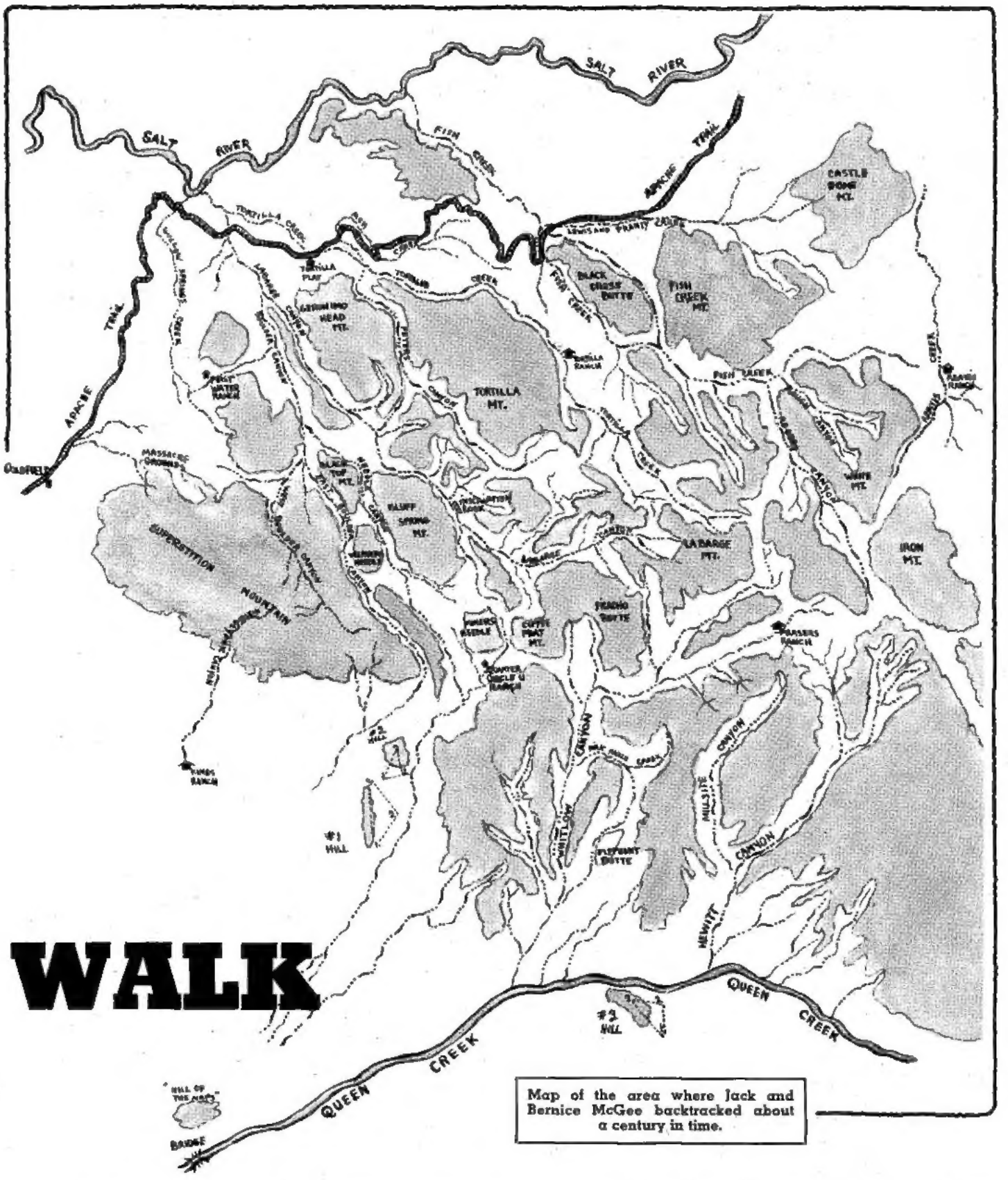

WALK

Map of the area where Jack and Bernice McGee backtracked about a century in time.

had to be hidden somewhere along the trail from Chihuahua in hopes they would be found.

The Peraltas' premonition of death came true. In trying to escape the irate Apaches, they ran directly into a trap prepared for them at the northwest corner of Superstition Mountain. Either they were driven this way purposely by the Indians, or they thought this route offered them the nearest and fastest exit toward the safety of the open desert to the west. As they passed through the gap behind Superstition Mountain, less than a mile from safety, they were ambushed and slaughtered.

It is known that they tried to take some of the gold with them. A horsehide pouch reported to contain $18,000 in gold was found by a prospector in 1916 while he was walking across the now historic Massacre Grounds. The pouch either had been dropped during the melee or had been cut loose from the pack-mules after the butchering of man and animals had taken place on that gruesome date in 1848.

The irony of the Peralta story did not end with their death. News of their fate reached Don Enrico twelve years later when a padre told the story as told to him by an Apache convert. This ended the suspense and uncertainty as to the where-

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abouts of the missing men. Twelve years was a long time for Enrico to remember the discussions he had heard between his father and brother. He did know the mines were far to the north, beyond the missions of Tumacacori and San Xavier Del Bac, to the Gila River. North of the river would be a series of high mountains ranging from east to west. These would be the mountains of gold.

A JOURNEY was made in 1865 by Enrico and his cousins from the Gonzales branch of the Peralta family. They successfully made their way to the Gila River and there made the error that cost them the Peralta fortune. After crossing the Gila, Enrico veered too far east from the markers that would have taken him to where the maps had been buried. The Gonzales trail swung northeast toward Picket Post Mountain, past the eventual towns of Silver King and Pinal, not founded until eleven years after the family passed this way in its gallant search. If Enrico had only continued due north, after crossing the Gila, he would have changed the course of Arizona history.

Enrico, of course, was not aware that his father and Pedro had tried to leave him messages along the trail north of the river, nor was he aware that after the massacre, work parties of Apache women and children had been sent into the mountains to cover all traces of the mines. (It is not believed that the Indian convert divulged this information.) Without the aid of the stone maps, the stores of hidden silver and gold could not be found, nor could the numerous mines the Apaches had concealed with such cunning perfection.

The Indians laid logs from the ironwood tree over the entrances to the mines, plastered them with a mixture of caliche and water that hardens much like concrete when dried, and covered the whole with sand, rocks, boulders and plants to harmonize with the surrounding landscape. No trace of these mines has been found to this day, with the possible exception of the Goldfield Mine, approximately two miles from the site of the Massacre Grounds. This will be mentioned a little later in our story, but it does make one wonder when the other seventeen mines will crumble in from rotting timbers.

The Peralta family was never destined to experience the triumph of their hard-gained prosperity. The ghosts of Don Miguel and Pedro still roam through the mountains and canyons waiting for someone to release them from their surveillance over the treasure for which they paid the ultimate price.

TRAVIS MARLOWE possesses the secrets they hold. He is the one who opened the backdoor of time and allowed us to enter the world of a century ago. All theories, probabilities and hearsay were left far behind as he led us over the trail that was to have been Enrico's —the ghost walk of the Peraltas. To our knowledge, we were the first to be shown the secret trail. Mr. Marlowe has permitted us to share with the readers of TRUE WEST this incredible pilgrimage.

June 12, 1964 marked the beginning of a strange chain of events in our lives. On that day *Life Magazine* released the extraordinary news that the maps existed and told about the man who owned them —Travis Marlowe. This was the news for which we had waited so long. We felt self-satisfied and happy that "someone" had finally come along and jerked a knot in the stingy carcass of "Old Lady Superstition."

We had wanted to contact Mr. Marlowe at that time, but the article had expressed Marlowe's fear for his life and had used an alias to conceal his identity. This naturally led us to believe that he most certainly would not be receptive to a letter from strangers even if we had *known* how to contact him.

For weeks afterward, the thought of the Peralta Maps haunted us. We considered them pieces lost from a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. More than anything else in the world we wanted to get these missing pieces of history restored to their proper places—to see a complete picture. How could we convince Mr. Marlowe of this? Wouldn't he think it was just another approach from interested treasure hunters?

On January 18, 1965 a miracle happened. We received a letter from Travis Marlowe. It stated, "I read your article about the Superstition Mountains in the OLD WEST (Winter Edition, 1964) and thought it very good. Your interest in the legends and the mountains really shows up in your writings. The enclosed book is one I have written and is just off the press. It reveals the true facts that there are numerous Spanish mines and treasure to be found in these mountains. I'm sure you will be interested in these treasure maps and reading this book of some of my experiences."

He was so right! He had photographs of all six sides of the maps published in his book, *Superstition Treasures*, with small pieces of black tape covering a few of the most important symbols. This by no means took away from the importance of the maps. They were not incoherent scribblings but really beautiful works of stone sculpture. This was the first time all three maps had been publicly displayed. Mr. Marlowe's story told how the maps were discovered and how they had come into his possession after the death of the original finder. Marlowe then related his own story of "Disappointments Versus Triumphs" alone the Peralta Trail.

After reading his book and carefully studying his maps, we were more excited than ever before, and were full of questions. Where were the maps actually found? Through which section of the mountains does the dotted trail lead? The answer to the latter question would establish concrete proof of the much disputed route the Peraltas had been thought to use in entering the mountains.

Some have thought the Peralta Trail went over Miners Needle at the southern end of the Pinals; others have said the Spaniards went to the extreme west end of Superstition Mountain and followed the old Apache Trail north to Salt River. This route would have gained entrance to the tributary creeks and canyons that cuts deeply into the Superstitions' interior regions, creating the corridors and passageways that we ourselves have used to penetrate the mountains. Some have thought they circled Superstition Mountain from south to west, and entered behind its northern side to reach Boulder Canyon which runs the entire length of the area from Salt River. The latter had seemed the most plausible since it was the route they chose for escape when attacked by the Apaches. To our astonishment, when we later were taken over the Peralta Trail indicated by the maps, it was none of these.

Another question about which we were concerned was the tvoe marker the Peraltas found to use in this arid land. In what condition were the markers when discovered?

In the course of his letter Mr. Marlowe included the number of a postoffice box in Apache Junction where he could be contacted. This made possible a note of thanks for the nice gesture of sending us his book, and for the kind words about our article in OLD WEST. Thus began a correspondance which lasted till the time we were to leave for Arizona to do some research for another article we were writing. We tried not to ask anything of a personal nature in our letters to Mr. Marlowe; any information he gave us was volunteered.

WHEN IT CAME time for us to leave for Arizona we gave Marlowe our address there. He had told us that Apache Junction was full of men claiming to be Travis Marlowe. Nothing could be easier to do since no one knew Marlowe's real identity or what he looked like. We jokingly answered his letter stating that we would recognize the true Travis Marlowe from the large bottle of aspirin he probably carries for headaches he inherited along with the maps.

We had planned to stay in an out-of-the-way spot called Tortilla Flat, about twenty miles from Apache Junction on the Apache Trail. Tortilla Flat is conveniently near the tributary canyons of the Salt River—Willow Spring, LaBarge, and Boulder Canyons to the west of us; Peters, Tortilla and Ash Canyons to the east. Tortilla Flat is comprised of one gas station, a cafe, post office, and very comfortable cabins—population of three.

During the daylight hours, Tortilla Flat is busy meeting the needs of tourists driving the beautifully scenic Apache Trail, but only the foolhardy drive the ninety-eight-mile trail after dark. At dusk, the restaurant and service station close for the day, and heaven help the traveler who runs out of food or gasoline after the sun goes down. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Stepan, who own this desert oasis, warned us about opening our door to anyone at night. Such a statement doesn't exactly make for sleeping like a baby!

It was hard to imagine anyone's walking around out here after dark, because when the sun sets it seems to take the moon with it. It is blacker than the inside of Satan's heart.

On our second night in Tortilla Flat we heard a car laboring up Apache Trail's steep incline and wondered if a tourist, misjudging his timing, had been caught on the trail. Frankly, we were dismayed to hear the car pull up in front of our cabin and stop.

When we threw open the door in answer to a knock, a nice-looking couple quickly stepped inside and asked, "Are you the McGees?" We nodded our heads in the affirmative.

The woman then said, "We are the Marlowes. However, we forgot to bring the aspirin bottle."

We were so shocked to be face to face with Travis Marlowe that it took several moments to recover. We just stood there grinning like two jackasses eating thistles. In our last letter we had said that we would love to meet them if they thought it wise but, if not, we would certainly understand their reasons. We hadn't dreamed they would take us up on the invitation.

Now that Travis Marlowe was here, what were we going to do with him? Have you ever tried to carry on a conversation with a stranger and not ask a single question of him? Try it sometime, and see how long discussing the weather will last.

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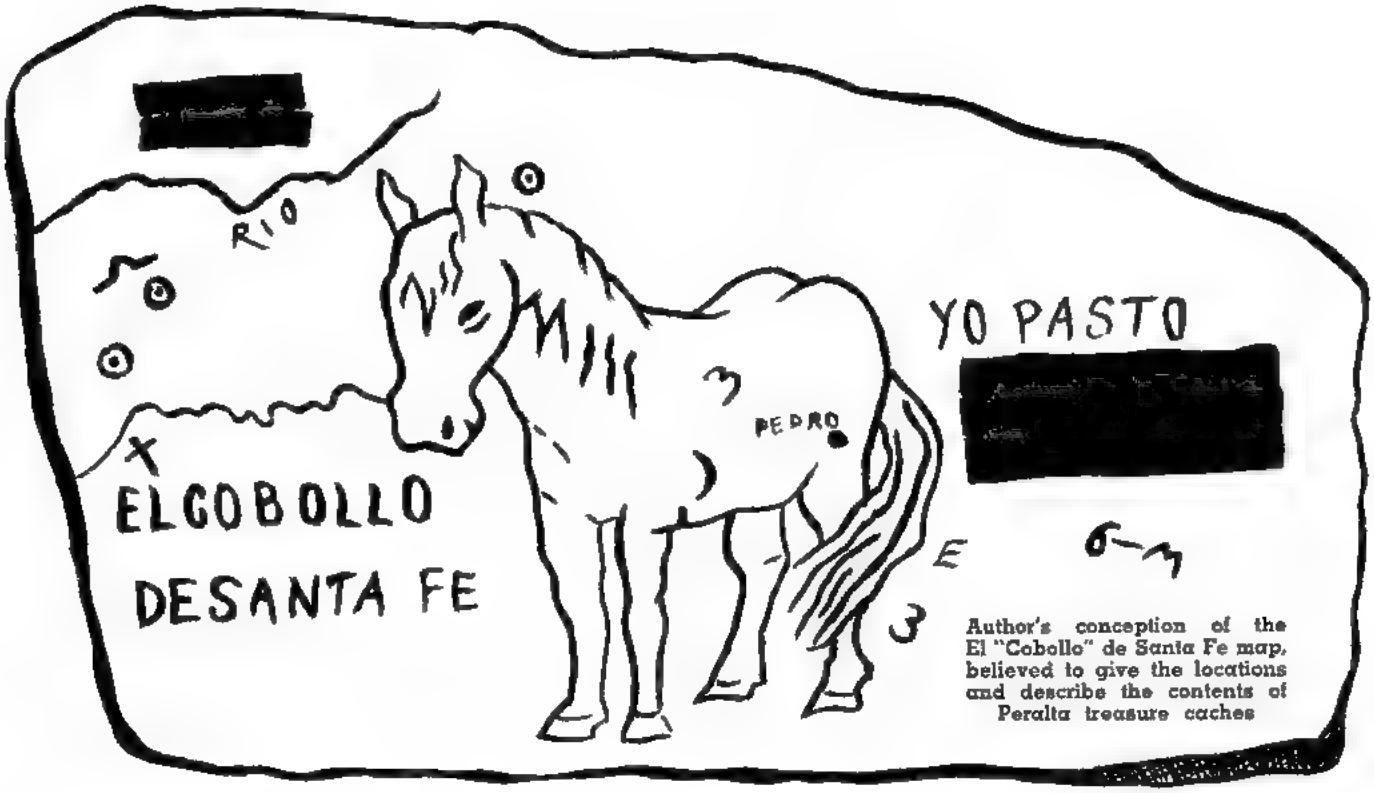

Author's conception of the El "Cobollo" de Santa Fe map, believed to give the locations and describe the contents of Peralta treasure caches

The Marlowes were quick to sense our predicament and carried us through a very awkward situation with such grace and warmth that within a matter of minutes we were all settled down with a large pot of coffee between us and talking like old friends. We assured the Marlowes that by not asking questions of them it was not through lack of interest —on the contrary, we would be interested in anything they could tell us—but due to the unusual circumstances of the meeting we felt foolishly afraid to quiz them. Once both of our positions were made clear, we felt much more at ease.

Mr. Marlowe explained many things to us that evening. He elaborated on how the maps were found, and thrilled us with stories concerning discoveries he had made while wandering alone in the desert, making his way from one Peralta marker to the next. Most of our conversation that night centered around the Peralta family. The Marlowes are definitely in the position to appreciate the intelligence of the Peraltas, and praised the brilliant and shrewd manner in which Don Miguel's and Pedro's talented hands and quick intellects joined forces to create their masterpieces of chartographic art.

After several years of trial and error, Marlowe discovered the secret to the maps' hidden meanings. He knew his translations had proven correct when he continued to find one permanent marker after another, each telling him the direction or location of the next series.

WE HAD BROUGHT our copy of *Superstition Treasures* with us and Mr. Marlowe used the maps pictured inside to help us associate the route with the various markers he was describing. He pointed out things on the maps that were so obvious we had overlooked them.

Map Number One, the first to be found, had a horse carved on one side; a witch or priest on the other. Marlowe explained that this map gave the directions to two other maps buried a few yards from it, and it also described what the treasure would be at the end of the trail—one cache of silver and one of gold. It further described the eighteen mines from which the treasure came. However, the other two maps had to be used with this one before any solution to the mysterious maze of crosses, hearts, numerals, circles and Spanish phrases could be found.

The map of the horse looked like a lovely piece of art work—nothing more! Marlowe told us this was the engraved story of the "silver cache." The lock or mane over the forehead of the horse turns into the numeral "2" when viewed from a side angle; the mane as it continues down the neck spells out the letters "mill," an abbreviation of the Spanish word, *millón*. Farther down, on the horse's side, is a crescent, the symbol for silver. Thus far it reads, "two million in silver." To the right of the horse is the inscription *yo pasto* (1 pasture); *where* he pastures is concealed under black tape.

On the top left-hand corner of the map are two river lines; the word *rio* is written beneath the northernmost line, which incidently conforms to the topographic lines of Salt River. The bottom line is the surprise. It is *not* the Gila River as others, including us, have thought. After reading Marlowe's book, many have guessed the Gila River, and have been thrown off-course. It is none other than Queen Creek, which we have used on numerous occasions when exploring the desert with trail machines. The creek bed is usually dry, a wide avenue devoid of rocks and cactus, making a quick means of travel.

Between the two river-lines are three small circles with a dot in each center, like doughnuts. In the area of the three doughnuts we noticed a peculiar sign that can best be described as a straight line that has humped itself in the middle much like one segment of an inch-worm. When we remarked that the same sign appears on the opposite side of the horse map, Marlowe informed us that these are signs of the two caches.

The numeral "3" is carved close to the silver crescent, and is repeated behind the horse's hindfoot. The numbers "3" and "8" will be used quite extensively throughout the story, as you will notice.

We talked for nearly three hours before Marlowe suddenly stood and announced it was time to leave. We were so grateful that he and his wife had given us so much of their time, a great deal more than we had hoped for, but when they walked out the door they would be taking with them the answers to questions we had dared not ask. We hated to see them disappear into the anonymous world they have been forced to build around themselves.

The Marlowes had been saving the biggest surprise of all until the last moment. We can only assume that in the hours spent talking, Mr. Marlowe had reached the conclusion that we were sincerely interested in getting the true history of the Peraltas and were not treasure-competitors intent on picking his brain clean of the hard-earned knowledge he had had to acquire from years of walking across the hell of a desert summer, freezing in an unexpected winter snowstorm, and enduring months of a loneliness that only he could know.

On the point of departure, Marlowe stepped back into our doorway and said, "If you can work it into your schedule, I would like to take you with me on the Peralta Trail. It will help answer some of the questions I know both of you have been wanting to ask."

COULD WE fit it into our schedule? Good-Gosh-Almighty! From that instant all former plans were forgotten. Two days later we joined the Marlowes on one of the most unforgettable adventures of our lives. It began on Thursday, April 22, 1965. We rose at a very early hour as it was a long drive from Tortilla Flat to the meeting place Mr.

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Marlowe had designated. Excitement was running high on the way out of the mountains that morning.

We finally reached the desert flats and as we looked across the plain toward the rising foothills and mountains ahead of us, lavender mist enveloped the forest of giant saguaros like an eerie shroud. The wisps of fog created a ghostly veil through which we would soon enter, to walk through a century of time.

The Marlowes were waiting. We were briefed as to where we would be taken and what would be expected of us. We would be free to take photographs of anything we liked with three exceptions —Mr. Marlowe, his wife, and his desert mode of transportation.

While standing beside their waiting vehicle, drinking the coffee Mrs. Marlowe had brought to wake us up a little bit, we stared into the gloom and listened for the sounds of desert life which we should have heard. This was our first evidence of feeling uncomfortable; how lonely and quiet it was. We felt completely isolated from the world of living things.

It was an appropriate time to bring up the subject of Marlowe's ghostly visitor which he had written of in his book. Marlowe lifted his hand, and with a wide sweep of his outstretched palm, he indicated the mountain where the strange apparition had appeared.

"Right over there is where Pedro Peralta came to see me." We almost choked on our coffee when we saw how near we were standing to Pedro's favorite haunting-ground.

Mr. Marlowe had told the story of finding a replica of the three-tiered pedestal pictured on the opposite side of the horse-map. The priest stands atop such a pedestal, his long robes flowing down its back and side. The pedestal proved to be a three-tiered cliff, chisled from a mountainside by nature, not by the Peraltas. In centuries past, a lava flow had spilled over the sides of three pyramidal levels of the cliff, and had swirled and folded into the sweeping lines that precisely match the draped robes of the priest.

While Marlowe was examining a hole he had found bored through the top tier of the pedestal, a specter appeared on the ridge opposite from where he was working. At first glance the apparition looked like part of the landscape with which Marlowe had become so familiar during the weeks he spent clearing the tunnel.

An outline of a saguaro on the horizon can easily be mistaken for a human being. The figure might have escaped notice had Marlowe not been attracted by the movement caused from materializing and fading away, reappearing and disappearing. Mr. Marlowe watched for a time, not trusting his eyes at what he was witnessing. At last the figure of a man came into permanent focus. He remained visible long enough for Mr. Marlowe to get a long look at the ghost of a man he knew beyond all doubt to be Pedro Peralta. The general appearance and manner of dress confirmed his identity.

The man looked at Mr. Marlowe and smiled. He continued to smile all the while he stood on the ridge looking down. Just before vanishing, he lifted his hand and motioned for the digging to continue. Marlowe began to dig where Pedro had pointed and when he looked up again, the apparition had disappeared. Marlowe never saw him again.

It made our blood run a little cold to think of Pedro playing hide-and-seek somewhere out there in the half-light, and we wondered how we would react if we should see his shadow lurking behind some rock or saguaro. We sincerely believe there wouldn't be enough room in the entire width and breadth of the Superstitions for the two McGees and one century-old ghost—it is said that ghosts won't hurt you, but they can sure as hell make you hurt yourself!

As we piled into Marlowe's jeep and started into the haze we prayed that Señor Peralta would respectfully stay off the trails we would be using.

WE STARTED at the very beginning —the genesis of the Peralta Maps, the Burial Place. The route of the Peraltas began from this spot and was of major importance to the facts we were seeking.

The maps intended for Enrico Peralta were accidentally unearthed from their burial plot in 1949 by a man who had never been in the Superstitions before and had no intention of ever becoming a treasure hunter. This man, whom Mr. Marlowe calls Jack, was driving through Arizona on a summer vacation. While driving along Highway 60-70-80-89, he and his family were being entertained by the magnificent view of the Superstition Mountains. In the hope of seeing Weavers Needle, the famous spire of rock that lies behind the heights of "Old Supe," Jack pulled his car to the side of the highway.

Leaving his family in the car, he walked into the desert toward a small hill, thinking the slightly higher elevation would enable him to catch a glimpse of the peak.

Weavers Needle is beautiful and worth seeing on its own merit, but was made famous by the Dutchman, Jacob Von Walzer, when he used the name of Weavers Needle in the riddles connected with the location of his legendary Lost Dutchman Mine. He said, "From my mine you can climb up a short distance and see Weavers Needle." What he *forgot* to mention was that you can see the Needle from twenty miles in any direction depending on the right elevation and location.

It was on this hill which Jack had innocently climbed for nothing more than a view, that he found the first of the maps. If he could have foreseen what the maps held in store, he would have left them lying there—for the stone over which he had fallen would send him to his grave within a few short years.

When Jack looked back to find the cause of his tumble, he saw a triangular piece of rock sticking out of the sand. Closer inspection revealed scratches or cuts which did not appear to be accidental. Dislodging the stone from its resting place, he found he had tripped over one corner of a rectangular slab 17x22x3 inches, weighing approximately 25 pounds. This was the map of the horse and priest. In 1950 after a year of study, Jack returned to the area and uncovered two more maps equal in size to the first, plus a smaller heart-shaped map, chisled and shaped to fit inside of map Number Three.

Within six years after making his first discovery on this hill, Jack was dead. The young, healthy man had succumbed to the strain of backbreaking work under the rigorous conditions that only the Superstitions can impose. You who have experienced laboring for a time in these mountains will understand.

Fear of those who might learn about his secret, hard work, heat, cold, frustration and disappointment were the only rewards Jack received for his gallant attempt to locate the Peralta treasure. His heart could not stand the years of toil, nor his nerves the strain. Perhaps the curse of the Apaches still hangs over those who trespass into the realm of their Thunder Gods in search of gold.

Mr. Marlowe had been a close friend of Jack and had asked to help in the search, but Jack had wanted to try it alone. In 1956, Jack's widow brought the maps to Marlowe announcing she no longer wanted any part of them. This then, marked the beginning of our friend's nine years on the Peralta Trail.

THE MOST IMPORTANT question to be answered at the hill was, "How was Enrico to know that the maps were buried here, this very inconspicious spot at least seven miles south of the mountains?"

The explanation was simple. Jack had put the cart before the horse when accidentally tripping over the partially exposed stone. South of the hill where the maps had been hidden was a gigantic old saguaro that had been bored out. The hole went completely through it. When looking through the neatly drilled hole, the height of a man's head, it became much like a view-finder on a camera. The hill was the dominant picture and the burial place was the center focus. This would be the spot to dig. Once the first map was uncovered, it led to the others. Directions were written on the map of the priest. "*Este Bereda Es Peligroza*," (This trail is dangerous), "*Yo Voy 18 Lugares*" (I go eighteen places [mines]), "*Busca El Mapa, Busca El Corazon*" (Look for the map, look for the heart).

The trail from here was found only after Mr. Marlowe had figured out the complicated system of triangulations and compass degrees. Compass degrees are the important clues concealed beneath the tapes. It had been arranged into a series of three markers, each forming a triangle. At the apex of the triangle would be a rock pointer or some similar object giving the direction of the next set of triangulated markers. At the most important locations, compass directions would have to be taken from the stone maps.

In this manner Marlowe was taken from the "Hill of the Maps" and was led closer to the canyon which the Peraltas had wanted Enrico to use in entering mountains. The answer to this puzzling canyon was saved until almost the end of our journey with Marlowe. The suspense was agonizing, but there was a good reason for it.

From the hill north of the Queen Creek Bridge, we began moving in a northeasterly direction toward a low, hog-backed ridge whose ugly, jagged spine thrust itself upward from the desert's surface for a quarter-mile. It resembled a sleeping dinosaur of gigantic proportions.

On the southeast corner of the prehistoric outcropping was a set of Peralta petroglyphs—circles with dotted centers and a dagger pointing out the direction to be taken. Mr. Marlowe has interpreted the profusion of circles to represent "Sunflower" and has named this particular stretch of the Peralta course the "Sunflower Trail." Near the center of the long narrow ridge was the first of the markers proving Marlowe's theory.

After leaving the flower-glyphs, using the dagger's point as a directional guide, Mr. Marlowe drove into the desert and stopped. We were surrounded by a forest of saguaros which all looked the same to us, but to him they are old friends, each having its own identity. He claims

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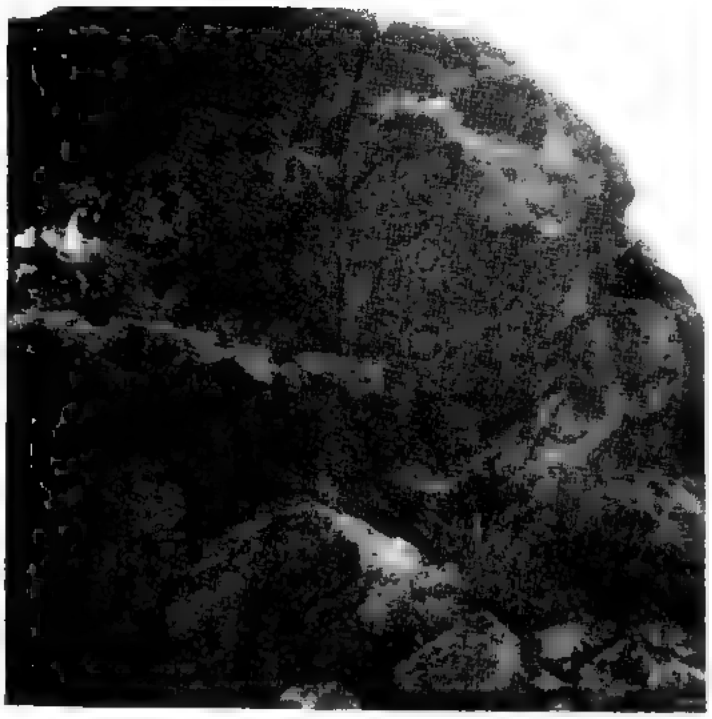

Petroglyphs depicting a sunflower and a directional dagger mark the south boundary at Hill No. 1. The dagger points to the east boundary of the triangle which is marked by the sunflower-carved cactus in the photograph at right. The inset shows a close-up view of the marking.

to have personally inspected each saguaro in this area looking for the "something" the petroglyphs indicated he would find. We have watched him drive for miles, then suddenly pull up to one special saguaro without having to hesitate for a moment to get his bearings, even though he was among thousands of them.

It was with a great deal of awe that we stood at the base of a monumental saguaro and looked up at the work of Pedro Peralta. A beautifully carved sunflower looked down at us from a distance of perhaps eight feet. Each petal had been carefully and artistically cut into the saguaro's side. The face of the flower was at least sixteen inches across. The fleshy meat had been removed from the inner part of the design leaving the ribs of the saguaro exposed to the sun and air. A crust had formed over the incisions that were from one to one and one-half inches deep, thereby preserving the cactus and its design. Judging from its height the carving must have been done by a man on horseback. From this point on, all of the marked cactus we were to see were inscribed in the same manner and at the same height.

The Peraltas had tried to attain the ultimate in elevation when preparing a saguaro marker so that it could be seen from a greater distance. Every marker was extremely well planned. For example, this sunflower was carved on the west side of the saguaro. The trail from the flower-glyphs was to follow along the eastern side of the hog-backed ridge which roughly runs north and south. By walking along the east base of the ridge, the face of the sunflower cannot be missed. Its second function was to point toward the third part of the triangulated markers. Had the flower been carved on the opposite side of the cactus it would have gone completely unnoticed. This is why one cannot vary one iota from the specified trail—one slip and the trail is lost.

We thought it odd that the Peraltas had chosen the sunflower to represent this section of the trail for it seemed so out of place in this arid wasteland. We later did research and found that at one time this entire valley was covered with them. Although they are now almost extinct around the base of the Superstitions, the sunflower can still be seen on rare occasions after a heavy rainfall.

BY USING the stone maps, along with what he had already found on and near the ridge, Marlowe located his first set of triangulated markers: the glyphs to the south of the ridge, the sunflower marker to the east, and the most important marker which was located to the west-northwest of the Sleeping Dinosaur. In his search for the remaining piece of the triangle, Marlowe followed the direction given by the face of the sunflower. It forced him to climb the intricate, steep side of the hog-backed ridge. From one end to the other he picked his way along the top of the narrow summit with no results. There was nothing there.

At the northernmost tip of the high ridge he sat down to rest for a moment before tackling the precarious descent. While looking down at the floor of the desert he was struck by how tiny everything looked. It was at this moment Marlowe made the discovery that was to help him break the code of the Peralta maps.

The Peraltas had conceived the idea of placing rock-markers in such a way that they could be passed by and ignored if seen from the desert flats. For example, if walking on the desert, it would be a sure bet that the mounds of heaped and piled rocks would blend with the many other outcroppings surrounding them, and never be noticed. But from up here on the rim looking down on the same heaps of rock that appeared to have no meaning, Mr. Marlowe saw a definite diagram drawn out on the floor of the desert. It was so large that only a high and distant view would bring out the tremendous horseshoe which had been laid out in the desert with the use of many rocks and boulders.

Marlowe told us he descended the hill as fast as the loose rock and slippery sides would allow. Once inside the ring of rocks, Marlowe was confused as to what he should do next. At last he discovered that opposite the open end of the horseshoe, several yards to the northeast, a rock cairn had been placed in the "two o'clock" position of the horseshoe, as seen from the ridge. Marlowe assumed it to be a directional pointer.

It was here the knowledge came of the triangle system used by the Peraltas; the glyphs, the sunflower saguaro and the horseshoe—each leads to the other. This helped Marlowe to locate the trail at a somewhat faster pace. He had an idea of what to look for. It may sound easy but, as he was to discover, some of the triangulations would be from three to five miles apart. How Enrico was to have mastered these maps is a mystery, unless the Peraltas had had occasion to use the system before and Enrico already knew what all the symbols meant and exactly how they were to be utilized.

AS THE MORNING wore on, the haze began to dissipate and familiar landmarks popped through to establish where we were. To the north, Miners Needle was outlined against the horizon. Superstition Mountain was to the west, and the lesser hills around the Whitlow Canyon area were to the east.

From the first set of markers just described, we were taken to another foothill closer still to the mountains. We were now beginning to see the route planned for Enrico taking shape bit by bit, piece by piece, one step at a time.

We were edging closer and closer to the mysterious passageway into the mountains. How far would the Marlowes take us and would we be allowed to learn the answer to this question, we wondered. We knew they were showing us every-

The "Number 8 Saguaro" (above) marks the south boundary of Hill No. 2. Travis Marlowe removed the hand-forged iron band (right) from a saguaro marking the south boundary of the third triangle.

thing they possibly could without jeopardizing their own interests.

We had always thought we knew which canyon the Peraltas had used and were satisfied that it was the trail over Miners Needle. Again we were shown three markers. The southwest tip of the triangle is marked by a saguaro carved in the same manner as the sunflower. However, this cactus was engraved with a large numeral "8." The number "8" cactus is almost dead now, so you can imagine the markers that Marlowe has failed to find. But he stuck with his task and eventually picked up the trail again. This is the explanation for Marlowe's nine-year search, whereas Enrico could have followed the fresh trail in a matter of weeks.

Since the number "8" was carved on the side of the cactus facing east, that is the direction Mr. Marlowe used to find the next clue. The marker to the east was another look-through saguaro whose function was to locate the northern tip of the triangle. The sighting-hole took in the entire hilltop, the center point focusing on its crest. When Marlowe climbed the small conical hill, he found another man-made cairn of stones, topped with a long, thin arm of rock that served as an indicator. The direction surprisingly took an abrupt turn to the east.

The Marlowes left out many of the markers on the way to the next group which they particularly wanted us to see. It would have taken weeks to have seen all of them, so we were shown what the Marlowes felt was most important to our interests.

While we zig-zagged over the desert, they pointed out the mountains and foothills containing markers. We were astonished to find everything was taking us in an easterly direction away from Miners Needle and Superstition Mountain. This really led to a great deal of confusion on our part. It was a shock to realize the canyons considered to be the most likely candidates for the true Peralta Trail were completely out of the running.

The foothills through which we were driving, Marlowe called "D" Hill, "#1 Hill," "#2 Hill," "Hill of the Priest's Pedestal," etc. All names and numbers matched those on the stone maps. We asked Mr. Marlowe where the faint lines came from designating what we shall laughingly call a road. He grinned and said his nine years of working this area was responsible for all of them. What a ride he gave us! What we couldn't get around, over or under we went through!

At last we reached an old section of dirt road which had been the Butterfield Stage Route between the cities of Florence, Hewitt Stage Stop, Silver King and Pinal. The road is still used today. We traveled it as far as the Whitlow Dam where we saw another set of Peralta Trail markers. We felt quite fortunate in being able to see this group because in the recent construction of the dam and its spillway they came dangerously close to being obliterated.

On the south side of Whitlow Dam Marlowe left the Butterfield Road and swung toward the east side of the dam. This was an important set and the Peraltas had devised a brilliant scheme to show Enrico that this place meant something special.

PEDRO, a real genius, began this set with the ubiquitous saguaro, whose middle had been girded with a hand-forged band of iron. We had seen this cactus pictured in Marlowe's book, but it had been felled by a flash flood and washed away not long after the photograph was made. Marlowe took us to where the saguaro had stood; in comparing the photograph to the two mesquite trees that had embraced the saguaro from both sides we found them to be identical, as was the topography of the background. Later in our acquaintance with the Marlowes, we were allowed to inspect the iron band that he had painstakingly removed with a hacksaw. Marlowe reasoned that perhaps the Peraltas had inscribed further instructions on the inside of the iron ring. The removal of the band was accomplished after a lot of hard work, but the inside surface was perfectly smooth. The ring was meant to mark the south boundary of the triangle, nothing more.

The location of the second part of the triangle was agonizingly slow in its discovery. Mr. Marlowe almost had to give up on this one. Since the iron ring encircled the saguaro, he had no given direction to work from. He had to work in an ever-widening circle looking at everything and anything that might give him a clue.

On one tedious round of checking saguaros, he found it. Behind a head-high clump of mesquite that had grown against the cactus, he discovered slashes that had been cut into its southwest side. Two symbols were placed neatly side by side. The symbol to the left was a reverse "F"; beside it was a crescent—the Spanish symbol for silver. This, then, constituted the east boundary of the triangle, but what did it mean—this marker, so different from the rest?

One afternoon, as he stood beside the cactus, he saw what the two fingers of the "F" were trying to tell him. To the northwest, the afternoon shadows were playing on the east side of the mountains. Patterns of light were formed which he had never before noticed. Halfway up the mountain side was a black crescent, painted by afternoon shadows. The pattern was formed by a crack in the rocky cliffs which made a perfect half-moon.

The large crevice would have made an ideal cache in which to store the silver. Marlowe felt sure the crescent-shaped niche would have appealed to the Peraltas—what better place to hide the silver than a spot simulating their silver sign?

Marlowe said he almost flew up the side of the mountain in his haste to recover the fortune. But the huge cave held nothing except tracks of animals which had been using it as a den.

In disgust he sat in the mouth of the cave and wallowed in self-pity. For years there had been one disappointment after another. Would there ever be an end to the trail?

MARLOWE told us that everytime he was on the brink of quitting, something would happen to give him the enthusiasm he had enjoyed when he first came to Arizona all keyed up with the excitement of owning treasure maps, and eager to start his search.

This elation was to be felt once more as he sat in the mouth of the cave. In his dejection and anger at another failure he picked up a rock and threw it down the mountain he had climbed a few minutes ago in such high spirits. As he watched the rock jump down the slope, his eyes were drawn to the very thing he was supposed to see. Again, it was only when looking *down* that he saw the sign of the holy cross—a massive thing twenty-five feet in length—perfectly arranged with piled stones. The cross had gone unnoticed in his wild scramble up the side of the mountain, although he almost had crawled over the top of it.

The cross led the way to the discovery which established, once and for all, the canyon used by the Peraltas to enter the Superstition Mountains.

The Marlowes had saved this till last. They did not want us to merely take their word for it; it was proved step by step, making the information we got really mean something. Perhaps it was to teach us to believe in our own convictions a little stronger. If we had, we would have realized the route we had explored on the 1963 expedition was a contestant for the honor of becoming the proven Peralta Trail.

In 1963 we had tracked down the trail which the Dutchman, Jacob Von Walzer, had reportedly pursued into the Superstitions. At that time we had followed Queen Creek toward the Whitlow Ranch, there to turn northward into Whitlow Canyon. Whitlow Canyon is not the canyon used by the Spaniards, but if we had ventured farther

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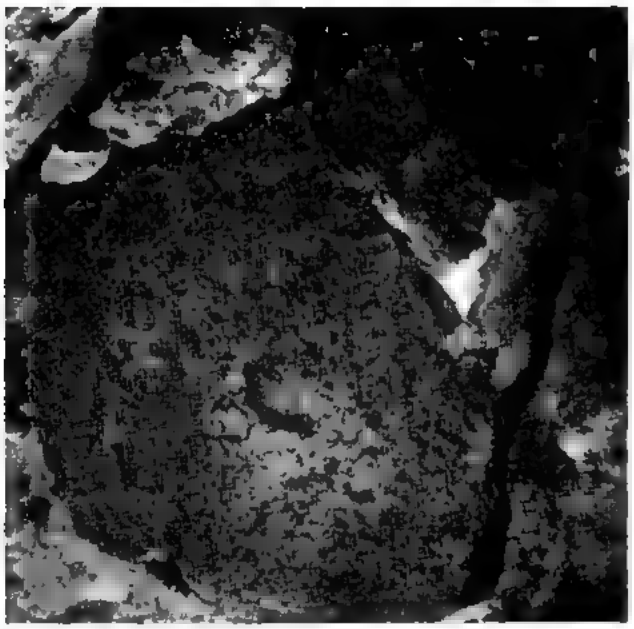


A monolithic whim of nature (above left) known as Elephant Butte marks the entrance into the canyon the Peraltas chose for their entry into the Superstitions. Entwined serpents and a ladder (above right) were etched in the side of a pinnacle that had to be climbed in order to reach the second set of petroglyphs. Note the 3 and 8 at the top left of the petroglyph below. They are on the left-hand side of the symbol resembling a wheel connected to the directional spiral. Turn the picture a quarter-turn clockwise and the numerals stand out much clearer.

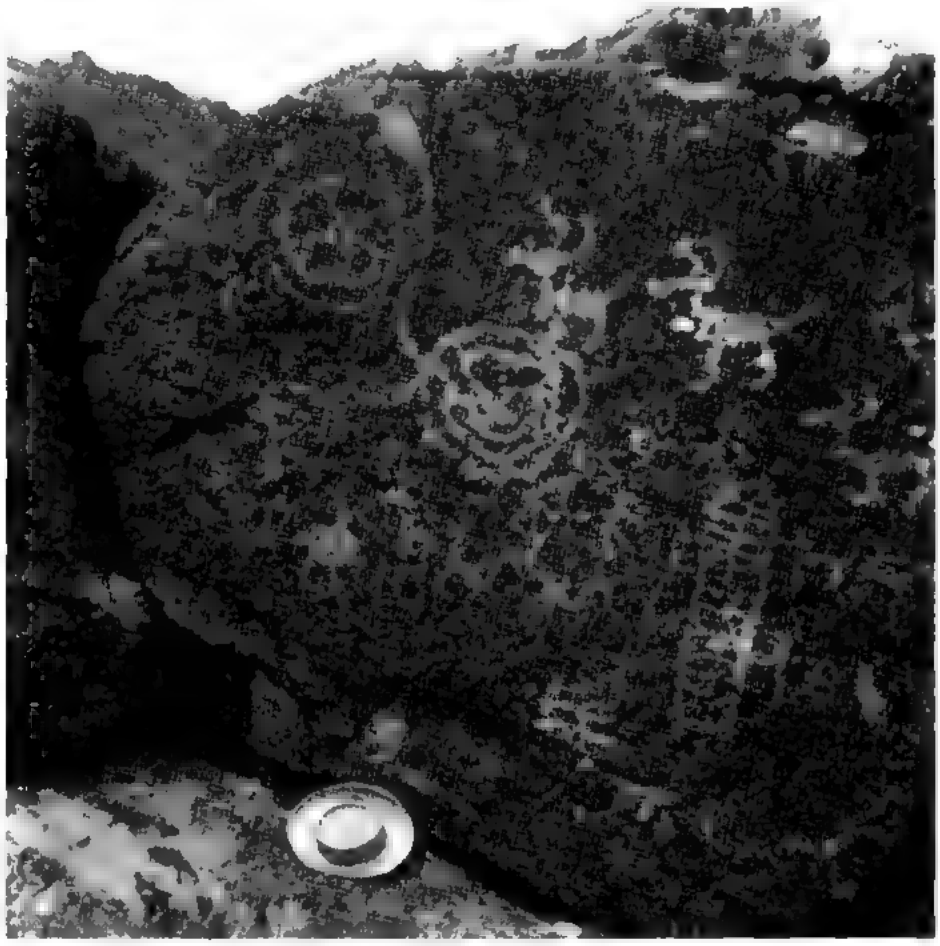
into the mountains from that point we would have eventually been on the Peralta Trail.

The first canyon to the east of Whitlow claims the honor, but to our knowledge it has no name, so we have called it No Name Canyon. It runs north to south, paralleled by Whitlow Canyon to the west, Hewitt and Millsite Canyons to the east. On topography maps of 1900 a dirt road is shown running from the Butterfield Road northward along the full length of No Name Canyon. At the road's end the trail turns west up Milk Ranch Creek, then past the old Kavanaugh Goat Ranch on the north bank of the creek until it converges with the northernmost end of Whitlow Canyon. It is here that our anonymous canyon dead-ends into Coffee Flat Mountain or Picacho Butte, whichever you prefer to call it. It is the first mountain east of Miners Needle and is on the southern edge of the Superstition Mountain Range. It appears there are two mountains in one, or a two-headed mountain; the dome to the west is called Coffee Flat, the east dome is named Picacho Butte.

The important marker at the mouth of this canyon-with-no-name was a spectacular monument of solid rock called Elephant Butte. An inscription on the bottom of the Map of the Horse reads, *El Caballo De Santa Fe* (the horse of Santa Fe). Mr. Marlowe feels that Elephant Butte *is* the horse of Santa Fe. This colossal mound of granite could not have been more perfect had it been sculped and polished by human hands.

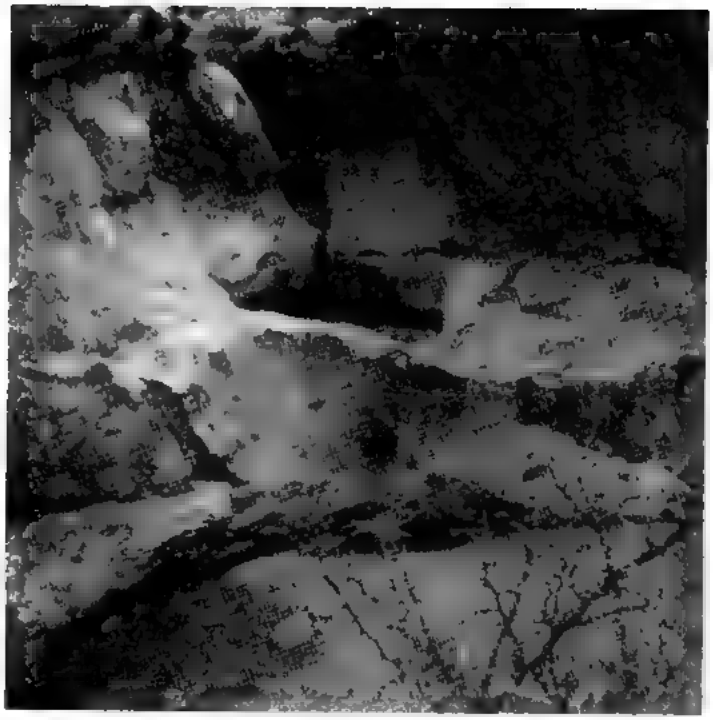
Marlowe is convinced there is a tie-in between the mapped horse and Elephant Butte, and that it could have been part of a family joke that only the Peraltas would have known. Perhaps a traveling circus or tent show had passed through the old town of Santa Fe bringing with it the first elephant seen by the Peraltas.

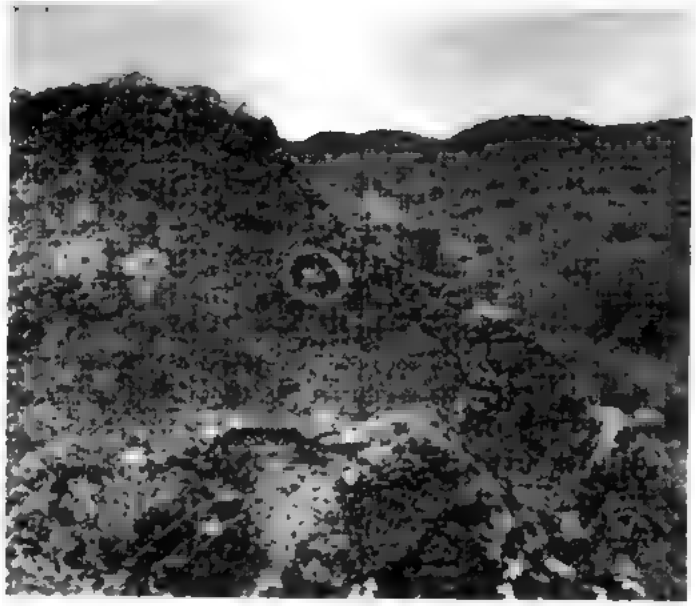
This may seem a rather far-fetched theory, but the stone elephant is surrounded by a multitude of Peralta markers, and he *does* mark the beginning of



No-Name Canyon. His head lies to the south; his tail to the north; his west side is flanked by No-Name Canyon.

Across a clearing, behind the elephant's rump, is a rugged hill covered with dense brush. We climbed boulders and crawled through thickets until we saw what was hidden there. The Peraltas concealed many things from the eyes of possible intruders. Only by using the degree markers inscribed on the maps (under the tapes), was Marlowe able to detect the location of these secrets. On the south wall of the hill's highest pinnacle were some of the most elaborate petroglyphs we have ever seen. We have quite an extensive collection of petroglyphs which we have gathered from the four corners of the Superstitions, but these differ from anything





Marlowe can depend on the three-tiered waterhole (left) behind Elephant Butte as an unfailing source of water. The solitary degree marker (above) appears on a hillside between the Butte and the Peralta petroglyphs.

we have photographed, not only in size but in technique. The symbols are at least three times larger than the average and the designs are quite unique. A ladder with many rungs is pictured, a horseshoe, and the ever-present numerals, "3" and "8", cut into the tail of the directional spiral showing that from here the Peralta Trail goes northwest. On a nearby boulder, the figure "8" appears in the form of two entwined snakes.

A few yards from these glyphs is permanent water. The three-tiered waterhole is usually filled with sand and gravel, but is a dependable source of good water once the sand is pulled aside. Mr. Marlowe has had need of this water many times. He has cleaned the spring of sand only to return after a few weeks' time to find it refilled. On the cliff-side of the spring is the Spanish gold sign and beside it is a bird with a feathered topknot. The Marlowes have nicknamed it "The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg."

THIS IS as far as we were taken on the Peralta Trail. Marlowe would have been foolish to have shown us anymore than he already had—and a fool, he isn't!

Although we were not taken any farther, we were given oral directions, up to a point. The Peralta Trail continues north up to No-Name Canyon until the canyon merges with Whitlow Canyon. There they both dead-end at Picacho Butte. The Peralta Trail then turns east at the foot of the Butte to where the junction of Frazer, Randolph, and Red Tank Canyons verge on Picacho Butte's southeast corner. Like giant fingers, Frazer Canyon continues to the east, Randolph to the northeast, and Red Tank continues almost due north to end just short of mighty LaBarge Canyon, the turnpike of the Superstitions. From LaBarge Canyon only Marlowe knows where the trail leads.

Marlowe says it is possible that he will find other maps hidden much the same as the others. The number "6" and the letter "M" is inscribed on the map of the horse. On the Map of the Priest, "8-N-P" led to the discovery of maps #2 and #3; eight north paces. Therefore, Marlowe believes the "6-M" to mean sixth *mapa*. He is now in the vicinity of the silver cache but has failed to find the one remaining clue that will tell him, "Here it is. This is it."

Marlowe takes the bad with the good, never complaining or whining about the years spent in a search that has shown him no mercy. He feels his time has not been wasted and is completely happy in what he is doing. He has an unshakable faith in his maps and the story they tell. He has come to the end of the trail on the small heart-map but the signs there tell him to keep going. He will go on until he finds the silver cache, the cache of gold, and maps which he says will give the location of eighteen mines.

We discussed the possibility of Inscription Rock in LaBarge Canyon being another map. It is sometimes referred to as the "Peralta Master Map." Mr. Marlowe had just proven the Peralta Trail enters LaBarge Canyon from its southernmost end. It seems that once the Peraltas had discovered this unobstructed avenue to the Salt River, they certainly would have taken advantage of the eighteen to twenty miles of easy travel it offered them. LaBarge also would have provided them with many springs of permanent water and ample campsites. Its many side-canyons offered them dozens of passages from which they could explore every nook and cranny of the Superstitions. The north exit of LaBarge Canyon gave them the bonus of the Salt River where water was abundant for their mining operations, camp needs, and for the large remuda of horses and mules.

The master map, on Inscription Rock, was incised into the east wall of LaBarge Canyon. It, too, was strategically placed where it could not possibly escape the attention of anyone traveling LaBarge from either direction. The petroglyphs were chiseled into the dark glaze of desert varnish that covers the surface of the eight by ten-foot upright slab. The exposed white rock underneath makes the symbols stand out in sharp contrast.

A directional spiral is to the left of a network of circles and the lines that connect them. We feel this is more than likely an archaic form of topography map, the circles representing the surrounding peaks, the lines illustrating the canyons. If this map had been made by the Peraltas, the dotted circles could represent the location of the mines. If made by the prehistoric Indians who walked this canyon ten centuries ago, the map was made for the succor, safety, and guidance of those expected to follow their restless migratory path—water, favorable campsites, and migration routes their only message.

The latter of the two explanations is the most realistic, but for one drawing that dominates the right-hand side. Approximately eighteen inches tall, it is the figure of a man. He is facing the labyrinth of circles and lines and appears to be walking in the direction of Salt River. The figure seems to be that of a miner. He carries an ore sack on his back suspended from a band around his forehead. To further clarify this assumption there are two candles protruding from the headband to give the miner light in the dark tunnels.

Inscription Rock Map is no longer as sharp and clearly defined as the maps of Mr. Marlowe. It must be remembered that while his had protection from the elements, Inscription Rock has been exposed to the blistering rays of the sun, eroded by wind and rain, and, worst of all, flash flooding has brought tons of water and sand to grind away at its surface. We wouldn't be at all surprised if man himself hasn't been its most constant enemy.

A slight change has taken place on the Master Map over the last few years. Some of our more inexperienced prospectors and greenhorn treasure hunters have taken advantage of its lonely and desolate location to mar its surface for their own purpose. They evidently believed they were the first to set eyes on the map and have tried to destroy symbols they thought to be of importance. Their feeble attempts are equalled only by their feeble-mindedness in thinking they could remove what the power of

God's elements have been unable to erase. Nevertheless, one can plainly see the scratches where an attempt has been made.

THERE IS MUCH to be said for the moral ethics of the Peraltas and their workers regarding the decent way in which they conducted themselves during their lengthy stay in the Superstitions. They saw the writings from prehistoric times but did not abuse or destroy. The Peraltas showed an admirable quality in that their own markers were always placed a respectable distance from those of the Indians. It seems they, too, realized their importance and had the vision to see that someday, someone would come to study them for the sake of world history. In their effort to preserve the writings, we now have something with which to work in trying to piece together the story of an extinct culture. This is much to the credit of the Peraltas.

We are heartsick to see what some of our supposedly educated and civilized visitors have done on their excursions into the outer fringes of the mountains. Some portions are fairly accessible to the weekend tourist. The ignorance of these selfish and unthinking people is inexcusable and offensive to all of us.

Hieroglyphic Canyon, on Superstition's south side, can be given as one example. It has begun to spring forth a new set of contemporary writings that date from 1927 to the present time. This new form of art we have named "Egoism." It doesn't require any talent; it only expresses the importance the artist places on his own name, and he bores us with his monotonous ideas that never vary. He always gives us the name of the city and state that has the misfortune to claim him, then has the gall to hide behind his initials. He then dates his artistic endeavor to prove to the world, which couldn't care less, just exactly when it was lucky enough to have this poor brainless creature visit this particular spot. There they stand, side by side—clues to an ancient culture and the work of an egomaniac.

We have found the life-giving waterholes filled with garbage, cans, paper and scraps of lumber. Our most disgusting discovery was a well-worn, well-soaked pair of jockey shorts floating on an orange-crate raft. We have found it necessary to drink from strange sources of water in the past, and did so with no qualms, but this was too much. It might have been funny if we hadn't been so thirsty. After cleaning out the spring for the next person who might stop here for a drink, we went elsewhere for our water. The rangers make the circuit of springs as regularly as they can, but, they surely could use a little help from the public.

In the discussion of the LaBarge Map and the possibility of its disclosing the location of eighteen mines, Mr. Marlowe corrected us by saying there are now only seventeen mines left to be rediscovered. This was certainly news to us as we had never heard of anyone's finding a Peralta mine, unless it was the Dutchman. Marlowe said this was a *proven Peralta gold mine*, not the dubious whereabouts of the Dutchman's gold.

Mr. Marlowe has seen the proof with his own eyes and has held it in his hands. One day, while prospecting around the Goldfield area, a miner hit a large slab of rock with his pick. Curious about the hollow sound it produced, he pried the stone slab to one side and found an opening beneath it—an old mine shaft. Once inside the tunnel, he began looking for some evidence of the mine's previous owner. Lying on the floor of the shaft was a hand-forged iron drill, eighteen inches long, with one end tapering into a cone-shaped tip. Deep grooves had been cut into the tip giving a ribbed effect. On the side of the drill were the engraved initials "P.P."—Pedro Peralta. The iron was tested for age and proven to be of the Peralta era.

THE SHAFT uncovered by the prospector now lies at the bottom of Goldfield Lake, a flooded memorial to what might have been. Goldfield's history has been plagued by flooded shafts since 1917, when miners accidentally hit an underground storage of water, either a subterranean lake or river.

Goldfield's history supposedly did not begin until 1886, when four Mormons did some prospecting around the base of Superstitition's western base. In 1891 the first claims were laid out on what became known as the "Mormon Stope", named after the four founders; Orlando and Orrin Merril, Rile Morris and C. R. Hakes. Could one of these men have been responsible for opening the Peralta shaft?

Much of the research on Goldfield has been obtained from *Spanish Gold and the Lost Dutchman* by Ludwig G. "Doc" Rosecrans. We consider Mr. Rosecrans an authority on the Goldfield area. For the past nineteen years he has lived in a cabin neatly tucked away in the beautiful foothills between Goldfield and Government Wells. He is well known in the Superstitition area as a writer, a philosopher and treasure hunter. Mr. Rosecrans confirms the story of the Peraltas' working the Goldfield area.

"Extremely rich floats (pieces of loose ore unattached to any particular vein) have been found on the Goldfield grounds; ancient workings, timbered with ironwood and almost totally collapsed, have been found near the later mines. Who might have labored in these aged diggings?"

As proof of this, his book shows photographs of ancient ironwood timbers that have been uncovered by modern mining equipment. Scientific testing has proven the logs to be approximately 100 years old.

There are very few residents now in the once bustling city of Goldfield, but Doc's home is usually filled with his many friends, who enjoy the informal "get-togethers" for which Arizona is so famous. The hospitality of this State is incomparable.

The remains of the old boomtown are five miles from Apache Junction on the scenic Apache Trail. The Massacre grounds are plainly visible from Goldfield which brings up an interesting question, "Were the Peraltas trying to reach the safety of the Goldfield workings? Was this the reason for their using the western retreat from the mountains?

Across a clearing behind Elephant Butte is the rugged hill below. Boulders and dense thicket shield the hilltop (right) on which the most elaborate set of markings appear.

Bernice McGee pauses by four matched saguaros near the Apache Trail. They point toward the old mining town of Goldfield, a known Peralta mine.

Or were they caught off-guard while mining out in the open desert—making a run *toward* the mountains for the safety its cliffs and fortress-like peaks would afford? This would reverse history somewhat, and since it may never be proven which direction they were running, we must be content to draw our own conclusions.

Mr. Marlowe's new information explained the set of four perfectly matched, spaced, and aligned saguaros we had found while riding our trail machines in an exploration of the area between the Massacre Grounds and Goldfield. We should have known Mr. Marlowe had already seen the saguaros. We do believe he knows every cactus on the desert personally—especially the saguaros. We had taken many photographs of this rare pattern of growth, but had failed to examine them closely. Mr. Marlowe had to tell us about the circle engraved on the second saguaro from the south. It is a degree marker and, when properly used, points the way to Goldfield.

We first became interested in these sets of four saguaro when we found our first set in 1960. They are many miles from the Goldfield series. We found them on a hike into Hieroglyphic Canyon on Superstitition's south side. They grew in the desert's flat country, but pointed out the mouth of a canyon which led us to more proof that the Peraltas had traveled what is now called Hieroglyphic Canyon. Why they used it, we are not certain.

Halfway up the mountain we found a boulder pitted with seven holes ranging from six to ten inches in diameter, ten to twelve inches in depth. The man-made holes had been ground out of the rock by the ancient method of crushing ore by hand. A few yards farther up the canyon we found a Spanish "Sunburst Symbol" the word *"Oro"* chiseled beneath it. Fifteen feet from this we found still another Sunburst Symbol, different from the first in that one of the offshoots radiating from the "Sun" was much longer than the others. This was not a mere slip of the artist's hand, for on the tip of the elongated arm was an oval. The desert varnish had been carefully chiseled away to form an unmistakable trail marker. It clearly indicates the direction to be taken from this point —past the numerous Indian writings for which the canyon was named.

The Peraltas discreetly placed their symbols away from those of the Indian. They cleverly carved the Sunburst and Oro on a rock that had to be passed in order to reach the two waterholes that act as a moat around the cliffs containing writings of the Peraltas' predecessors, the "Ho-Ho-Kam." On the narrow ledge of rock separating the waterholes, they added the Sunburst with the oval. This is dead center of the canyon's rock floor. The directional arm leads away from the Indian writings, so there could be no mistake made by trying to read them. By sighting along the arm of the sunburst we could see where the trail had to continue. Several hundred yards farther up the canyon, the walls come together to form a tapering passageway. The oval is aimed at the center of this narrow gorge.

SOMEWHERE near the summit of Superstition Mountain may be another of the seventeen mines waiting to be uncovered. For those of you who are interested in doing a little treasure hunting, the gold signs are there. We feel certain that more trail markers will be found on the other side of the Narrows. Something is to be found up there—that is a certainty. Is it only a coincidence that the four Apache Trail markers led to Goldfield, and that the hieroglyphic markers lead to the "potholes," the Oro Sunburst, and the Directional Sunburst? We think not.

Of course, we found the treasure we had been searching for in Hieroglyphic Canyon. We packed it out in cameras!

We were grateful to capture Mr. Marlowe's findings on film while they still exist. The rock writings will be around for many years to come provided the egomaniacs leave them alone, but many of the saguaros are dying —some from old age and some from a new species of moth that has invaded the Arizona saguaros forests. It seems impossible to think of a tiny moth destroying and toppling these enormous plants. Even the large slabs of flesh Pedro Peralta removed did not harm them.

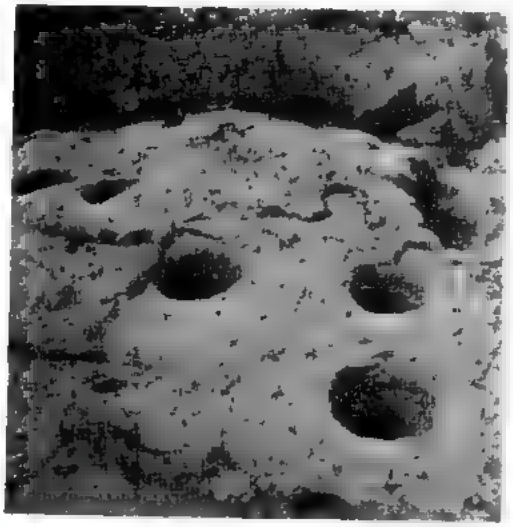
From the many saguaros we saw bearing his marks, from his work on stone tablets, the cliffs and the boulders, Pedro must have been quite an artist. Mrs. Marlowe suggested that he was enamoured with the works of the master artist, Michaelangelo. The latter's mark of the holy cross atop a circle was found on one saguaro, perhaps as a memorial, and although we did not see this particular cactus, a color photograph is in Marlowe's book

Among Pedro's various symbols with their cryptic meanings, the ones on the stone maps are the most difficult to decode. For example, on the front side of Map Number Two is a deep hole drilled into the stone; a smaller hole is above it. Both are set within lines representing a jagged mountain peak. Mr. Marlowe volunteered an explanation of this particular set of symbols to impress on us the problems he has encountered in his battle of wits with the Peraltas.

He had figured out the trail as far as the two holes on the map, but he could not understand their meaning and didn't know what he should be looking for. On one of his lonely and lengthy stays within the Superstitions, and while looking for shelter in which to spend the night, he spied a cave high on the face of a remote side-canyon. From the smoke-blackened roof of the cave he knew it had sheltered others before him. After building his cook-fire inside the cave, he noticed that the smoke was being drawn toward a small opening in the cave's ceiling.

The next morning he worked his way to the ledge above the cave and found a small smokestack overgrown with brush. It had been constructed of stone, much like the cairn at the end of the

Potholed rock at the base of Hill No. 1. Ore was crushed by hand in these holes —a crude but effective manner of early mining.



horseshoe. Marlowe felt this was the place indicated on the map and spent quite some time in the area trying to decide what he should do.

He worked in a circle around the cave trying to locate marked saguaros, petroglyphs or rock pointers, but there was nothing. At last he hit on the idea of getting a degree marker from one hole to the other.

Marlowe placed a long stick vertically in the center of the cave's entrance. He then placed a second stick horizontally over the top of the cave. One end rested on the vertical pole, the other rested on the smokestack, so that he more or less had a triangle. When he took a degree reading from the pole lying across the cairn and followed its course, he did find the next marker and the triangulation system was picked up again.

Marlowe has found that the Peraltas had protected themselves against anyone who might have accidentally found the secret of three markers in a triangle. By leaving miles of gaps between them, they broke the chain of repititious triangles. The gaps are filled in *on the maps*. Only the man who has all three of the stone maps and knows how to use them in conjunction with the markers will ever be able to follow the Peralta Trail to its end.

Marlowe's book has brought many new prospectors into the Superstitions. He realizes that people are trying to use his book as a guide to the treasure, but he doesn't hold much fear of their success. Some of the treasure hunters have really gone in style using helicopters to take them in and out of the mountains. Others have packed in to set up permanent camps.

Mr. Marlowe chooses to stay anonymous. He has been spied upon, accidentally shot at, and even followed at times, but the stalkers have never suspected they were watching Travis Marlowe. God help him if his identity is ever made known. We have met some extremely nice men prospecting in the Superstitions, but there are a few who would scare you a lot worse than meeting up with the ghost of old Pedro Peralta. At least, Pedro smiles!

Speaking of Pedro, we were rather disappointed that he didn't show up, once we had grown accustomed to the idea. Marlowe's story of the ghost who roams at will through the Superstitions was only one of four reports we received in the space of a few weeks' time concerning strange events which had taken place in the area. We told Mr. Marlowe about the stories and he didn't seem a bit surprised. He only answered, "There are a *lot* of strange things going on in those mountains."

We tried to check out the story of the father and son who were trapped overnight in Geronimo's cave during a snowstorm. They had each witnessed a strangely silent parade of flares, wagons or carts and—we would assume—people. This was a fascinating story, and we did try to get more information, but never received an answer to our inquiry. (See *True West*, February, 1965, page 71.) In the first place, nobody in his right mind would be walking those mountain trails at night, especially during a snowstorm. Modern man would not be using a torch or flare, nor would he use a cumbersome cart or wagon.

The two men watched this queer spectacle with the aid of binoculars. The mixture of falling snow, fog and darkness made a poor combination of good vision. By the use of a board, which they found in the cave, they were able to align themselves with the weird procession determining that it took place on about their same level on the opposite canyon wall. The only thing we have been able to confirm is that there was a snowstorm in the Superstitions at the time of the reported sighting in March, 1963.

Another report of unexplained happenings came from a source that can be considered more reliable. The story concerns two men, well known in the Apache Junction and Florence localities. One of the men had lived close to the Superstitions all of his life; the other came

This cactus marked by a heart-shaped carving was found by the authors as they rode their trail machines off the beaten path. The heart coincides with the phrase written on Peralta Map No. 1; "Look for the heart," and the map of the heart.

to Arizona from the East as a young man. Both had occasion to spend the greater part of their lives in the mountains, knew their way around and loved every inch of the Range. We have had the good fortune to know both of these men. In their day, it would have been hard to find any one in Arizona who could outride, out-shoot or out-cuss these two tough but softhearted old fellows. They were among the first to display the courage and stubborn desire required to make a home out of this barren wilderness—long before the city of Apache Junction was ever heard of.

Any person who chooses the harsh country of the Superstitions for his home, his work area and his playground is not likely to be sporting lace on his underdrawers. He is all man and has never carried the burden of fear.

Why then, would a man of this calibre come out of the Superstitions so badly shaken that he would never set foot in them again? Why would he give no explanation for his actions? Within a space of two years this happened to both men.

No human being could have frightened either one of these old pioneers. It could only have been something they did not understand—something they had never before encountered—something neither one could hope to explain without the risk of ridicule and laughter. This, we believe, is the reason for their silence about the ominous experience that took them out of the mountains forever. Both of our friends are now dead. They died within two years of each other.

HIS CANDOR is one of the many reasons we admire Mr. Marlowe. He told us his story of the mute, smiling figure with such honesty and in such a matter-of-fact way that there is no doubt in our minds that he spoke the truth. Mr. Marlowe is not a man given to small talk. He speaks softly and quietly when there is something of importance to say and is not prone to long, windy tales or gossip. He looks you square in the eyes when talking or listening. His face radiates with friendliness; his eyes show him to be a kind and gentle man.

Marlowe is thoroughly poised. His every move reveals the confidence of one who knows what he is doing. It is remarkable to watch his coordination of thought, sight and body while in action on the desert and in the mountains he knows so well. He is completely at home in the wilderness and has acquired the instincts of the wildlife he loves so much. Alert, agile of foot, quick of mind, cautious of man, he has learned that only the strong survive.

WE WOULD LIKE to add a word of advice to anyone whose appetite has been whetted for seeking Mr. Marlowe's treasure. It is only fair to state that it would be impossible to locate anything from what we have told you in this story. Many things have to be taken into consideration. The things that were shown to us were spaced many miles apart; the markers between could never be found without Marlowe's maps, which are kept safely in a bank vault.

The Superstition Mountains are not to be taken lightly. They can be as deadly as they are beautiful if you do not know the country. Well-marked foot trails have been built throughout the Superstitions by the United States Department of the Interior for those who wish to hike into the wilderness area. It is wise to stay on these trails unless you are accompanied by an expert guide. Take plenty of water, don't attempt to go in alone, and though you are not permitted to shoot any animal or kill any snake, it is still wise to go in armed. There are $50 to $200 fines for violating this law, as you are in a wilderness area and game reserve.

The Superstitions can play rough at times and the next moment be as gentle as a lamb. The only trouble is that you never know what mood they are in until it is too late. If they take a notion to become playful, they can bounce you down the mountainside like a rubber ball, bang you against a canyon wall until your head rattles, scare the wits clear out of you, blister you from the sun, parch you with a terrible thirst, stick every part of your anatomy full of cactus, take years off your life at the sight of a rattlesnake under your feet, or a near brush with a deadly scorpion. The Superstitions can freeze you in your tracks at the sound of strange footsteps approaching from the blindside of the next bend in the trail, then relieve you when the footsteps belong to a bearded prospector whose features are hidden under masses of hair, and whose only greeting is a suspicious grunt as he rounds the bend behind you and disappears from sight.

Your feet cry out in protest from walking over rocks that are either so sharp they feel like they are trying to crawl into your boots, or are so round

(Continued on page 49)

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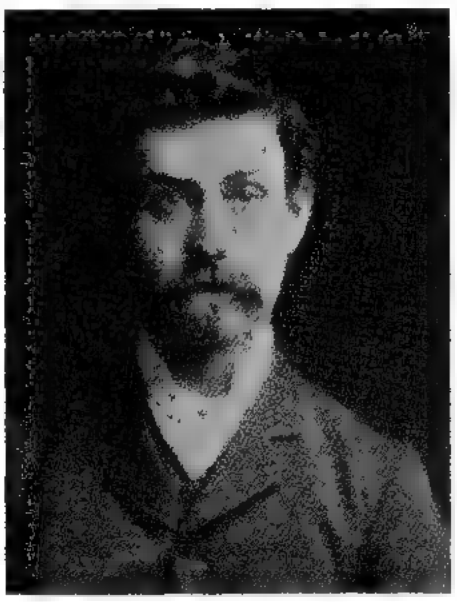
What folks don't understand they have a way of calling "acts of God." Many strange things occurred on the frontier, and this is the story of the

Miracle at



H. Nathaniel Martin

Photos Courtesy Author

Robert O. Martin

IN THE latter part of 1863, rumors of possible Indian trouble spread along the Nebraska Territory section of the Oregon Trail. The rumors became grim reality in August, 1864 after the great inter-tribal meeting of the Arapahoe, Cheyenne and Sioux on the banks of the Solomon River in Kansas.

Chiefs Spotted Tail and Pawnee Killer there devised their "strike, divide and devastate" strategy. Bands of warriors would fan northward and simultaneously attack target points from Kiowa Station on the Little Blue River to Old Julesburg on the South Platte, just south of the present Nebraska-Colorado line.

The Indians had little fear of retaliation by the military or settlers. The war the palefaces were waging among themselves was more important to the Great White Father than the problems involving the Lords of the Plains—these tribes who had suffered many wrongs since the first white man crossed the banks of the Missouri.

The Indians could hit hard and fast and drive the enemy back to the edge of civilization at Nebraska City with full knowledge that the few Bluecoats at Fort Kearny—the only post in that part of Nebraska—were too few in number to provide escort to all the migrant and freighter trains crossing the Trail or to give protection to the stage stations, ranches and little settlements that dotted the bluffs and prairies.

Along a sixty-mile strip of the Little Blue River bands of Cheyenne and Sioux suddenly appeared shortly after noon on August 7. By nightfall, friends and neighbors of those dead or captured were frantically piling a few belongings into wagons or going by shanks mare, if necessary, to reach safety at Nebraska City.

The next morning, just below the Platte and west of Fort Kearny near a stream known as Plum Creek, all but two members of a wagontrain were massacred by a band of Arapahoe, Sioux and Cheyenne. This time panic and terror had started mass evacuation to Fort Kearny.

The depredations continued. Soon, armed and wary wagonmasters, reinforced by their equally well-armed bullwhackers, were the only civilians going back and forth on the Trail. To cover the fear they felt, the bullwhackers kept one hand on a whip, the other on a rifle, and swore more than usual at the lumbering oxen pulling the unwieldy wagons.

The soldiers at Kearny made a few halfhearted attempts to chase the marauders and hurriedly buried some of the victims, but they were more inclined to keep to the post than to be cited posthumously for bravery in losing their scalps.

It was during this bloody month of August after almost every settlement had been abandoned that an incredible incident—really a miracle—took place. It occurred near what was later known as Martinsville Post Office and Stage Station south of the Platte River.

ONE of the few stalwart souls who refused to give in to panic and abandon his property was George Martin, who had migrated from Cleveland, Ohio, spent a short time in Illinois, and in 1862 moved to land seven and one-half miles west of the present town of Doniphan.

Here he built a good-sized barn, kept relay horses for the stage, had a substantial sodhouse where he kept provisions to sell to travelers, and offered overnight accommodations in his "pilgrim room."

About six o'clock one evening in late August, Martin and two of his seven children, Nat, fifteen, and Bob, twelve, had finished loading two wagons with hay and had started toward the ranch.

Martin's wagon was being pulled by some spirited stallions who were making better time than the oxen and horse which were pulling his sons' wagon.

He was about three-fourths of a mile ahead of the boys when suddenly he saw a band of nine Sioux galloping toward him. Quickly, he gave the stallions free rein, grabbed his Spencer carbine and slipped into a depression made by the binding pole.

Martin's first shot wounded one of the hostiles. His second wounded another's pony just as its rider had drawn his bow. The Indian with the wounded mount dropped out of the fray.

By this time Martin had taken aim for the third time and fired. The seven remaining Indians dropped back in awe. They had never seen a gun which could fire more than twice, thus Martin gained a little time.

One of them, less cautious than the others, followed the wagon and was able to get within range of the man lying on his stomach in the hay. He drew his bow, took quick aim. His arrow nicked Martin's jugular vein and lodged in his collar bone.

Fortunately, the horses had kept racing toward the house. The wounded man hoped that their course would run by the door, and it did. In spite of the pain he was in, he managed to grab his gun and jump out of the wagon when the frightened horses raced past the house.

The Indian whose arrow targeted Martin had kept following the wagon. As Martin fell to the ground, the hostile drew up short and started to dismount in order to finish him off. Just then the door opened and Hepzibah, Martin's oldest daughter, rushed out of the house and brandished an old shotgun while Ann Martin dashed out behind her and helped her wounded husband into the pilgrim room.

For a moment it was hard to determine who was more scared, the girl or the Indian. Both retreated—Hepzibah hurried back into the house as the Sioux galloped out of range of the girl and her gun.

As soon as Ann had helped her husband into the safety of the house, the quick-thinking and ingenious woman, after a glance at his wounds, deftly closed the gash in his vein with a pin. Then, with the help of Hepzibah, she pulled the arrow from the other wound and staunched the flow of blood.

This done, Ann opened the door, without a thought for her own safety, and sped toward the barn and her son Bob's herd pony. The pony provided a hair which she brought back to the house and used to further secure the gash in Martin's throat by twisting the hair tightly around the pin.

Martinsville

By JEAN WILLIAMS

Monument in memory of the Martin Brothers—Hall County, Nebraska. Photo courtesy Vernon Haun, Grand Island, Nebraska

A split second after Ann returned to the house, the Sioux who had wounded her husband returned to scout the house. He sighted the herd pony in the barn, as well as the two stallions who were still hitched to the wagon. The terrified horses had run the wagon onto the great woodpile in the yard and were wildly pressing at the traces on the other side, since the wagon would not turn over.

Still leery of the armed people inside the house, the Sioux quickly settled on the easiest prey—the pony. He rode into the barn and drove the animal out in the wagon yard and across the prairie to join the rest of the Indians who were waiting about a mile away.

THE BOYS, Nat and Bob Martin, after they had heard their father's shots and saw his wagon being followed by the Indians, reined their oxen and the horse, unhitched the wagon and turned the bovines loose. Nat then helped his little brother on the mare, climbed up behind him and headed their mount to what he thought might be a place of temporary safety, a little knoll some distance from the wagon.

The boys had only been there a short time when the Indian who had stolen Bob's pony spotted them. He signaled across to the rest of the band and pointed to the knoll.

For some reason the Indian whose horse had been wounded by Martin's second shot hadn't seen the boys ride behind the knoll and had returned to wait with others of the band until the Sioux who had scouted the Martin place came back. At the scout's signal, the pursuit of the boys began.

When the boys heard the sound of hoofbeats riding toward them, they headed the old mare in the opposite direction from their home, hoping to outrun the Indians and eventually circle back to the house.

But the old horse had other ideas. She balked, turned completely around and started running in the direction of the house and barn. Her mother instinct had prevailed. She had remembered two colts, her own and one which she had adopted, and scenting danger had decided to return to them.

Though both boys tried desperately to turn her, she kept racing toward the Indians, who themselves attempted to turn the horse from the direction in which she was going. One of the braves, thinking he could head off the mad rush, rode in front of her and started yelling. In doing so he got too close. The mare grabbed his pony by the nape of the neck and almost threw him in her blind fury.

The Indian made another attempt. This time the mare grabbed the warrior's blanket and jerked while Nat Martin tried to grab his bow. The Indian quickly dropped back behind the boys and started shooting.

His first arrow lodged in Nat's elbow, wedging its head between the bones of the joint. The pain was so intense that, without thinking, Nat grabbed the shaft, broke it off, and threw it in the Indian's face. The next arrow plunged into Nat's back just under his shoulder bone, went through his right lung and came out below the boy's right breast and into his brother's backbone. They were literally pinned together. A third arrow grazed by Nat, giving him a flesh wound as it lodged in Bob's hip.

The wild ride continued, each movement made by the horse causing the arrow shaft to work back and forth in Nat's lung. The pain was excruciating. He began to feel faint. To steady himself, he grabbed his brother's waistband and took Bob with him as he fell off the horse. This sudden movement released the arrow from his brother's backbone as well as pushing the shaft out of his own body. A great gush of blood spurted from this wound.

Meanwhile the mare had become entangled in the reins and had been captured and driven off by the Indians.

BOTH BOYS lay where they had fallen, faint and too terrified to move. Two were dead. After dismounting, the Indians returned to see if they dians walked round and round the boys, but paid scant attention to Nat, who by this time was a mass of blood and, as they supposed, dead. They turned their attention to Bob. One of them proceeded to hit him on the head. The boy had only passed out, but his tormentor was satis-

Courtesy W. E. Eigsti, Hastings, Nebraska

Nathaniel Martin holding the two arrows, one of which pinned him to his brother. After Nathaniel's death the arrows were given to the House of Yesterday at Hastings, Nebraska.

fied that he was dead.

It was all Nat could do to keep from crying out when he heard one of the Sioux ask the other about taking their scalps.

Fortunately, the other replied, "Papoose scalp no good. No honor to kill papoose." Then both of them mounted and rode out of sight.

The bloody, pain-racked boy grimly determined not to lose consciousness until he could learn if his brother were alive. He had hope that their parents would try and get to them. Just before he had pulled Bob from the horse, he thought he had caught sight of them standing on top of the root house. No doubt his father would start searching after nightfall.

Night came; there wasn't a sound on the prairie. Finally Nat couldn't stand the silence any longer and called softly to his brother, "Bob—are you dead, Bob?"

"No, I'm all right. Be still. They're not gone yet!"

Relieved, the older boy remained quiet.

TWICE, at different intervals, faint sounds drifted through the night from the direction of the ranch. Then only an eerie silence engulfed the prairie. Nat painfully turned on his right side, crawled over to Bob, and whispered to the boy that they should try and make it to the top of the rise. Perhaps they might be able to see a light at the house.

Bob, still dizzy from the blow on his head, but not as bady wounded as his brother, managed to pull the arrow out of his left leg, and limp up the knoll. Nat crawled slowly behind him.

Only darkness met their eyes when they reached the top. Determined to find out what had happened, the boys inched their way to the ranch, stopping only after they had reached the open doorway of the barn.

The younger boy, seeing the outline of a bed in the shadows underneath a window, helped his brother to this welcome resting place. Nat blacked out after hearing Bob whisper something about "going to the house."

Bleeding from his leg wound, Bob limped through the open door of the pilgrim room, stopping short when he saw a shadowy mass at his feet. It was a mixture of flour and grain. The Indians had ransacked the place, and the bags holding these provisions had been emptied on the floor.

There was no sign of the other children or his parents so the boy used the last bit of his strength to make his way back to the barn before falling in a faint beside his brother.

George Martin, after his wife had bandaged his wound, became much concerned about the safety of his sons. He insisted on going to the top of the root house to see if he could spot them. Ann had just followed him to the lookout point when the Sioux started shooting arrows at Nat and Bob. Martin didn't have time to aim and fire his carbine before the boys fell to the ground out of sight.

At that moment a rain of arrows flew across the rise wounding one of the horses on the upended wagon by the woodpile. Martin managed to get Ann back to the house before either of them were wounded. By the end of the day, both parents were convinced that their sons were dead. The sorrowful father decided to take the rest of his family under cover of darkness to Fort Kearny.

Perhaps there he could get soldiers to return with him and search for Nat and Bob.

ANN made packs of food and clothing that would be carried by the two horses in the yard. There was no time to load the wagon. One of the horses had been wounded, but only a light injury had resulted. Martin thought that the animal would still be able to carry some of the provisions, at least for a while. He was reluctant to leave the stallion to the mercy of the Indians, and could not risk killing it with a shot from his gun.

As soon as night fell, Martin brought the horses to the door of the house and put the packs upon their backs; the fort was some forty miles away.

The little party had gone only a short distance from the house when they heard the sound of unshod hoofs behind them. George whispered to his wife that she should take the halter of one horse. Quickly he turned the wounded pack animal in the direction of the oncoming hoofs and gave the horse a strong blow on the flank with his hand. The startled beast raced off in the darkness while the man and his family clustered around the other animal and waited.

A piercing neigh broke into the night air, then the sound of hoofbeats gradually grew fainter and fainter until there was only the silence of the night around them. Once more they started groping their way across the prairie.

After continuing their journey for a few miles, Martin called out sharply for everyone to stop. The sound of creaking wagon wheels could be heard faintly in the distance.

Maybe they wouldn't have to go to the fort—those wheels meant a wagontrain! Surely they would be able to get the freighters to go to the ranch with them.

Martin rushed ahead of the family, punctuating each step he took with a cry of "Help!" until he had reached the lead wagon and caused the train to stop.

By the time his wife and children had arrived and added their pleas to Martin's urgent request for aid, the freighters had already decided among themselves that it would be foolhardy to return that night to the ranch. If the boys were dead, they could be better found in the morning. To go looking for them in the dead of night might only lead to a massacre.

Sensing that their pleas were useless, George and Ann told the freighters that they would continue west to the fort. Once again the little family started off across the black expanse of land and listened sadly to the sound of the creaking wheels receding behind them.

The next morning, still thirty-two miles from Fort Kearny, they sighted another wagontrain coming toward them. Again, they started half-running, half-falling in their rush to meet the train.

After hearing the family's story, the kindhearted men on this train promised help. The little group of refugees were fed, and a place was made on the wagons for Ann and the children to get some sleep.

THE BULLWHACKERS urged their lumbering oxen across the prairie to the ranch. At two in the afternoon, some twenty hours after the Sioux had appeared, the family and the freighters returned to look for the boys.

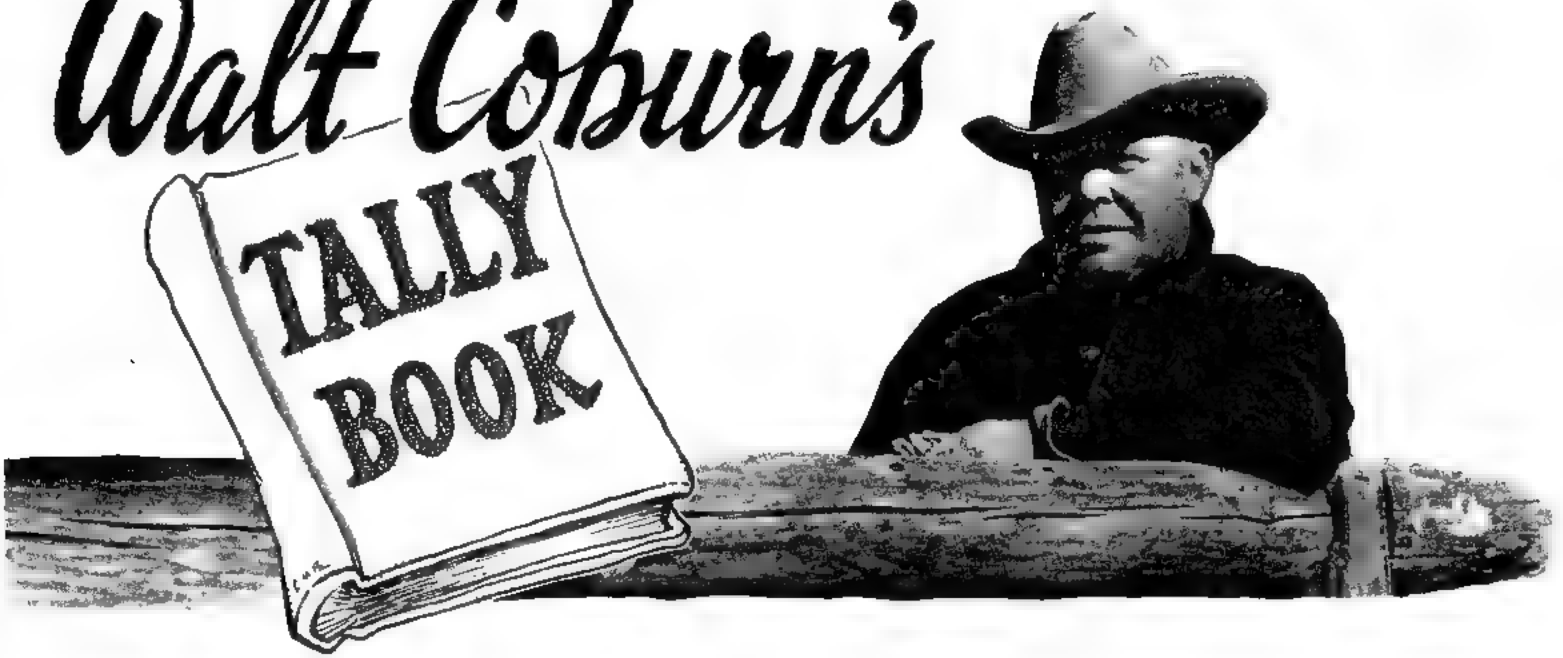
Just before the lead wagon reached the house, one of the men dropped off and went ahead to scout the buildings. Cautiously, he rounded the side of the barn. Shading his eyes as he peered through the window, he saw the boys lying on the bed.

Yelling loudly that the boys were inside, he rushed into the barn followed by the freighters and Martin. They crowded about the bed, filling the air with exclamations of surprise.

The worried mother quickly made her way to Bob, who opened his eyes and

(Continued on page 46)

Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



I LIKE to think of Uncle Joe and his little ranch down on the Missouri River, because the old man and his ranch conjure up pleasant memories. I was a growing kid then, a cow-country kid filled with wild notions like joining the Wild Bunch and traveling down the Outlaw Trail.

As I look back on it now, Uncle Joe and the kindly things he stood for made a deeper mark on my life than I realized at the time. It was in later years, after I had grown to manhood and left Montana, that I fully understood the man and the things he cherished.

Uncle Joe was a dreamer, with the courage to live out his dreams at his log cabin home on the banks of the muddy Missouri, where the badlands slope down to the wide, river-bottom-fertile hay land. Where the giant cottonwoods grew and the willow thickets were dense and high. Where the chokecherries and service berries, wild currants and gooseberry bushes were thick, and the scarlet buffalo berries, sour to the taste in the fall but sweet after the first frost, abounded. Where the wild roses grew and their sweet odor mingled with the fresh mud along the riverbanks. Where the river froze over during the long winter months and the river ranchers were snowed in until the warm Chinook winds cut the drifts. And then would come the first song of the meadowlark, heralding the spring and summer.

All that and the lonely bachelor life that went with it composed the boyhood dream of Uncle Joe, Bostonian by birth and graduate of Boston Tech. He had left all that behind him and come to Montana, to locate there and live out his dreams.

Uncle Joe never seemed to be lonesome. He had his dogs and horses, and his way with wild things. Even the timid white-tail deer came to his cabin, and the does with the spotted fawns, on long wobbly legs. Before they were a month old, they would eat out of Uncle Joe's hand, because they knew and understood him for a kindly man. The one he made a pet out of had a collar with a small horse bell attached to it.

Signs tacked to his pasture fence gave warning to hunters in no uncertain terms. No gun was ever fired on Uncle Joe's place, and his hounds were taught from puppyhood never to molest anything. The size of his hound pack increased with every litter of pups, but Uncle Joe had to know a man well before he would give him one of the pups.

I stayed in Uncle Joe's log cabin a few times when it was below zero and I spread my tarp-covered bed on the floor. Come night, Uncle Joe would open the door and let the hounds in. There was barely room to close the door after the hounds got inside. It was all right with me, because I like dogs, and dog fleas never bite me. But I'd wake up in the night after the fire had died down and the cabin had grown cold, and I'd be sweating and unable to move under the weight of Uncle Joe's hounds. I didn't need to reach out in the dark to tell which dogs were bedded down on me. It would be Dinah and her litter of pups.

DINAH'S devotion to me had its beginning when she whelped her first litter. Dinah was a bloodhound with the longest ears I have ever seen on any dog, and the saddest expression on her wrinkled face and in the depths of her sad brown eyes. The father of the pups was a stag hound the Circle C outfit had given Uncle Joe to get a cross-bred hound for hunting wolves and coyotes.

I was there the summer Dinah whelped, and I stopped by when the pups were a month old. It was the afternoon when Dinah took the pups on their first hunt. I went along on foot. Somewhere along the trail I shed my clothes and went for a swim in the river. Once in the water I forgot all about time. It was sundown when I got dressed and headed back to the cabin.

Dinah was there waiting, but there was no sign of her pups. Uncle Joe was in the cabin getting supper, while I tended the barn chores. Dinah kept close-trailing me, right at my heels every time I turned around, and I knew something was wrong.

It was dusk when somewhere off in the distance sounded the most lonely, howling, wailing chorus I've ever heard, and Dinah was looking up at me with a worried look in her eyes. It was half a mile through the willows and underbrush, Dinah leading the way. There on an old cottonwood log, seven long-eared pups sat in a row, seven black noses tilted skyward. When they saw Dinah and me you never on earth witnessed a gladder sight. I had to call for Uncle Joe to help me carry those seven pups back.

After that I was a hero in Dinah's eyes. That summer night I spread my bed on the ground to watch the stars with Dinah and her litter bedded on my tarp. They were small then, but by winter they'd grown considerable. What with their weight and puppy dreaming and occasional flea scratching, Dinah and her family enjoyed the night. It was like I said, you had to be a shore enough dog lover and immune to flea bite to stay overnight at Uncle Joe's log cabin in winter.

UNCLE JOE drew up plans for a riverboat, with a large pump on it to pump water up onto the higher river-bottom land for irrigation. The Circle C had the boat built and the big Circle C brand was painted on the cabin. It was built like a regular paddle-wheel riverboat.

The next spring when the ice melted and the flood water reached an all-time high-water mark, I rode down from the home ranch. All the river ranches were under water and only the tops of the giant cottonwoods showed along the wide river. Uncle Joe's ranch was flooded out, but out there on the muddy river rode the big boat. I emptied my gun at the sky for a signal and Uncle Joe hollered back. I unsaddled and staked out my horse.

Uncle Joe rowed across in his skiff and took me over to the big boat. He had stacked enough hay aboard to feed his milch cow. There was grain for his chickens and grub enough for himself and his pack of hounds, and he had his

(Continued on page 51)

ON PROHI

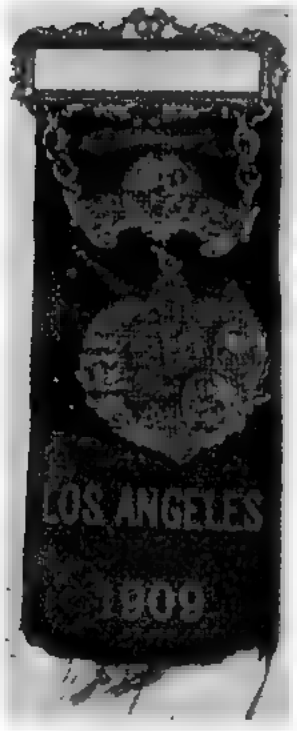
TRUE WEST is conducting a great Elk hunt!

Were You There?

By BOB THOMAS

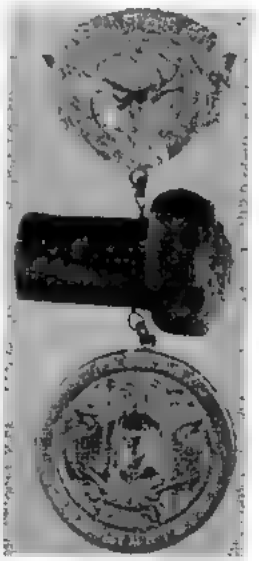
Photos By Robert Small

Springfield, Illinois

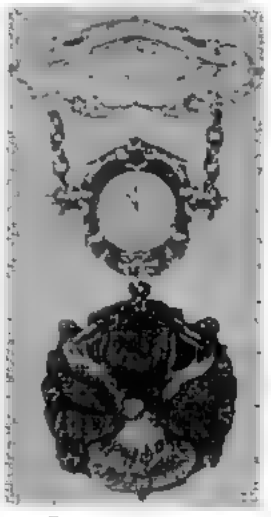


San Marcos, Texas

San Bernardino, California



Spokane, Washington



Goldfield, Nevada

Molina, Illinois

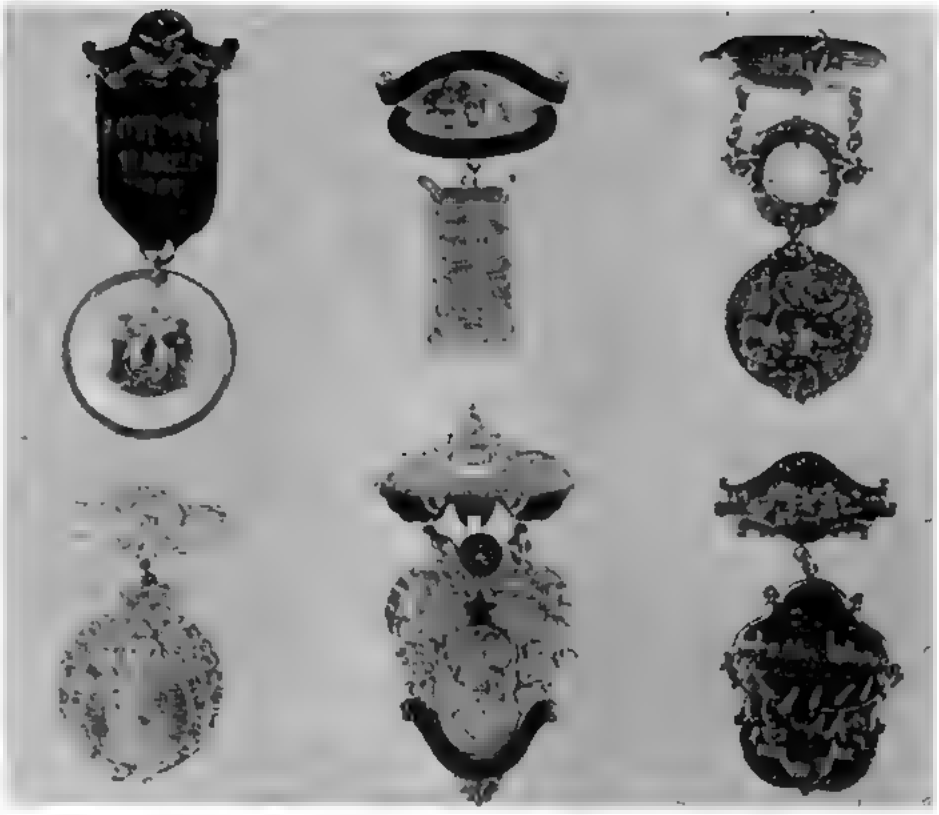
Top Row, left to right: Jersey City, New Jersey; Louisville, Kentucky; Alliance (Lodge 861—state unknown); Cleveland, Ohio. Bottom row, Brooklyn, New York; Phoenix, Arizona; Bessemer, Alabama; Fort Wayne, Indiana.

IN my time I have hunted some elusive critters but never have I undertaken to trail a whole herd and lost out so completely. Perhaps it is because the trail is long and cold, being some fifty-six years old.

Follow along for awhile and maybe you can nose out a track or two on your own. To begin with, I was hunting familiar ground, the attic of an old house, when I struck Elk sign aplenty—some fifty well-preserved and elegant gold-colored badges that bespoke a really great gathering of Elks. The cache was contained in a couple of small wooden boxes tucked back under the eaves. Each and every badge, though highly unique, was dated 1909 and mentioned trail's end as being Los Angeles, California.

Time was when I would have passed such baubles on to the kids for play-pretties and forgotten about it, but I lost a whole winter's skins that way one time by burning the contents of some dozen old trunks just to clear out a house that was being wrecked. While I was waiting for the fire to die down, I read one of the old papers in the last big trunk—it was a Sheriff's Commission for DeWitt County, Texas, signed by Sam Houston! You get that "gutted snowbird" feeling just once, and from then on you are a full-fledged attic hunter.

Attic hunters are a rare and privileged breed who have burned and learned. Attics to most people are places in constant need of cleaning out and the "load" is usually considered as a collection of useless old things. Yet attics are available to the hunter—most often when the house is to be wrecked, remodeled or sold. A good attic hunter keeps a few such "possible" houses on the string at all times.



Top row, left to right: Maine Elks, Hutchinson, Kansas; Elks of Iowa. Bottom row: Lyons, New York; Sacramento, California; Pueblo, Colorado.

ELK HUNTING was sort of a sideline but tough, to say the least. The badges set me to wondering about the people who wore them to the gala doings at Los Angeles—particularly, those who came from such places as Goldfield, Yuma and Coffeyville.

I learned that the 1909 convention was the first time that the Grand Lodge ever met on the West Coast. It worked up to it gradually, having tested Salt Lake City in 1902, Denver in 1906 and Dallas in 1908. That year there were 1,166 Elks Lodges with a total membership of 304,899. These Lodges spent a total of $364,404.90 for benevolent purposes.

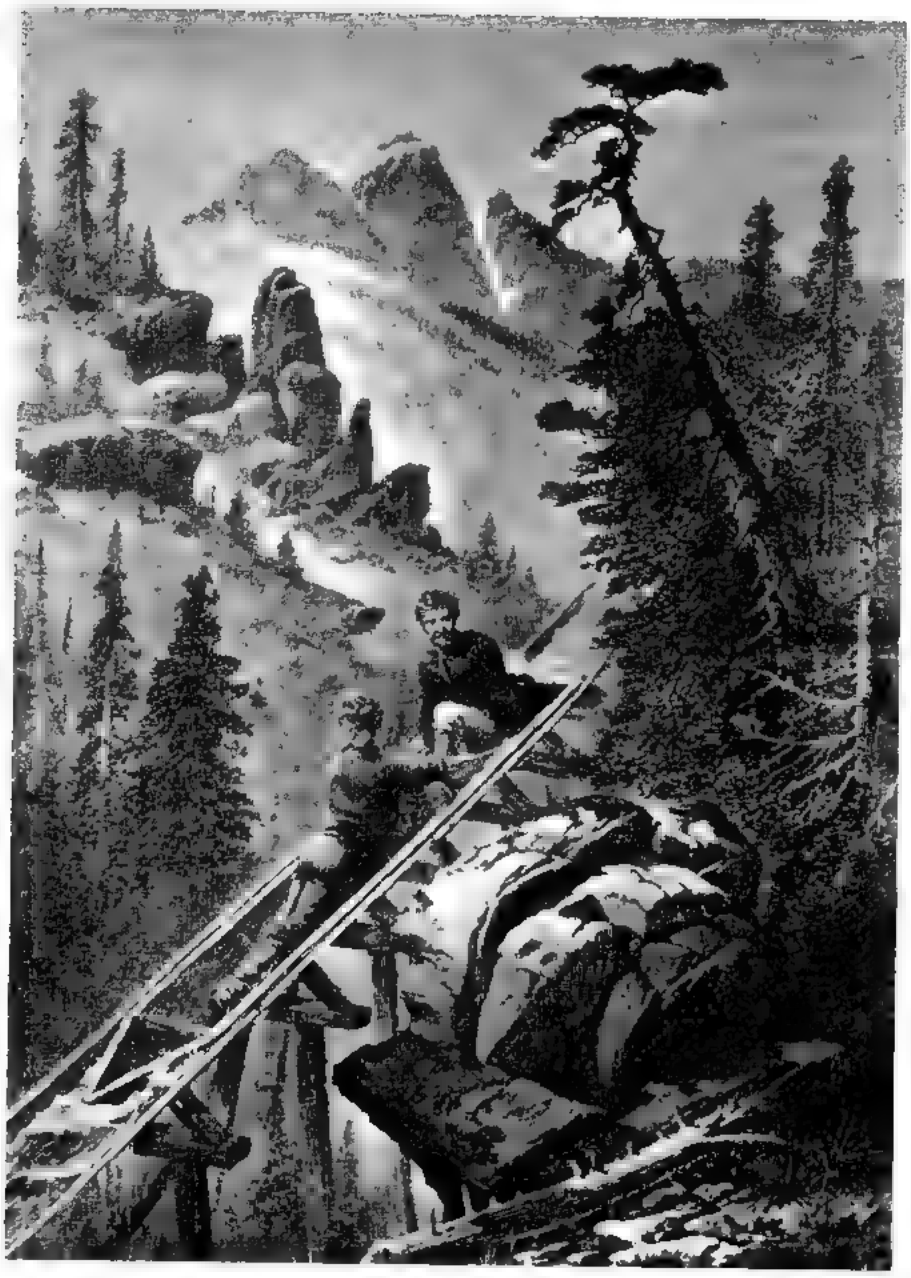
The opening public session was addressed by Governor James N. Gillett of California and Mayor George Alexander of Los Angeles, in addition to Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

At the first business session, there developed one of those rare contests for the Grand Exalted Rulership. The opposing candidates were August Herrmann of Cincinnati, Ohio, and J. U. Sammis of LeMars, Iowa. Mr. Sammis won by 592 votes to 529. There were contests also for some of the lesser offices. So spirited was the campaigning it led to the adoption of a resolution deprecating some of the methods employed to advance the fortunes of various candidates. Mr. Herrmann's disappointment was short-lived, for he was elected the following year.

In 1909, Yuma, Arizona Lodge No. 476 was well represented by Mulford Winsor, Frank E. Lee, L. W. Alexander, J. M. Clark, James J. Graham, Frank Baxter, F. L. Ewing and C. L. Brown. Coffeyville, Kansas Lodge No. 775 was represented by J. A. Beakey. Representing Goldfield, Nevada were Milton M. Detch and E. R. Collins. Incidentally, that year the Goldfield Lodge had a membership of 203; today it has a membership of 109; but only 32 of the members get their mail in Goldfield. The rest of them are scattered literally all over the world Because of its historic background, Goldfield Lodge's ties are strong and its members keep up their membership even though they may have been gone from there for many, many years.

The quality, workmanship and individualism expressed in these badges is not seen today. Some of their original owners may still be around and I would hazard a guess that they could tell a story to match the finest of these emblems and perhaps end the Elk hunt.

Top row, left to right: Plainfield, New Jersey; Coffeeville, Kansas; Canton, Mississippi. Bottom row: Yuma, Arizona; Redlands, California; Lodges of Arizona.



Based on the daring ride down the flume by the Fair-Flood party, this lithograph appeared in *Vischer's Views* in the 1870s.

The FLUME RIDERS

This has been called the wildest trip ever taken by man in the Sierra Nevada Mountains

By ANTHONY AMARAL

Photos Courtesy Author

ABOUT a hundred years ago when speed was only as fast as a runaway horse and the railroad steam engine, five gentlemen experienced a hair-raising ride of a mile every two minutes on a water flume via a non-stop, non-braking pipsqueak of a boat called a pig-trough. The flume snaked down the eastern slope of the Sierra north of Lake Tahoe conveying timbers to the valleys. It was no ordinary apparatus and four of the five gentlemen who dared the flume's peculiar rapids were no less ordinary in personage.

Flume-type engineering became prominent in the 1870s when the Comstock in Nevada's Virginia City was at its peak of production. Seemingly there were as many people burrowing themselves deeper into the rich mines as there were above the mines providing all sorts of production services. From the surrounding mountain ranges lumberjacks were wiping away hundreds of acres of timber to feed the hoggish requirements of the square set timbering process. From the lower mountain ranges the nut-pine, juniper and mountain mahogany had already been converted into cordwood or made into charcoal. Even the eastern slopes of the Sierra were virtually decimated of its wood cover as the mines, railroads and mills consumed about eighty million feet of timber yearly. Thus did Dan DeQuille, noted Comstock reporter, observe that, "The Comstock lode may truthfully be said to be the tomb of the forests of the Sierra. . . ."

Higher into the Sierra Nevada, timber was still in abundance although the problem of hauling to the valleys was for a time a logistical puzzlement. Use of mule and oxen teams was considered an extravagance, as was the building and maintaining of roads. (It was estimated that 2,000 horses harnessed to freight wagons would haul a half-million board feet of timber; whereas the flume would perform the same delivery in ten hours.) As the pressures for wood produced pressures for ideas, the V-flume emerged as the cheap means of transporting the timber. By this device, the expense of hauling by teams was spared and thousands of acres of timber land were made available which could not be reached by freighting outfits.

THE V-FLUME was made of planks about two inches thick and joined at right angles. When laid in correct position the planks formed a V which was about two and one-half feet wide at its top. The flume was mounted on trestles and stringers that wormed their way from five to fifteen miles through the Sierra. At some locations along the way, and depending on the topography of the land, the trestle lifted the flume seventy feet or caused it to dive sharply, as with the Carson and Tahoe Lumber and Flume Company, a thousand feet to the mile.

The Pacific Wood Lumber and Flume Company had its upper terminus just north of Lake Tahoe. It wound its way for fifteen miles to Hufaker's Station south of Reno, from where the Virginia and Truckee Railroad hauled the lumber to Virginia City. Down these flumes on a rushing bed of water, torrents of timber were hurled at a great speed "while the flume trembled with their motion and the water was banked up before them in white curling mounds like breaking surf. . . ."

This particular flume was owned jointly by the titans of the Comstock, James Fair, Jim Flood, John Mackay and William O'Brian. It required 2,000,000 feet

Prior to the V-flume innovation, slow and cumbersome oxen or mule teams hauled the cut timber.

of timber, 56,000 pounds of nails, required ten weeks to erect, and cost the millionaire Comstockers about $250,000. World attention was directed to this marvel of the mining industry, and hereby hangs the tale of the "wildest ride ever taken by man in the Sierra Nevada Mountains."

H. J. RANDALL, *New York Tribune* correspondent, was sent to Virginia City by his paper in the fall of 1875 to report on Comstock activities. During his tour of the mines, Randall became intrigued by the vast amounts of lumber being used in the mines.

"How do you get it (the timber) here?" Randall asked Mackay.

"It comes," Mackay answered, "down the mountain in our flume. . . . You ought to see the flume before you go back," he encouraged. "It's really a wonderful thing."

Two days later, at about four o'clock in the morning, Randall was accompanied by Fair, Flood, and the builder of the flume, J. B. Herford, in two buggies on their way from Virginia City and across Washoe Valley to the flume and source of the timber near Lake Tahoe.

Hours later, Randall stood at the upper terminus of the flume where he had a panoramic view of the valley and the naked, brown hills far to the east. He could also see the flume winding its erratic way over the hills and across canyons and around mountains.

Watching the timbers shooting down the steep flume, one after the other, "was like the rushing herd of buffalo," Randall commented later in his article for the *Tribune*.

Poor Randall—he hadn't, at that time, the slightest inkling that he, too, would ride that flume just as fast.

He poked around the upper mill watching and noting the process of preparing the timber, and the "feeders" channeling the water into the flume to cushion the timbers on their downward flight. Shortly after, on again meeting with Fair and Flood, he was overwhelmed when they challenged him to take a ride down the flume.

Ride down the flume! Randall reflected, "The grade at the upper mill was a near perpendicular drop. An outing on the cowcatcher of a locomotive down a straight track is really exhilarating, because you know that the brakes can be applied or the power of the engine shut off. But a ride down a flume—well—that's another story. There is no element of safety, no controlled slow or fast, you cannot stop or lessen the speed, there is little or nothing to hang on to, and you are at the mercy of the rushing water pushing you faster and faster."

Randall had thought of enough reasons for him to bow out of the escapade, but he figured if men worth twenty-five or thirty million dollars would risk their necks, "I could take a chance on mine that wasn't worth half as much."

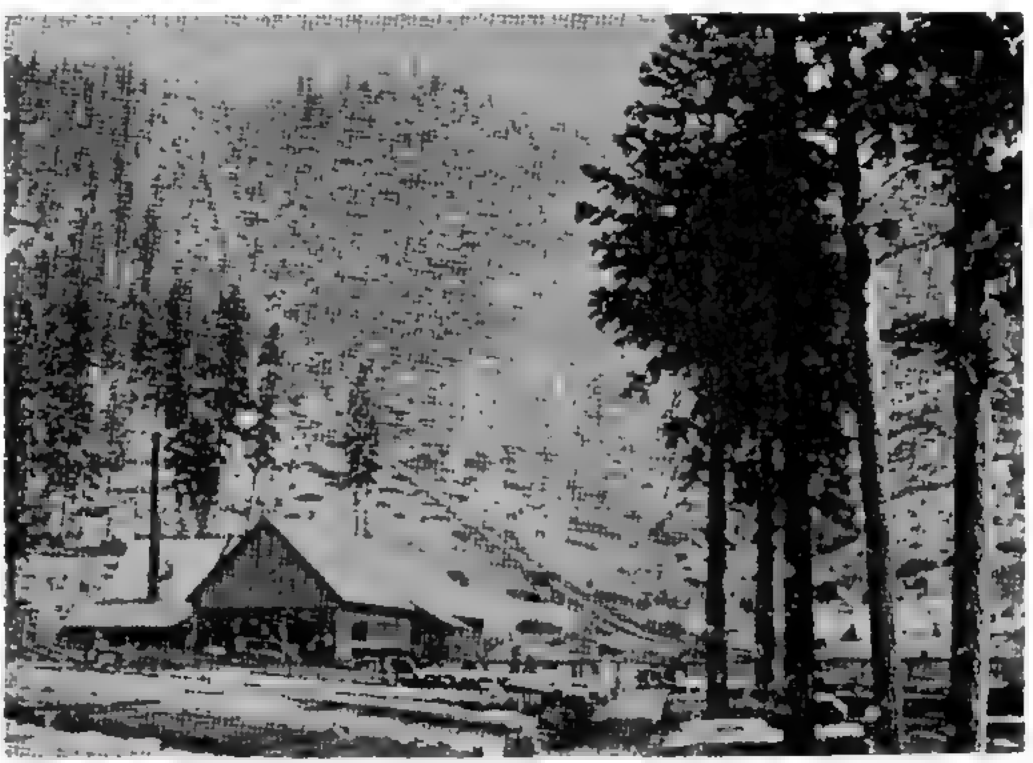
The boats ordered for the trip were V shaped, like the flume, and sixteen feet long. Appropriately, they were called pig-troughs. Two narrow boards were placed in the boats for seats. Just before mounting the boats into the flume, Fair decided to take someone with him who knew something about the flume. From the fifty millhands who had gathered to shake their heads in dismay, only one offered to go along, a red-faced carpenter whose recent intake of whiskey had apparently dulled his wits.

THE FIRST BOAT was held over the flume by a few stout men. Randall, Fair, and the carpenter were warned to jump into the boat the second it touched the water and to "hold onto your hats!" The three gentlemen jumped as best they could, and "away we went like the wind," recalls Randall. "The terrors of that ride can never be blotted from the memory of any one of the party. . . . You cannot stop; you cannot lessen your speed; you have nothing to hold to; you have only to sit still, shut your eyes, say your prayers. . . ."

But Randall did open his eyes, and saw that terrible aerial sky ride stretching and winding ahead like a narrow, fragile piece of wire. All of them seemed suspended in nothingness on the spider web trestle. He tried to gauge the speed of travel.

"Every object I placed my eye on was gone before I could clearly see what it was. . . . Mountains passed like visions and shadows. . . . I was flabbergasted

(Continued on page 52)



Flumes such as the one in the picture at right carried giant logs down the hillside at incredible speeds. Once in the valley, they were converted to lumber and cordwood, the bulk of which was used in mining operations.

HARDLUCK GENERAL

By JOHN BARSNESS and WILLIAM DICKINSON

If Crook is your hero, you won't like this story. He was a dedicated man, all right, and all soldier. But if he'd been a gambler, he'd have died broke, and if he'd been a gunslinger, he'd have got it in the back. Crook's timing was bad . . .

George C. Crook

Photos Courtesy National Archives

"GEORGE CROOK is the greatest Indian fighter I have ever seen," William Tecumseh Sherman once acclaimed. Sherman should have had better sense. A good hard look at Crook's record shows that the hero of the Rosebud bungled campaign after campaign and won his fine reputation by writing his own reports. He was an amiable administrative farmer who neither tactically nor diplomatically ever raised himself out of military mediocrity.

Perhaps his inabilities should have been apparent at West Point. He went to the Academy because his father told him to, and wound up the lowest ranking cadet ever to make major general. Only his stubborn determination—a trait that was later to characterize his leadership during the Indian campaigns—got him through at all.

After graduation, he was sent to Benicia Barracks in Oregon. Here, against the Rogue River Indians, he flubbed his first attempt at Indian fighting.

Benicia Barracks was a nondescript post. Crook wasn't even introduced to the company he was to command until a week after he arrived and when he met the men he was to live and fight with he found most of them drunk. Crook didn't drink, smoke or swear and must have reacted—at best—coldly.

His first patrol against the Indians was with a senior captain who'd been on the bottle for a week and seemed to carry a saloon with him in his saddlebags. After a day in the sun that officer decided to go back to Benicia and left Crook in command. A royal botch he made of it, too.

According to scouting information, the Indians were camped on an unnamed creek some distance ahead of Crook's little detachment. Crook decided to make a surprise attack at dawn and, with a civilian scout, crawled ahead to reconnoiter the land through which they would have to march. Inexperienced, and apparently careless, Crook became separated from his scout, then completely lost. Neither of them found his way back until midmorning, too late to mount any kind of a surprise attack, and Crook postponed his planned excursion until the next day.

By that time, naturally, the Indians were gone. Crook pulled in his scouts and turned the patrol toward home, assuming further contact with the redskins unlikely. He was wrong. The detachment ran head on into the Rogue River war party squatting in the forest having a midday snack. In the quick skirmish that followed, Crook earned an arrow wound in the leg and the beginnings of a reputation that was to follow him all of his life.

The Indians escaped, apparently without serious casualties, but Crook was now a bloodied combat veteran. When the Civil War broke out four years later, he found himself promoted to captain and shipped east to become a part of the Grand Army of the Republic.

LIKE MANY of his contemporaries, Crook got a tremendous boost in rank out of the war. He was promoted from captain to colonel almost immediately and given command of the 36th Ohio Regiment. By 1862 he commanded a brigade and held the rank of general that went with it.

According to some contemporaries, Crook was a "notably keen and clear-headed man" whose administrative duties were well executed but who never seemed to do much in the field except follow orders. According to Crook himself, his light was hidden under a bushel—a bushel of other people taking credit for what he did.

Crook claimed to have been instrumental in repelling a surprise attack in the battle of Fisher Hill—for which Phil Sheridan got credit. Likewise, at the battle of Winchester, Crook insisted that his brigade took 1,000 prisoners and another outfit was given credit. According to the same source—Crook's memoirs—Crook complained to Sheridan, who asked him to keep quiet and he'd get rewarded later, but Phil failed to keep his promises. Sheridan's reputation in the Civil War, of course, far outshone Crook's, and it is significant that Crook never did protest officially.

Despite his failure to become a Civil War hero, Crook emerged a brevet major general with permanent rank of lieutenant colonel and an assignment to The Dalles, Oregon, to stop depredations by Paiute and Snake Indians in the Pacific Northwest. In early winter, 1866, he set up temporary headquarters at Camp Warner and, ignoring his junior officers, went out alone on a "hunting trip" to plan his campaign. "Crook's councils of war," his staff was eventually to call those solitary hunts. Crook rarely let anyone extend advice and even more rarely followed it if proffered. This time he announced that, weather notwithstanding, the 23rd would march against the Indians.

Ordering supplies and ammunition loaded on packmules, he set off into the wilderness. For nearly a year the 23rd, accompanied by the 1st Cavalry, marched up and down the countryside, doggedly pursuing the Paiutes but encountering them only twice. While subduing a rather unimpressive total of thirty Indians, Crook convinced his men he was one of the toughest old soldiers ever to straddle a mule. It's not unlikely that his men suffered greater hardships than the Indians they were supposed to be harassing.

However, one thing must be said in Crook's favor: he was a crack shot. One of the thirty Indians accounted for that year was Crook's personal achievement, knocked from under his bundle of clothing as he was swimming a river 300 yards away.

In the end Crook's stubbornness did pay off. In September, 1867, the 23rd trapped the Paiutes in the volcanic Lost River Country, and in a bloody series of encounters the Indians mauled the army so badly that Crook, as he was to do frequently in later years, retreated to his base camp to take care of the wounded. But the Paiutes suffered too, losing supplies and ammunition as well as many dead, and they never came out in force again that winter. Crook's patrols kept them starving on the high mountain ridges until the deep snows of early 1868 drove them down again.

When reports came in that the Paiutes had been seen in the lower valleys around Malheur Lake, Crook sent his cavalry behind them in a long sweep, driving them out. Then, aided by a blizzard, the

General Crook's 1876 Expedition, camped between Fort Fetterman and the Platte River.

mounted troops forced the Indians to surrender.

It was a victory, of sorts, and to the Department of the Army, safely headquartered in Washington, it must have seemed like sheer tactical brilliance. Crook's star was in the ascendancy; the Army answered the request of Governor A. P. K. Safford of Arizona and sent the astute Indian fighter to take care of the Apache problem in the Southwest.

IN ARIZONA the legend of Crook, the rough and ready, the invincible, came to full flower. His looks enhanced his reputation—six feet tall, lean, agile, strong and untiring, he marched, fought, slept and ate with his men, scorning fancy uniforms and protocol. In an ancient slouch hat or a British pith helmet, an old canvas hunting coat, his black beard braided up out of the way, his favorite mount a mule, he was the very

After Crook relinquished his command he was replaced by Nelson A. Miles and within a year Geronimo was in prison.

picture of the hard campaigner. Someone later remarked that the only time he saw Crook in a dress uniform was in his coffin.

He stayed in Arizona a year before making his move. As excuses he claimed (1) that Washington couldn't make up its mind what it wanted done (this sounds like his Civil War apologies) and (2) he wanted to familiarize himself with the situation. Finally, when Crook did get started, he used Paiute tactics all over again—get the army into the field and give the Apache no rest until he surrendered out of sheer exhaustion.

And again Crook was lucky. The Indians were split and some reservation Apaches even offered to act as scouts. These scouts, attached to the 5th Cavalry under Major William Brown, finally led the army to the concealed Apache villages in Tonto Canyon, and there Brown won the campaign for George Crook.

The only approach to the Tonto was across a high mesa, then down a small, highly exposed trail cut into the wall of the hidden canyon. On a dark April night in 1873, Captain Brown ordered two assault teams to follow the Apache scouts along the scanty footpath. Lieutenant William Ross and twelve men led out, followed twenty minutes later by the main body of fifty men. Strung out like birds on a telegraph wire, they inched downward, aware that one misstep meant a 500-foot plunge to certain death.

Luckily, the Indians were celebrating a recent raid and the noises of their drums drowned the sound of Ross and his men approaching. Finally sixty-two men lay in a circle around the Apache encampment. Ross whispered a command. The locks of sixty-two Springfields clicked back and the Apaches scattered, diving for their weapons.

Brown, watching from the cliffs above, saw the Apaches plainly, behind their barricades, but they were beyond rifle range. Undaunted, Brown set teams to work pushing boulders over the edge of the canyon. As the first rocks came splintering and crashing down from the heights, bounding like cannonballs through the Apache fort, the Indians broke and surrendered and the battle of Tonto Basin was won.

Major George Randall and the 23rd Infantry pulled almost the same trick at Turret Butte a week later. The Tonto Apaches gave up completely and, under Cha-ut-lipun, surrendered to Crook at Camp Grant. Crook took the credit but Bill Brown and the Apache scouts had done the work.

Still and all, it did give a man a reputation—two campaigns had ended with the surrender of the savages concerned. Small wonder then that in 1876 Crook was ordered north to Wyoming to partake in the all-out campaign against the Sioux.

CROOK was supposed to move north out of Forts Laramie and Fetterman in Wyoming against Sioux who had been ordered back to their reservations in Dakota. This he did, in the early months of 1876, in weather that would have given cold shivers to a brass monkey. And he made the mistake of giving command for the first thrust to Colonel J. J. Reynolds, an officer already under suspicion for "error in judgment" in campaigns against the territorial tribes in Texas.

Reynolds moved out under Crook's orders ahead of the main command and attacked a Sioux encampment on Powder River. Having taken the village, Reynolds panicked and withdrew to rejoin Crook, leaving at least one wounded man to freeze to death in the forty-below weather. The Indians proceeded to recapture the horse herd Reynolds had taken from them and ran off Crook's entire beef supply, to boot. In a towering rage, Crook dismissed Reynolds, but not before he discovered another mistake. The village Reynolds had attacked was Cheyenne as well as Sioux, a move which brought the northern Cheyenne into the 1876 campaign.

Using the weather as an excuse, Crook returned to Fort Fetterman and remained there until late spring when, as part of a three-pronged drive with Generals Terry and Custer and Gibbon, he moved north to the debacle on the Rosebud and its disastrous consequences. Here Crook retreated once more, leaving the other two prongs of the pincer movement to struggle along without even knowing that he had pulled out. The result, at least in part, was the Little Big Horn. It is perhaps irrelevant to point out that he attacked two weeks early and that his pack train of mules failed to furnish

(Continued on page 52)

Denver Public Library Western Collection

Georgetown, Colorado—1868. Smoke on the right is from a smelter. Leavenworth Mountain is on right in the background.

MINING—

By DEN GALBRAITH

CALL IT what you will, there is an element of luck to life, and this holds particularly true for the mining game. Many of the greatest deposits of all time were located under circumstances which can only be labeled fortuitous. The vicissitudes of mining are proverbial—accidents can happen. As in other states, Colorado had its share of remarkable finds, its share of fortunate prospectors and miners, for, in Colorado, they found gold first, then they founded the state.

Old-timers were convinced that treasures and minerals appear only when unsought, and in unexpected places—not just gold, but silver, lead, platinum, uranium, and all the other metals, nonmetals and minerals. There seems to be no plausible reason why an uneducated and almost totally ignorant prospector might stumble across a Comstock or a Butte, when a trained engineer, with his degree, with a multitude of textbooks, with numerous instruments at his disposal, might not come up with a workable deposit in a lifetime. Yet it happens.

It's equally hard to put your finger on the reason behind success. Ask a successful mining man how he arrived at his enviable position, and you'll generally get the time-worn answer—hard work. Perseverance, if you like. Or, better yet, desire. Yet hard work may produce only callouses, and desire be rewarded with frustration. For every fortunate miner there were a hundred, maybe a thousand, who were not so fortunate.

Take the case of Henry Hamburg. Old Hank didn't start prospecting until fifty-eight years of age. That was in 1880 when he kissed his wife goodbye in Tama, Iowa, and told her he wouldn't be back until he had a "satchel full of money."

Pride drove him out West. At one time he had amassed a small fortune, but a turn of fortune's wheel found him broke. Hank Hamburg had "crapped out." They took his fancy dwelling, overlooking town, and he had to sell furniture and personal effects for enough money to live on. He had to look for work. But Henry was too proud to work at menial labor in the same town where he had lived in the "grand style."

Taking only enough money to get to Colorado, he headed for South Park and Fairplay. Hamburg knew as much about mining as he did about orbiting the earth, but he tried. He went out to Weston Pass, staked some claims, recorded them and started prospecting, living like a hermit. He seldom went to town, and then only for "victuals," or to check his mail. The only nights he stayed away from his claims were the three or four times he spent in the hospital, for dropsy or sheer exhaustion from overwork and poor food.

Henry worked hard for ten years, day in, day out, in all kinds of weather, even at night. No one knows how he lived, except for wild game and the produce of a small garden by his crude, one-room cabin. He dug so many shallow pits and prospect shafts on his claims that the property resembled a giant Swiss cheese, yet the bluish-gray dolomite yielded no mineral wealth

It would be nice to say that Henry finally tied into a bonanza, but he didn't. True to his word, Old Hank never saw his wife again, for in 1890 an old-timer stopped by the cabin for a chat and found the pathetic-but-proud would-be-prospector sprawled out on the floor, dead. So Hamburg went out of this life with no more than he came in with, and the county stood the expense of his burial, his claims not worth enough to pay for a headstone to honor him for all his gallant effort.

Hamburg had incentive and desire, and he worked hard, but the work never paid off.

BUT LUCK runs both ways—good and bad. Down in the San Juans, the Camp Bird Mine is a story of pathos and romance, the pathos belonging to William Weston, the romance to Thomas F. Walsh. Their story brings up another miner's adage concerning "being at the right place at the right time."

Denver Public Library Western Collection

William Weston and George Barber located the Gertrude claim in 1877, the claim being acquired by the Allied Mines Company in 1878, with Weston retained as manager. Weston, an Englishman, had attended the Royal School of Mines for the specific purpose of taking courses to learn the technique of assaying. Silver was the vogue in Colorado, and the company searched for the white metal. So when Weston negligently failed to assay the ore for gold, he became responsible for the cessation of activity. The company abandoned the project.

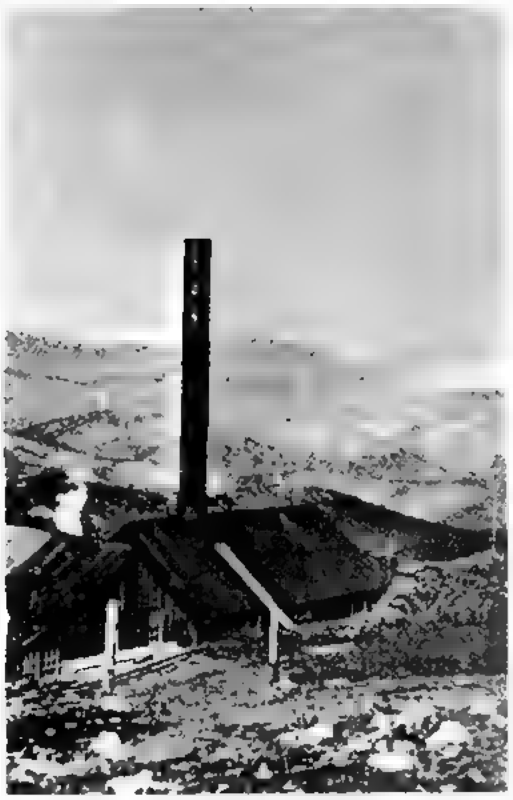
In 1896, Walsh pawed over the dumps of the district hoping to find some siliceous material to use as flux in a small lead-silver smelter he ran at Silverton. On the window ledge of the log cabin which had served as the assay office for the Allied Mines Company he found a piece of ore which intrigued him. Along one wall of the Gertrude tunnel, he found similar ore. Walsh had an assay run for gold, the result showing several ounces of the yellow metal per ton. Before letting out the news, Walsh acquired all claims around, and on open ground alongside the Gertrude he staked the Camp Bird Claim.

Curiosity brought millions to Walsh, while Weston slithered to obscurity.

TALES OF salted shafts are great favorites. The story of how Chicken Bill Lovell sold the salted Chrysolite

-The Game With No Rules

Experience isn't the secret; honesty isn't the secret; hard work isn't the secret. Every day there's a new roll of the dice . . .



The Lamartine Mine shaft (looking northeast) is shown above. Photo at right is of the famous Camp Bird Mill and Mine in Ouray County, Colorado.

shaft to H. A. W. Tabor has been told so often that those who knew it to be the truth now think of it as a legend, and those who suspected that the tale might have been a legend now tell it for the gospel truth.

Another Colorado town, Idaho Springs, boasts a salted shaft. Al Peek, who has mined on the extension of the Lamartine vein, recalls the story as related to him by his grandfather, Albert Hall, an old-time miner who also mined on the Lamartine. Three prospectors, Peter Cooper, John J. Bougher and Peter Chavanne, found the surface trace of the Lamartine vein in 1867, while searching for a gold mine. Disappointed by the unfavorable surface indications, and "stony broke," they soon sold their interests for $25, $250 and $5.

Eventually the property came under the control of Peter Himrod, of New York City, but he waited until 1887, twenty years after its discovery, to start active exploration on the claims. Himrod contracted with a young miner, nameless now, to sink a 100-foot shaft. The young fellow finished the contract and realized that he was out of work, for Idaho Springs was a rather inactive camp then. He borrowed a burro and went around to several nearby dumps and loaded a couple of sacks of low-grade ore. He carefully avoided the richer specimens, picking up pieces which showed only minor mineralization, which he proceeded to dump down the shaft.

Then he reported the completion of his contract to Himrod.

"Any change in the rock when you quit?" Himrod asked.

"I don't know. I might have hit some sulphurets in the last round."

"Let's go see."

The two men went out to the shaft. Himrod stared down into the black hole, pulled a sample bag out of his pocket, and told the young miner to bring him a sample from below. Obligingly, the miner climbed down the ladderway, pretended to pick out a sample from the solid rock, stuffed the canvas sack with low-grade ore, and climbed out.

Himrod took one look and gave the miner another 100-foot contract. But twelve feet below the previous contract, the contract was never completed. About or at 112 feet, the miner struck a solid vein of ore, this time in place. As it turned out, the joke was on the young miner twice, for he had salted the shaft with gold ore, and the subsequent production came largely from silver and lead.

Himrod never reaped any of the profits. He died before the miner struck the vein. His son, Fred, extracted $616,000 worth of ore during the first sixteen months. Fred never knew that the property, which eventually yielded several million dollars, became a reality because of that salted shaft.

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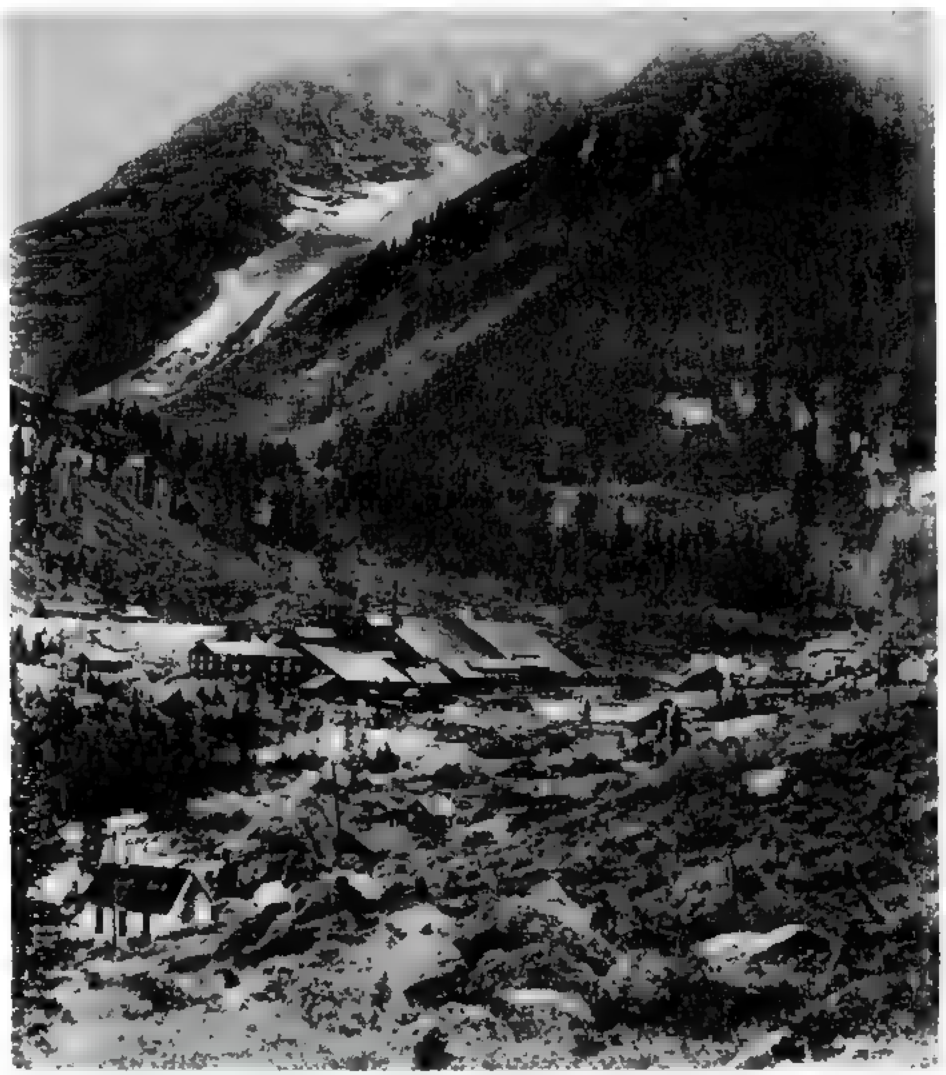

Courtesy G. F. Galloway

Packtrain of Big Ed Snell (back to camera) loads ore at the Magnolia Mine. Little Ed, a present-day miner at Fairplay, watches at right.

MEYER GUGGENHEIM, founder of the Guggenheim firm of metallurgical and mining financiers, "backed" into the mining industry. He had never seen a mine. His start in California Gulch, just outside of Leadville, was of a completely involuntary nature. Guggenheim lent $5,000 to A. J. Graham, a Philadelphia publisher, who, in turn, lent the money to Harsh and Carey, the owners of the A. Y. and Minnie Mine, in California Gulch. When this enterprise failed, Graham and Guggenheim each owned a half interest in the mine, the news coming as a jolt to Meyer.

Guggenheim, a poor Swiss immigrant who had arrived in Philadelphia in 1864, knew how to roll with the punch, however. As a lace merchant, he had prospered. No doubt about it, he was shrewd. Unlike another Swiss merchant, John Sutter of California, who could not adjust when they found gold all around him in 1848, Meyer Guggenheim entered into the new venture with gusto.

He quickly noted one fact after he got the A. Y. and Minnie Mine back on a paying basis—the smelters levied extremely high charges for running ore from his mine. To him, smelting was the lucrative end of the mining game. In order to participate in the heavy profits, he needed a smelter of his own.

The story of Guggenheim, his boys, their first smelter, the subsequent series of smelters throughout the United States and Mexico, and the start of the American Smelting & Refining Company has been rehashed many times and has no place here. His name has been mentioned only to show how one of the giants of the industry became an integral part of the industry, quite by chance.

AMONG THE early adventurers drawn to Colorado was George W. Pullman, later famous as the inventor of the railway sleeping car. Arriving shortly after John Gregory, he secured Nos. 7 and 8, with half of No. 6 on the Gregory lode, which he later sold for $1,000 per linear foot, the claims being 100 feet long.

While he prospered at mining, it was not mining which gained him fame. Miners, thronging in during the excitement at the Gregory diggings, began to throw up crude bunkhouses for protection against the coming winter. Noting the economic-minded miners' practice of building double-decked bunks, Pullman applied this principle to the design of railway cars, an idea which didn't hurt him financially.

Around mining camps, stories tend to get stereotyped. Miners and prospectors were a distinctive breed who seemed to develop similar likes and dislikes, no matter what part of the country they worked. Small wonder, then, that burro stories were great favorites, because the old-timers grew extremely attached to their sidekicks of the trail. Jacks led many a thirsty prospector to water, and the warmth of their bodies was mighty welcome when unexpectedly caught in a blinding snowstorm. Alone in the hills all summer, the jack might be a prospector's only companion for months.

So the tale of a fortuitous find by a "four-legged divining rod" has no unusual features, as it is a carbon copy of all the others, except the locale—in this case, Leavenworth Mountain, out of Georgetown.

Henry Nelson, present county commissioner of Clear Creek County and an old-time miner, tells how his two uncles, Martin and Clay Cowles, their dad, Judge Henry C., an "inveterate prospector" who shortly before discovered gold at Empire, and a stubborn jack shared honors on the initial strike of importance on Leavenworth Mountain. Intending to prospect along Leavenworth Gulch, the Cowles moseyed along the Georgetown-Argentine pack trail when suddenly their jack stopped and refused to go farther. Neither blows nor threats had any effect. In the ensuing struggle, the jack knocked off a chunk of rock from a ledge where the Cowles brothers had stopped to eat lunch, only a few days before.

Assays from the "blossom rock" ran several thousand ounces of silver per ton, and the Cowles were in the mining business. Not without some competition, though. With ore so rich at the surface, they were forced to guard the property day and night, even riding the ore wagons to Blackhawk, armed with Winchesters. Several shooting scrapes developed and, in one, Clay Cowles was shot through the cheek. His ore sorter was killed in the same fracas. The Saco Mine produced for many years and initiated a rush to the area, ultimately leading to the discovery of the Colorado Central Mine.

Georgetown miners used this incident for a bit of fun in 1872, when Grace Greenwood, lady traveler, lecturer, and

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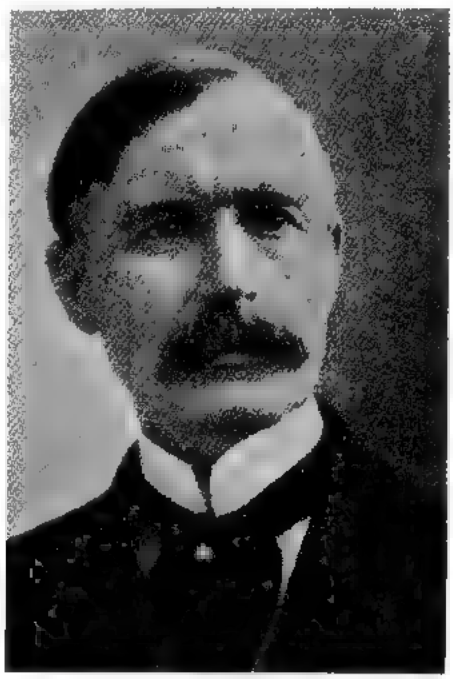


The carelessness of William Weston (right) led Thomas F. Walsh (extreme right) to stake out the Camp Bird claim which brought him millions in gold.

well-known writer for the New York *Times*, visited the district. For her sake, the tale included a "piebald jack" and the mine was called the Spotted Jack Mine. When Grace returned to New York, she gave the world the "Legend of the Spotted Jack Mine," and although part of her story was a bit farcical, it gave the prospector and his burro a lot of publicity.

JACOB LONG can rightfully be labeled the Horatio Alger of the mining world. No one in Colorado was more of an underdog.

Jacob came to Colorado in 1860 with two brothers. For several months they searched the Eastern Slope for a suitable location, dividing their time between prospecting, hunting and trapping. The two brothers soon quit that uncertain life and went East.

Along with some other miners, Long walked to the San Juan country, but found no likely prospects. It was a bitter winter and it kept snowing. Unable to obtain a grubstake, Long migrated north, prospecting along the way, ending up in California Gulch in July, 1861, living at Oro City for a short time. He panned along many of the gulches without success. With a crude rocker, he washed out a few values of flour gold, but not enough to pay for his grub. Next he constructed a short flume and began sluicing. For awhile he prospered at placering and gulch mining but a flash flood carried away his flume, sluice box, tools and most of his personal belongings.

At this point Long should have been discouraged, but he found another backer. A flash flood promptly put him out of business again. After eight years he was several thousand dollars in debt. He found it harder and harder to find backers. People don't gamble on a steady loser. Long was a nice enough fellow, they would agree, and he worked hard, but he was having some lousy luck.

Then his brother rejoined him. John had saved enough money so that some much needed supplies and equipment could be purchased. The brothers decided to switch to lode mining, and they borrowed some books on geology and chemistry and began studying at night, reading by a flickering miner's candle jabbed into the wall.

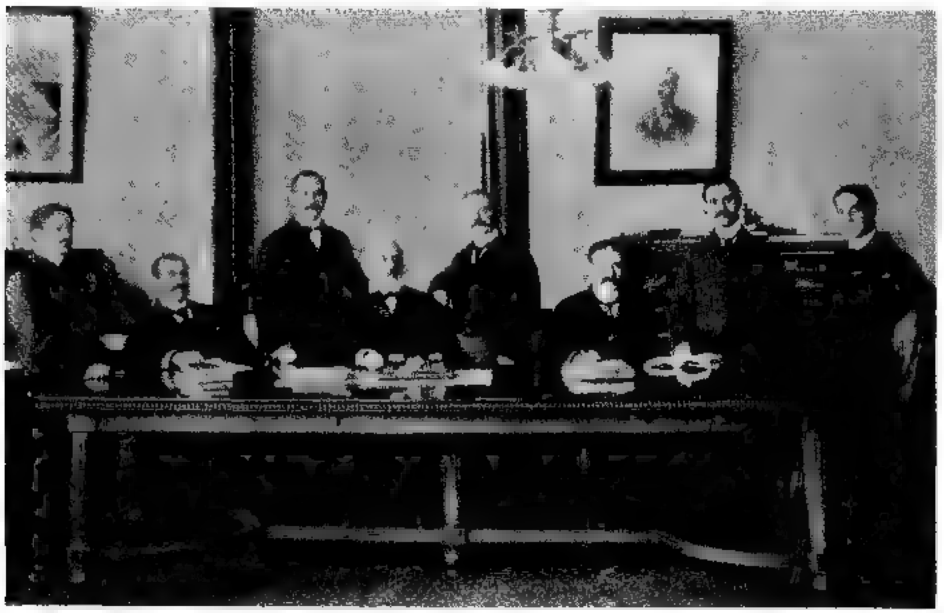
Still no luck. Even with their new theories on finding ore they couldn't break into the charmed circle. For a time, they were teamed up with a friend, C. W. Derry, but Derry finally became discouraged, and sadly quit prospecting to work, mining for wages.

The Longs stuck it out, largely because of Jacob's drive. Storekeepers refused them credit; grubstakes were out of the question. Occasionally Derry invited them over for a pot of stew. One winter the brothers ate nothing but snowshoe rabbits, which, fortunately, were plentiful. That winter they killed 380 snowshoes, saving the skins for jackets and quilts, which they sewed together in the evenings. On some days the Longs killed so many rabbits they were forced to quit prospecting in order to skin the animals and take care of the hides and meat.

California Gulch came alive in 1875. Carbonates of lead, rich in silver, became the object of every miner. They came for gold but they stayed for silver. Yet in 1876, the Longs were still looking, still in debt—sixteen long, hard, struggling years with nothing to show for their efforts.

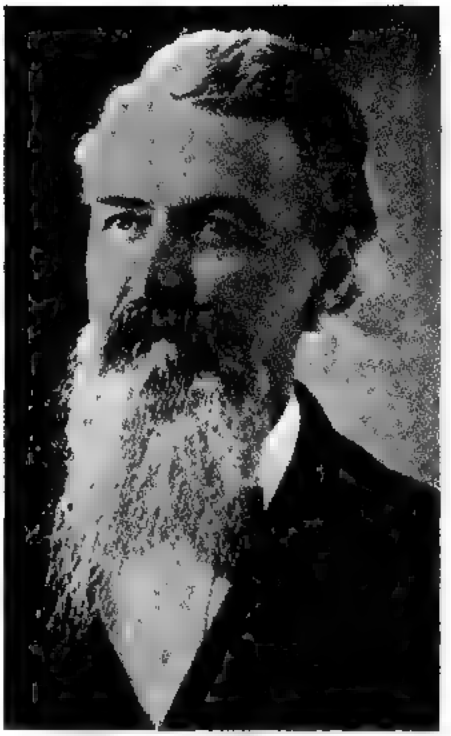
Now the story forks. Both versions include animals, and historians have been equally divided on which story is the correct one.

According to the first tale, Abe Lee, a famous old-timer who built the first cabin in Oro City, returned to California Gulch in 1876, after mining at several locations in Colorado Territory. He began prospecting southeast of Rock Hill. One morning he woke up to find that his horse had strayed from camp. While searching for his animal, he picked up a strange black rock, noted his position, and stuck it in his pocket.



Guggenheim Foundation

Meyer Guggenheim got into mining by accident. Once in, however, it did not take him long to see where the most money was to be made. Meyer is shown above (fourth from left) with his seven sons: Benjamin, Murry, Isaac, Daniel, Solomon, Simon and William. M. B. Shelton, pictured at right, came close on several occasions but always missed out on the big strikes.



Courtesy Author

Later in the morning he met Jacob Long and stopped for a chat, giving him the black rock, which Jacob dropped into his pocket and forgot until evening. Around the campfire that night, Jacob showed the strange rock to John and Derry, who had joined them for the evening. The three men guessed the specimen to be coal, a rather illogical guess. Jacob tossed it in the fire. The rock did not burn, as they had suspected it might; it turned into a molten mass. Then they surmised it might be lead carbonate, and assays proved them right, also showing several ounces of silver. The result of this discovery led to the location of several claims, one the J. D. Dana after the famous mineralogist who had written one of the textbooks they had borrowed to study. This brought about the opening of the J. D. Dana Mine, and prompted the naming of the hill where the discovery was made as Long and Derry.

The second tale involves a deer hunt, another mining camp favorite. This is the Leadville version. Jacob was hunting high on the divide between Iowa and Empire Gulches on September 2. He sighted a deer, took aim, fired. The shot was not instantly fatal. As the deer thrashed about, it kicked loose a black rock which interested the hunter, and he slipped it into his pocket and took it back to camp. The conclusion of the second story is the same as the first; the evening campfire, the tossing of the rock into the coals, and the assay which showed lead carbonate and silver. You can take your choice.

Jacob and John began developing the J. D. Dana Mine immediately. It proved to be a valuable find. They quickly mined some high-grade ore to re-establish their credit. On October 26, 1876, Long drove a jack train, loaded with two tons of ore, over Mosquito Pass to Alma. This ore had been taken within five feet of the surface. Long's face weathered a smile at the returns—42 percent lead, containing 162 ounces of silver per ton.

Storekeepers practically begged the

(Continued on page 56)

By
CLARENCE SIRINGO ADAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

THE BEST STORIES about Charley Siringo, old-time western writer, cowboy, and noted Pinkerton detective, are the stories that Charley himself must have felt were not important enough to include in his writings.

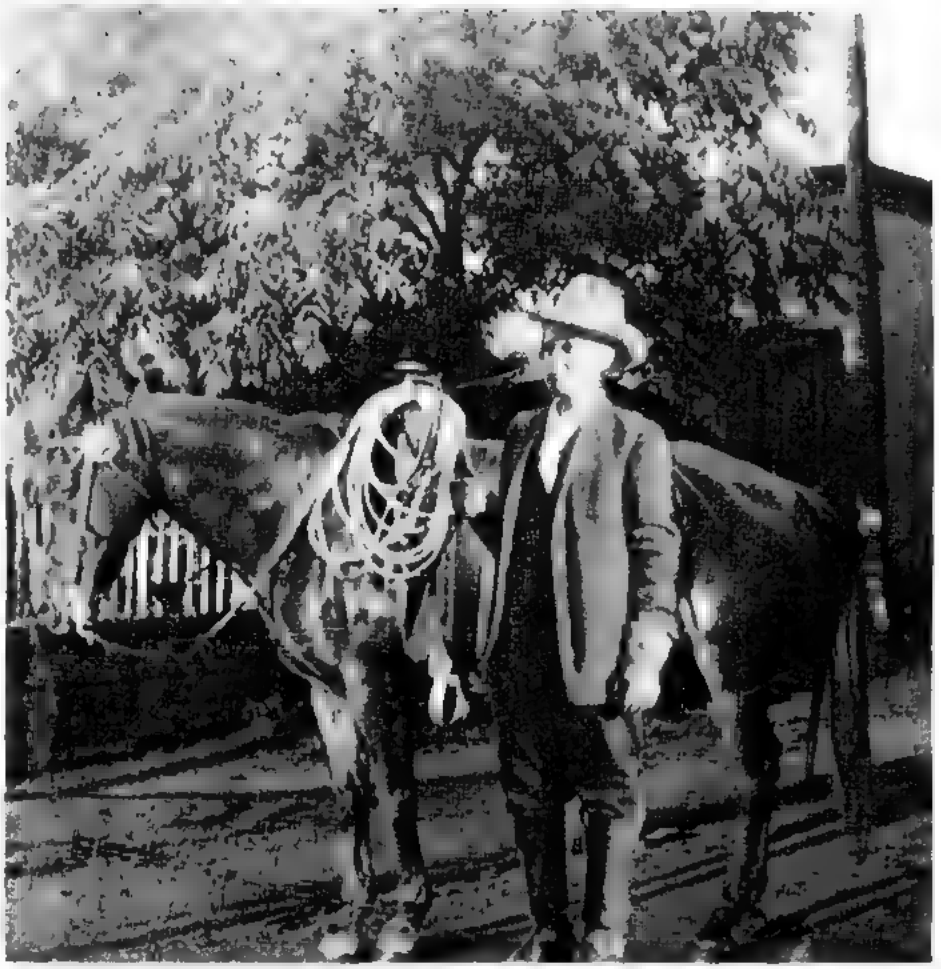
The day Siringo was almost hanged was a day like many others he had experienced on the lonely prairies of New Mexico and West Texas except, of course, for the hanging incident.

The first time I saw Charles Angelo Siringo was on August 9, 1920, near the mountain town of Corona, New Mexico, which nestled deep in the foothills of the Gallinas Mountains of Lincoln and Torrence Counties.

Since I was only two days old at the time Siringo visited our homestead, I don't recall any of the occasion. I do know, however, from that day in August, when Charley Siringo made his appearance at our nester's shack, until the day he died in 1928, he made an impression that still exists although Charley has been dead these many years.

It wasn't because Siringo was considered to be a great man that we grew to admire him during the eight years we knew him—nor was he ever known to be a killer, desperado or outlaw. In fact, history, if it recognizes Siringo at all, probably doesn't even credit him for being what he was—a conscientious, honest, duty-bound cowboy and detective, who would gamble his life to uphold the law or carry out any orders issued to him by his superiors.

When this friendly stranger, wearing a heavy mustache and driving a stocky cow-horse hitched to a trail-worn buckboard, pulled up in our front yard, he brought something more than his ability to tell stories of bygone days. He brought with him a rare type of humorous philosophy which didn't take long to win him friends wherever he went. And when he climbed out of the old buckboard and introduced himself as Charley Siringo, "an old stove-up cowpuncher" looking for a place to unroll his soogans for a spell, it was a real treat for my parents and my eight-year-old sister.



Charles Angelo Siringo, photographed at Corona, New Mexico—August, 1920

My father had heard of Siringo and had once picked up a book, *A Texas Cowboy*, which Siringo had written some thirty-five years before. Now, here was the man, the real Charley Siringo, the author of the book and the noted cowboy of Pinkerton fame, about to be a guest in his house. It was no wonder that Father was anxious to show the best hospitality that a lonely New Mexico nester's family could offer.

DURING the next few weeks Siringo would ride away early in the morning, always trying to gather more material for his writing endeavors. He would come back late in the evening full of talk, and always agreeable to telling some of his adventures. He often rode Pat, a horse which he was as fond of as he was anything in this world, and sometimes he would ride one of my father's horses named Shorty.

Siringo must have become slightly attached to me, too, since he insisted that I be given his last name for my middle handle, and it has stuck ever since. Even after he went back to Santa Fe, the place he called home at the time, he often spoke of his namesake back in the Gallinas and how, after many years of trying, he had finally managed to get someone named after him.

Charley Siringo had many ambitions in life, but while he was scouting the hills of Central New Mexico in the 1920s he had two which he considered more important than the rest. He wanted most of all to finish up his writings about a young outlaw, Billy the Kid. After that he wanted to go to Hollywood. He had read many movie magazines and the thought of his being an actor seemed

The village church at Encinoso is no longer used, although furnishings remain for Catholic Mass as if it were used regularly. At the turn of the century it was a prominent place of worship.

FAIR TRIAL AT *Encinoso*

Charley Siringo learned that if you don't look the other way when a hungry man steals a beef, your neck stands a chance of being stretched 'til you can't look in either direction!

very exciting to him.

"After all," he would say, "I've tried about everything else there was to try, so might as well have a try at the movies."

His years with Pinkerton's Detective Agency held many memories. Some of them he liked to remember and a few of them he'd have liked to forget. The sixty-five-year-old Siringo knew he'd never be able to fork a bronc as he had years before up on the LX outfit near Tascosa. He knew his days of chasing rustlers over the plains of West Texas and New Mexico, as he had trailed Billy the Kid back in '79 and '80, were days long past. Siringo felt he had very little time left to make a name in some new activity, but even so he never seemed to be in a great hurry. He and my father would spend hours riding to the Mexican villages throughout Lincoln County, Siringo making notes wherever he found information important enough to jot down.

It was on one of these rides that Charley related one of the close calls he had experienced. It was one of those "little things" as he liked to say. But it was a little thing that almost cost him his head.

After scouring the mountains from Carrizozo to old Lincoln Town, he and Father had crossed the top of El Capitan, gone down the north side through Seven Cabins Canyon and were riding through the dust of a little village of adobe huts.

"This is Encinoso," said Siringo, pointing to the Mexican children playing. "It looks a lot friendlier than it did the last time I was here. See that old schoolhouse over there? And that big old juniper tree? Well, old Charley's time almost came there a few years back. They almost 'hanged me by the neck until I was dead'!"

It was after he had severed relations with Pinkerton's that he had gone to work for the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary Board doing the same type of work he had done at the big detective agency. "I don't know whether they really thought I was a good man for the job or whether they were trying to get rid of me. Anyway they sent me down here to Encinoso.

"AT THAT TIME," Siringo related, "the big Block cow outfit owned quite a bit of this territory. If they didn't own it, they had it leased. There were a few nesters here and there over the foothills, and Encinoso was a real busy little place. A lot of people came in here to keep them two saloons and that general store going—it was a real hellhole at night.

"Most of the natives around here were Mexicans," Siringo said. "They raised chili peppers and beans in their backyard and raised hell all over town. Since most of them didn't own their beef they did what most any other honest *hombre* would do when he couldn't conveniently shoot a deer—just borrow a fat beef or two from the Block outfit."

According to Siringo, the Cattle Sanitary Board, with headquarters at Santa Fe, had long known about the Mexicans eating Block beef. They just hadn't been able to catch any of the thieves.

"But it shouldn't be hard," they told their new man. "None of the natives have cattle of their own. All you have to do is find some of them eating beef."

As soon as Siringo got to Encinoso, he realized he wasn't in friendly territory. He knew no one in the village and realized he couldn't depend on a soul for any kind of help. He'd have to go it all alone.

"It was different from the old days at Pinkerton's," old Charley grinned. "In those days rustlers drove off the whole herd sometimes—we'd spend days trailing them. Sometimes we'd follow clear across the Panhandle and across New

(Continued on page 50)

According to old-timers in the Encinoso community this is possibly the very tree where the villagers were planning to hang the lawman. At that time, Siringo noted the tree was at the rear of a house. Today the house has become a mound of broken adobe . . . but the tree remains.

I SAW THE

This girl witnessed horror too early in life. It was thorough, pitiless, and never to be forgotten . . .

Nancy Osborne Jacobs (standing center) was a young child at the time of the massacre.

I COULD SEE the Indians close on the other side of the ventilation holes. We were under the loose floor boards and the holes looked to be awfully big. Our room was full of Indians. They were laughing and talking as if it were a holiday. We lay under the floor until about ten o'clock that night. The things that had happened seemed like a nightmare.

My father and his family, the Osbornes, had crossed the Plains in a wagontrain. We went to the Willamette Valley and were staying there when Father met Dr. Whitman.

The good Doctor had come to Salem in the fall of 1847 and purchased The Dalles Mission for the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He had put that mission in the hands of his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman, and a man by the name of Hinman.

He needed more time to work with the Indians and needed to hire somebody to take charge of the mission at Waiilatpu. So he hired my father, with a two-year contract, to take charge of the work there. Father was to receive $300.00 per year besides a living for himself and his family. He could take his pay in either stock or money. We children were to be in the mission school.

Most of our belongings we left with my Grandmother Courtney at Salem. We left all of our cattle and chickens with her. The only things we took with us were Father's tools and a few household necessities.

After picking out the things we needed, they were all loaded on a batteau and it was taken down the Willamette River to meet the Columbia. At the junction of the two rivers we started up the Columbia with an Indian crew, and eventually arrived at the mouth of the Walla Walla River.

When we got there we sent word to Doctor Whitman that we were waiting. We camped out by the river for three days expecting somebody to come and get us and our things. A family of Indians were camped near us. Some of them had the measles. I can never forget the mourning of the parents when their little papoose died. The father, especially, showed his grief at the death of the baby.

Early in the morning of the third day Mr. Crockett Beaulah came to take us to the mission. He had brought a large wagon and a load of provisions from Waiilatpu. As soon as we could cook a meal, we loaded our things on the wagon and started. The following day we arrived at the mission in time for dinner. Mr. Beaulah was massacred a few weeks later with Doctor Whitman.

WE HAD BEEN at Waiilatpu just five weeks when the fatal day came. A number of emigrant families had stopped near the mission for the winter. They expected to go on to the Willamette Valley in the spring when traveling would be better. These people brought the measles with them.

That year the Indians had been more troublesome than before. Most of them had the measles and their method of treatment was worse than the disease. They would take a sweat bath and then go and jump into cold water. Death was nearly always the result.

Our family had the measles, too. My mother almost died. The baby did die and we buried it on the 14th of November. My six-year-old sister died on the 24th. An Indian came into my room where my sister lay dead. Mrs. Whitman showed him the still form, as she wanted him to know that the disease was killing white people as well as Indians. He looked long at my dead sister. He then laughed cruelly to see the paleface dead.

At last came the fatal 29th. The school was reopened that morning. It had been closed on account of sickness. Three men, Kimball, Hoffman, and Canfield, were dressing a beef. My father went out to get a bucket of water. When he came back in he said that there were more Indians than usual hanging around. But he thought that it was on account of the beef.

Mother had gone into Mrs. Whitman's room to see Hannah Sager and Helen Meek, who were sick with the measles. Both girls died a few days later. Mother was still sick and this was the first time she had walked across the room for three weeks. The Doctor had been sitting by the stove reading. A sick Indian came into the kitchen to get some medicine. Doctor got up and went out there to give him some.

The sudden and continuous firing of guns was the first alarm. Mrs. Whitman began to cry. The children screamed.

Mother said, "Mrs. Whitman, what is the matter?"

"The Indians are going to kill us all," she replied.

Mother came back into the room and told us what was being done.

"Fasten the door!" Mrs. Whitman cried out.

Father took a flatiron from the fireplace and drove a nail above the latch. Then he seated himself on a box by the foot of the bed. Mother sat near the head of the bed and I was between them. My brother, sick with the measles, lay on the bed.

The concern and generosity of Peter Skene Ogden saved the lives of many who were taken prisoner at the time of the harrowing ordeal.

WHITMAN MASSACRE

By NANCY OSBORNE JACOBS
submitted by
HERBERT LASATER

Marcus and Narcissa Whitman

Mrs. Whitman soon came in after some water. Mr. Kimball had been wounded and had fainted. She came back a second time and asked for Father.

"My husband is dead and I am left a widow," she said, wringing her hands as she returned to her room.

"That Joe! That Joe! He has done it all," we heard her say as she left the room.

This Joe Lewis was a half-breed Indian of ill-repute who had crossed the Plains that year from the Red River country. It was he who had told the Indians that the Doctor was poisoning them.

Joe Lewis and an Indian named Cupups came around to our house and broke our windows with the butts of their guns. Mrs. Whitman and those in her room had gone upstairs.

"Let's go under the floor," I spoke twice to Father.

He did not answer me but when the Indians began breaking in the doors of the adjoining room he opened the floor. It was made of loose boards and we were soon concealed beneath it.

"Mother, the Indians are taking all our things," said my little brother, Alex, only two years old.

Hastily Mother clapped her hands over his mouth and whispered that he must be quiet. That was the only noise we made. The Indians had come into our room and were directly over our heads.

OUR VENTILATION HOLES looked awfully big when I could see Indians on the other side of them. Really they were only three or four inches wide and about a foot long. The Indians milled around our room for a long while and then tried to follow those who had gone upstairs.

The Indians upstairs were kept back by a broken gun that was pointed at them. They then persuaded the whites to come down by saying that they were going to burn the house.

The Osborne family did not receive a warm welcome when they reached the safety of Fort Walla Walla, shown in the woodcut below.

Mrs. Whitman came down, but she fainted when she saw her dying husband. She was placed on a settee and carried out by Mr. Rogers and an Indian. At the door Mr. Rogers saw a circle of Indians with their guns ready to shoot. He dropped his end of the settee and exclaimed: "My God! We are betrayed!"

His answer was a volley from the waiting savages. He and Mrs. Whitman were both mortally wounded.

The Indians then told Joe Lewis that if he were on their side he must kill Francis Sager to prove it. Francis was my schoolmate and only fourteen years old.

"Oh, Joe! Don't shoot me," we heard him cry out to Lewis. A crack of a gun and Joe Lewis proved his loyalty to the red men.

As soon as it became dark, the Indians left for their lodges, of which a number were near. Everything became still. It was the stillness of death. All we could hear were the dying groans of Mr. Rogers who lay within six feet of us.

"Sweet Jesus," we heard him say faintly. Then fainter and fainter came his groans until they ceased forever. Thus died my first teacher.

About ten o'clock that night we came out from under the floor. We tried to find some wraps. Nothing was left. Then we looked for food. Not a scrap could we find. We didn't tarry long in searching.

When we came out I had stumbled over a small tin cup. I asked Mother if I could keep it.

"Yes, Nancy, you can take it," she replied.

Francis Sager lay at our door. As we passed I stopped and placed my hand on his forehead. It was cold in death. There was only starlight to guide us as we started toward Fort Walla Walla.

We came out of the house, crossed the fields, and headed west toward Walla Walla River. We came to the river near the mouth of Mill Creek.

The water was too deep for us children to wade by ourselves. Father took the two boys across. Then he came back and carried me over. Mama was still weak from the measles so Father came back again for her. Then we all hid in the bushes along the river.

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Remnants of a home in the once-prosperous area of Goldstone

THE GHOST TOWN of Goldstone was unknown to me until the Old-timer took me to meet Soulie Harrison, a desert-brown wisp of a character living alone on the outskirts of Barstow, California. When we "yoo-hooed," she came around the corner of her small cottage smiling, a cigarette dangling between her lips. She motioned us to be seated in the shade of a nearby greasewood bush, and then went into a coughing fit.

When I suggested she do something about that asthma, she said: "Hell, it ain't asthma, honey. It's these damned cigarettes! I've smoked 'em all my life. At eighty I'm too old and set in my ways to stop now. Another thing, I'm superstitious as hell. I wouldn't start anything on Friday on a bet. This *is* Friday—ain't it?"

Soulie Harrison

The Old-timer convinced Soulie that taking pictures and talking about her past really wasn't *starting* anything. So she agreed and this led to a bit of her long life spent on the Mojave Desert.

Salty of speech, still active mentally and physically, Soulie sighed and said, "Old Goldstone stands out as the highlight of my past. My folks moved to Barstow in 1902 when the West was rugged and colorful. So were the women who helped to build it—I was one of them. I soon learned to stand on my own two feet—to hold my own with any man. Never asked favors. But I guess I had better start at the beginning.

"I was born in Leavenworth, Crawford County, Indiana. I never saw a town until I was eleven years old. I'm part Indian, you know. Guess I grew up tough as one, too. I always loved horses. Always had a fine saddle horse. Rode it bareback with a band around my head stuck full of turkey feathers, hair flyin' wild in the wind. Must have rode pretty good. A movie company came in here to make 'Indian Trails.' They saw me ride, made a test, and offered me $50.00 a week to ride for 'em. Ma said flatly *no* and there went my movie career."

Soulie squinted into the hot, hazy distance, the wrinkled face sober. "So I grew up, made a bad marriage to a drunken sot I'll just call Steve—and faced nothing but hard work the rest of my life.

"In 1906 Steve was freighting—driving fourteen-horse teams from Daggett to Crackerjack—a mining town seventy-two miles north. It took seven days to make the round trip. The owner of the wagon and teams got 1½ cents a pound for freight but, mind you, the driver got only $2.50 a day and did all the hard work. Fourteen-horse teams could pull fourteen tons. Steve was doing all right until he got to drinking too much and couldn't handle them horses. So I went along to help him hold the job. I dressed like a man, in overalls, and learned to drive like a man. Of course, Steve was supposed to be doing the driving but most of the time the sot was only dead baggage on the load behind me.

"THAT'S WHEN I WORKED! Never got to bed before midnight. Had to be up by four o'clock to feed and draw water for the horses. I had to draw that water from a deep well—windlass at one end, bucket on a rope at the other. There were only two waterholes on this route: Coyote and Langford Wells. Most desert hauling was over what we called dry drives. But I always carried barrels of water on the wagon for my teams. Each horse got a pail full of it mornings and afternoons.

"I'll never forget that old road east of Coyote Dry Lake over the Granite Mountains. If you ask me, it was damned rugged and dangerous. One foot too near the off-edge meant landing straight down below on big boulders. Believe me, I drove this stretch with both eyes wide open, always talking to my horses. I understood horses. They understood every word I said to them. I always kept an eye cocked for loose shoes on 'em. Couldn't let one go lame on me. Many is the times I had to shoe horses alone—Steve was too drunk to help me.

"I always carried extra supplies for such emergencies. I kept check on their collars to keep their necks from galling. I never hit a horse in my life, never had a runaway team. I enjoyed these trips but they were damned hard, back-breaking work for a woman.

"We made money on this route. Never saved a dime of it. Steve wasted it all on liquor. In time the boss got wind of this, so naturally we lost the job. When Steve told me he could do without *me* but not his drinking, I got rid of him and went it alone until 1917 when I married Mr. Harrison. But I'm getting ahead of my days at Goldstone.

"In 1906 I was driving six-horse teams for Bob Flinnigan, a nice Irishman. He furnished everything, even my grub. I had never had any trouble with horses until now. Two mules, Kate and Abe, were mixed up with the teams. Every night Abe pulled a fake bellyache on me. I decided to get ready for that

Goldstone has two inhabitants and there are times when neither one of them could win a popularity contest with a clear majority if the other one had a vote. Nevertheless,

3 WOULD BE A CROWD

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos Courtesy Author

rascal and did he give me a devil of a time! It took some doing to get a twitch on his nose. While he was worryin' about *that*, I filled a small bulb syringe with 'Desert Companion'—medicine good for everything—stuck the syringe nozzle way down the side of his mouth and gave it a quick squirt, and that shore stopped Abe's bellyaches.

"I drove for Flinnigan until all the machinery was hauled up to his claim in the Goldstone District. He didn't need me any more and that's when I decided to do some prospecting on my own, and that's what kept me in that area for quite a spell."

From a pack of Bull Durham tobacco, Soulie rolled a fresh cigarette as deftly as any cowboy, and continued. "I located some good gold claims up around Goldstone and two fine copper claims at old Camp Verde. Had no money to work 'em so I took in washing to keep going. This was around 1912 and 1913. Goldstone was pretty lively for a while. I was also working at the little hotel for $1.00 a day, when Shorty Hart—who had walked thirty-five miles from Barstow in the heat—straggled in half-dead and broke, and I put him up at the hotel.

"Shorty located the first gold claim in Goldstone proper, the Yellow Jacket. One day he came running in, all excited about the chunk of ore he held out to me. 'Look, Soulie!' he yelled. 'I *really* got something *this* time!' I examined the ore and said, 'Say, Shorty, that's right purty! Really, it's beautiful. But it's only stringer gold. It'll never amount to much.'"

Soulie smiled, remembering. "Anyhow, Shorty done right well from that stringer gold. If he coulda got enough out of that hole it would have assayed $15,000 a ton. He had no money to work with and I didn't, either. Anyhow, we teamed up and located some good gold claims. One of mine I named the Bluebird and gave it to Pa. Never got around to naming the others.

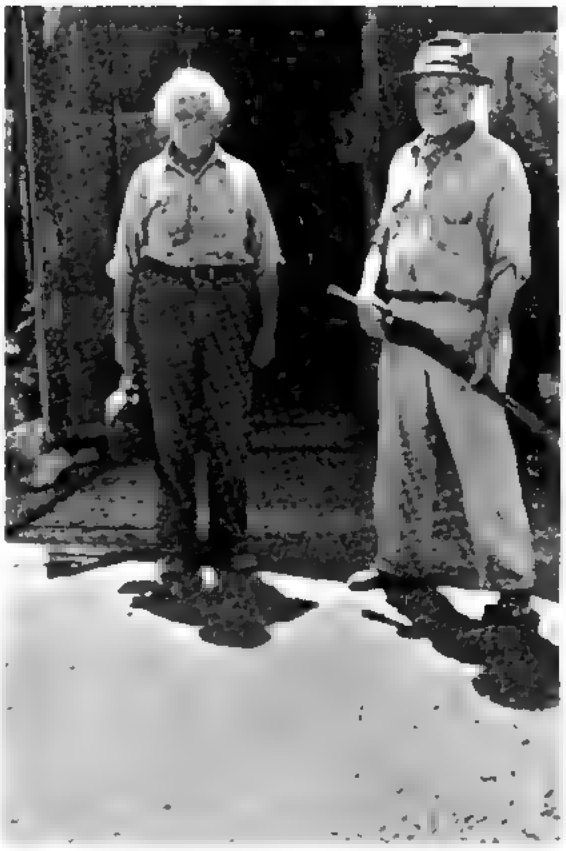
"Then Shorty did strike it rich north of town on the old Williams Well Trail and staked out the Yellow Hornet. It had plenty of free gold, but it took money for fuse, dynamite, powder, ladders and grub. Again we were broke. I hear that years later Shorty went back up there and, from a bucket of sand, he horned out a small medicine bottle full of gold that assayed finer than gold coin.

"Well—I never got rich off mining, yet I was lucky. Hard work toughened me up. My health's always been good. I worked all the time, because everybody was talking mines and mining, always asking you to go somewhere else that was better. When you did go, it was worse than the place you left. If Shorty and me hadn't moved around so much we might have been rich. Anyhow, I learned something from it—to keep my mouth shut. If you struck something good and ever let a mining man in on it, everybody was on your tail, and *you were out!*

"I never made much of a living at deep mining. Made it on placers around Goldstone and Coolgardie. Plenty of free gold at Goldstone—is yet—but it was always damned hard to get. Takes money to mine, big money, even today."

Soulie pinned back a strand of her short-cropped gray hair. "I worked placers until eight years ago when Mr. Harrison died. Then I decided to settle down here on my small pension and take life easier. Goldstone had three big booms. It's worth a look. You folks should drive up there."

We thanked quaint little Soulie Harrison and headed the ancient Ford—boiling and sputtering through the July heat—over the original Death Valley Road north of Barstow into historic back country.



The author persuaded Nora Merrick to pose with Pete Ausland for the picture above.

Pete's neat cabin (left foreground) overlooks one end of Goldstone.

FOR CENTURIES several tribes of Indians had roamed this old trail. The first white man to know it was Padre Garcez, followed by Jedediah Smith and Captain John Fremont. In 1850 the Wade Party, survivors of the Death Valley tragedy, passed through to the Pacific Coast and safety. Across Coyote Dry Lake faint traces of the old camel-and-mule-pack train, traveling from Fort Mojave to Death Valley, were still visible. Later, over this same route, twenty-mule teams hauled borax from Death Valley into Daggett, via Langford and Coyote Wells, of which Soulie had spoken.

From Dry Lake we headed northwest on a dirt road twisting its way up and over, down, back and beyond the Second

The deserted shack of a long-forgotten prospector

Summit of the Paradise Range. We paused at a shot-up road sign pointing to mere trails fingering their way from the Goldstone road through miles of greasewood to Copper City, Granite and Seaburg's Wells, Coolgardie and Indian Wells.

Goldstone looked deserted. We browsed through tumbling-down houses, cabins and a big building filled with mining machinery, before we discoverd two old-timers living there: affable Pete Ausland and stoic Nora Merrick.

Bewhiskered, sixty-five-year-old Pete greeted us cordially. He invited us into his neatly kept cabin overlooking the old ghost town. Said Pete, "I've spent most of my adult life in Goldstone and the surrounding area. I guess I should know it. I'm of Norwegian ancestry. My folks came here in 1902 and homesteaded on the south side of Superior Valley in a settlement of some twenty families who were sending forty kids to the schoolhouse at the edge of the Dry Lake.

"Ranchers were doing good on fine crops of oats, barley, potatoes and small garden truck, even though they had to haul in supplies from Barstow over roads fair today and almost impassable tomorrow because of flash floods and sandstorms. Water, too, was a big problem. We drilled the first deep well on our place. It produces good water today if the pump's kept in shape.

"This was a rich mining district long before it was called Goldstone. The first gold discovered in this area was back in the 1850s at Leach Lake, north. Then it cropped up in quantities northwest of Pilot Knob, and Copper City jumped into activity. Death Valley Scotty had a good claim at Hidden Springs. Shorty Hart, Soulie Harrison and others were working some right good diggings.

"However, exactly what went on around here between 1907 to 1913 is a bit vague. The district was isolated. Miners were scattered all over. I know only what I saw. Stories got mixed up a bit until the boom of 1912 to 1913—and that killed ranching. Everybody got 'Gold Fever' and took off to stake out claims and get rich quick.

"Some folks still say Shorty Hart made the first big strike in Goldstone. Others believe it was George Branch and his son, Elmer. When they drifted in and worked the old Yellow Jacket, just east of the townsite, they found gold so pure that stringers held the ore together even after it was crushed. However, Elmer and George, addicted to the carefree life, found gold so easy to come by they left and stayed drunk all winter. On their return, gold got harder to get and, thinking their claim had petered out, they wandered off to find easier diggings.

"When Ben Radfield came in and staked out the old Glory Hole, and his ore assayed $210.00 per ton, news spread like a whirlwind. Miners and prospectors—some of them bringing their families—trooped in along with the usual camp followers. As I recall, among the first miners were George W. Toennies, George Drumm, Clancey, Shorty Hart, Joe Goodrich, Jim Stevens—a thousand people hurried into the area. The townsite of Goldstone was laid out. Cabins and tent homes dotted valley and hillsides, with miners facing the same old problems· lack of water and the long, dry haul to Barstow for camp supplies and machinery.

"In a few months the excitement wore off. Folks drifted away. The handful that hung on fared pretty good until the boom of 1916—touched off when high grade gold ore from here was displayed at Barstow.

"Goldstone and the district hummed along until war with Germany. The younger men left to fight; older men carried on as best they could. From their combined efforts the mines produced one million in gold. After the war, the young men did not return to Goldstone. Mining slowed down—a few old-timers hung on, living on hope.

"Goldstone had her biggest boom from 1920 to 1930. Mining interests moved in with money and better machinery. Three mines operated full time: the Goldstone, Belmont and Red Bridge—the last named producing high-grade gold ore that assayed $200.00 per ton. The Belmont Mining Company listed its improvements as hoists, a compressor unit, blacksmith shop, mine cars and rails, and a twenty-five-ton capacity ball mill. World War II ended gold mining and Goldstone died."

Pete rubbed his bewhiskered face thoughtfully. "When I got home from the war my folks had moved on, too. I liked this place. So I moved up here with a good view of the whole windy valley. Things have been quiet around here for a long time. No excitement—only assessment work at the bigger mines. In the old days it was different. Some prospector struck a rich hole. Somebody got shot or just up and died suddenly without good reason."

Pete's blue eyes twinkled. "If I didn't have a peculiar sense of humor, guess I'd go nuts in this desolate place." We walked outside his cabin. He pointed to a small house a few hundred yards below. "Nora Merrick lives down there. She don't speak to me anymore—even though we're trying to hold this old town together and it's more than a two-man job. Some folks get like that when they live alone too long. How that woman, at her age and with that ancient Chevy of hers, holds out up here is something! Maybe, like me, she loves Goldstone.

"We're both making a fair living. I intend to stick around and keep digging on my five claims that'll pan out yet better'n some folks think. The true mother lode will someday be discovered in or around old Goldstone."

Pete invited us to visit with him any time. We promised to do so and strolled down the hill to meet stoic Nora Merrick.

NORA, sturdy, broad-hipped and raw-boned, met us in her yard. She studied us keenly before she spoke: "Thieves have been hauling off everything in this town. Nothing's safe in back country anymore. Old days were different. Nobody locked doors. Things stayed where you put 'em even if you left home for a year. Not now, though—that's why I'm taking pot-shots at snoopers coming in here. Guess you saw what's happened up at the mill—that piece of machinery cost $5,000 and thieves nearly got it."

We said we had seen the piece of machinery on skids at the open door, ready to be moved out. We sympathized with all folk living in this remote back country. There was little anybody could do about vandalism except what Nora was doing. I said, "Shoot 'em, Nora," and we became friends.

She led us into her small spick-and-span living room. As we sipped cups of strong, black coffee, Nora told us a bit about her life.

"I'm hitting seventy now but I don't feel it. I was born and raised on a farm in Trondheim, Norway. Left there in 1909 for Canada and worked in hotels until I married Michael Merrick, a miner. I followed him everywhere as his mucker. Mike was a rover. We mined in Canada, British Columbia, Arizona, Texas and Colorado, doing all right. When he got wind of Goldstone we moved out here—in 1933 after the big rush was over—and staked out some good claims. Only a few families living here then, but Mike had faith in these diggings. So we bought this cabin and settled down to mining.

"The Gold Crown produced around $16,000. But after production costs are checked off, that's only a fair living. Me and Mike," she said wistfully, "worked mighty hard. In 1943, after doing a hard day's work, Mike died. I've been working our claims alone ever since. Have to work to keep from getting lonesome. Don't have much time to loaf and think while I'm keeping up assessment work on several good claims. I ask help from

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WHEN a MAN and a HORSE SQUARE OFF

How come there's no stop watch on double jeopardy? McGinty made his ride that day, but had to give an encore

By EVA TUBB

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Marion McGinty

Marion McGinty

MARION McGINTY was one of the saltiest bronc busters who ever forked a horse. He was born to William Marion and Margret Davidson McGinty on December 30, 1872 in the sleepy little South Texas village of Goliad. A couple of years later the family moved a few miles from town to the TZ Ranch where they lived for five years.

It was while they were living on the TZ that Marion rode his first bucking horse. His father had gone to Louisiana on business and failed to return as soon as he had intended. The family larder ran low. Mrs. McGinty saddled a couple of horses and she and Marion started to Goliad to buy groceries. On each of their saddles was a cottonsack for carrying the supplies home.

Somehow, Marion's cottonsack got untied and a gust of wind blew it between his horse's legs. This boogered the old horse and he started bucking. Marion was holding on for dear life while his mother kept shouting, "Ride him! Marion, ride him!"

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and this gusty breeze whipping the cottonsack fixed the destiny of Marion McGinty at the age of six. He was on the road to becoming an all-round cowboy and top-hand buster who rode the first rough string. It took courage, and love for wild horses as well as understanding, to make them into first-rate cow ponies.

Good bronc busters were hard to find. Marion was a good one. He took pride in his work. He never abused or spoiled a bronc. He had no fear of being thrown, for he learned early in life how to kick free of the stirrups and hit the ground rolling if it was necessary. When thrown, he would scramble to his feet, get back on the bronc and ride him until the wild horse knew full well who was boss.

When he wasn't going to a country school called "Old Puckett" near Goliad, he was out riding the range with seasoned cowboys learning the fundamentals of bronc busting. At the age of fifteen he was drawing a puncher's pay.

IN 1886-87, Marion did trail work, driving cattle from Knox County, Texas, to Woodward, Indian Territory (Oklahoma), where they were loaded into cattle-cars and shipped by rail to Wyoming. They were then unloaded and trail-driven to Helena, Montana. On one of the trail-herd trips, when they were crossing Red River, a great number of cattle were caught in quicksand and drowned.

Marion's first job with a cow-outfit away from home was with the 8oo. The 8oo was sold in 1891 and the brand was changed to 6666. Later, he drew top-hand pay at the 10X. From there he went to the T Diamond outfit to become a top-hand bronc stomper. In those days the T Diamond claimed to have the meanest wild horses in the State of Texas. That didn't bother Marion McGinty, for he liked his broncs salty. He also worked on the 3D and the U Pitchfork.

One fine day in July, 1897, he and some friends rode into Seymour, Texas, to watch a cowboy contest. His partners talked him into entering the saddle bronc riding event to compete for the Texas Championship. The boys pooled their money to pay the entry fee, and Marion drew a long-legged bay that looked mean and rough.

In those days a cowboy simply caught his mount and, with the help of hazers who would snub the critter down while the rider saddled him, got aboard and bellered, "Let 'im go!" The hazers would jerk the jumper blind, throw off the snubbing ropes, and the bronc would do its best to upset the rider.

Well, Marion forked his dynamite stick of horseflesh and yelled, "Let 'im go!" In a split second the bronc reared, pawed, snorted, and pitched stiff-legged. He was as mad as a hornet as he bucked all over the arena, but Marion was tougher than his mount. He rode him to a standstill. That horse looked like he didn't have another jump in his sweat-covered hide.

Instead of Marion's getting off his mount, he just threw his right leg around the saddle horn and reached for a bottle of bock beer that one of his partners offered him. After taking one big swig and while about to take another, some smart aleck shot off a pistol right under the horse's belly.

There was Marion, sitting all loosed-up, side saddle-wise on what everyone thought was an exhausted bronc.

But that gunfire put more life into the horse than he had had originally. He really came unbuckled. The bronc bogged his head and boiled over. He wrinkled his spine and swapped ends; he fence-cornered and crow-hopped. He crawfished and did the double-shuffle. He

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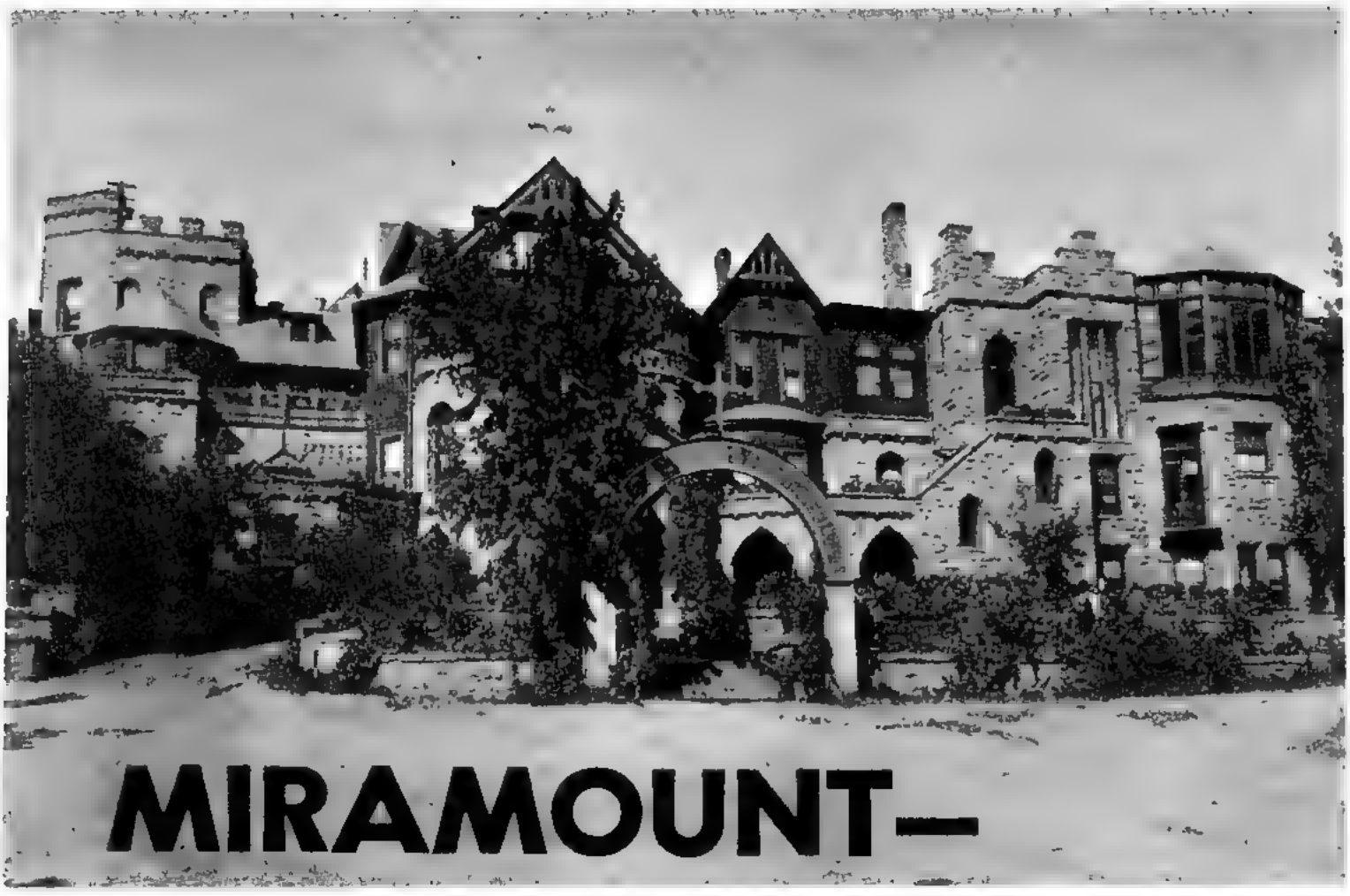

MIRAMOUNT—

FRANCOLON'S CASTLE of MYSTERY

By W. S. "BILL" CROSBY as told to HANK GIVENS

THE DOORS of Miramount, the "Castle of the West" in Manitou, Colorado, opened with a brief show of hospitality back in 1897 for one of the most brilliant social affairs ever staged in the Pikes Peak region. Then the castle and its owner, a self-acclaimed Catholic priest, settled back into their customary seclusion.

Ordinarily few people visited at Miramount Castle. There were probably servants working there, but I didn't know any of them. We saw almost nothing of "Father" Francolon's French mother, who spoke little English. She was a small woman, who dressed plainly and never went off the property except when he took her driving in the buggy. They didn't associate with local people at all except when his two vicious dogs, which were really brutes, caused trouble in the neighborhood.

Father Francolon's and his mother's attitude, and the castle's unusual architecture which included a network of secret passageways, sparked legends about the place. Its long periods of vacancy during the ensuing years added fuel to the fables.

The "priest," whose real name was Jean Baptiste Francolon, was born in France in 1854, and attended select schools in Paris, aiming at a diplomatic career. Instead he entered the priesthood of the Catholic Church and studied in Rome. He later became private secretary to Monsignor Lamy, archbishop of Santa Fe. In 1883, when he was in charge of the large mission of Santa Cruz, he was influential in gaining the right of way for the Rio Grande Railway through Indian Territory. He helped to get labor to build the railroad. In 1892, he headed for Manitou to regain his health, following a number of years of work in Central America. He'd studied for the priesthood, but was never ordained. He wore layman's clothing, and simply assumed the role of priest in both Santa Fe and Manitou.

IT WAS in 1894 that we learned Father Francolon and his mother planned to duplicate their ancestral home in France, and call this one, too, Miramount Castle. I was interested, as were all the other residents of Manitou, in seeing how they planned to build a great stone castle among the contemporary frame houses along Ruxton Avenue. They were determined to have the castle built in a particular place, and didn't seem to care that there wouldn't be much space left over for grounds.

The castle was to fortify the south slope of Capitol Hill, overlooking Ruxton Cañon and the red switchbacks of climbing Manitou streets. Three ground levels which followed the natural contour were cut into the cliff on the side of the hill in 1894. Mule-drawn wagons began hauling chunks of native green sandstone, hand-cut in Ute Pass, up Ruxton Avenue to the site. The castle was constructed by the Gillis Brothers and William Frizzell, following an architectural plan for the original Miramount Castle.

We had to wait three years to see its completion, but it was worth it, for there was nothing like that castle any place else in the region. It was four stories high, with the top story constructed of lumber and built above the three ground levels. Portions of the second and third stories were also built from lumber. The first wing was completed in 1895, and the rest of the castle added in two years.

A generous supply of windows, cut in varying shapes and sizes, dramatized the structure. The roofs of the first and second stories became sun porches overlooking a small yard of flower beds and lawn in front. In the west wing, facing Ruxton Avenue, was a conservatory with one wall and the ceiling made of small panes of glass, where Father Francolon and his mother kept plants.

The castle had twenty-eight rooms, some of them cozily small and the others

The Old West had its eyebrows glued on straight. A man could come from any place, do anything, act any way, and leave again at will. People might wonder a little, but it was live and let live . . .

Photos By Stewart's Commercial Photographers, Inc.

A downstairs living room in the Castle of the West

grandly immense. Massive columns of oak and panels of choice hardwoods decorated the interior. There were eight bathrooms, wide halls and stairways, and many built-in features such as window seats and fireplace nooks. Of the eight ornate fireplaces, the masterpiece was located in the grand hall on the second floor. Built of red sandstone, it was about fourteen feet wide and extended to the ceiling. It was the only source of heat for the area.

Unusual antique furnishings for the place were shipped over from France, then brought by rail into Manitou. Included were delicate tapestries and crystal chandeliers, and a four-poster bed that was considered the most magnificent piece of furniture of all. It was sent over in pieces and on its arrival was screwed together "forever." This was one of the few furnishings left in the castle when others were sold—because it couldn't be removed from the room. No one seemed to know how to take it apart without damaging it.

No one can ever forget, either, the Clock of the Twelve Apostles. It was made of fine wood, ornately hand-carved, and four feet tall. It rested on a matching pedestal that was two feet tall. The hands and face were decorated with gold and enamel. It worked on the same principle as a cuckoo clock: At 1 o'clock one figure of an Apostle came out, at 2 o'clock, two Apostles came out, etc., until noon or midnight, then all twelve Apostles appeared.

THE CUSTODIAN of the castle for many years told me that during one of the periods of vacancy, some young people broke into the castle and damaged the clock. He said it could have been repaired, had the right person been found to do the job. At present, the whereabouts of the clock is not known.

For many years there was an interesting frame structure on the third level of the grounds across the yard to the west of the main building. It was built against the hillside on the ruins of the foundation for a sanitarium run by the Sisters of Mercy. The little building was tall and narrow, with small high windows of irregular size, and became the object of all sorts of strange tales. The truth is that the building was only a defunct ice house where a supply of fresh vegetables was kept for another sanitarium the Sisters later operated. The odd windows were on the fourth level, in line with the road above, for

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Main entrance hall to the castle (left below) shows some of the fine interior woodwork and the original light fixtures. When the antique furnishings were sold, the enormous bed (below right) was left behind because it could not be disassembled.

I wanted that stallion and I got him. And what did I have when it was over? The hide and the hair, but no heart . . .

Lyo Lee about the time he captured Jesse James

AGAIN I sighted the wild bunch. I recognized them by the magnificent sorrel stallion. His cream-colored mane was long and flowing and his tail almost swept the earth. How I wanted that horse! I got close enough with field glasses to feel sure that he'd never been branded, but a piece of frazzled rope dangling from his neck proved that somebody had attempted to capture him.

Getting close enough to drop a loop on him now would probably be impossible, for one such experience is enough to make a horse of his type wary.

I was hunting on White Mountain in eastern Arizona when I first saw him. How such a horse could be found in the wild bunch puzzled me until I decided that he'd been sired by a fine stallion belonging to some Mormon settler who knew horses.

He kept his little harem in an open glade on the south side of the mountain. It was perhaps twenty acres in extent, and had only one waterhole so far as I knew. The little pasture was surrounded by underbrush so thick that no rider could penetrate it.

That was the first place I ever saw cowboys use dogs to chase a quarry out of the timber. But I knew that a wild horse could penetrate the thickets, and once in them was safe from any rope.

I had an uncle only three years older than I, Reuben Wright, and he, too, had seen that stud. He was so impressed that he made inquiries and found that the man who hung the loop on him had been obliged to cut his rope because of the furious charges of the horse. He said, too, that the stud had never been branded.

REUBEN and I had worked as cowboys in western New Mexico, but during the worst of the Depression were jobless like millions of others. We batched one winter on my uncle's old ranch, and lived primarily upon venison. We did a bit of trapping, but pelts, like everything else, brought little money, so when Old Man Whiteley's son-in-law offered us work wrangling dudes on his Diamond Rock Ranch over on Black River in Arizona, we accepted with alacrity.

Our nearest town was Alpine, across a mountain, and accessible in summer. In winter nobody could make that trail, but we could get to Nutrioso, a little Mormon settlement south of Springerville. In that area there were black-tailed deer as large as ponies. Turkeys were as thick as quail. Reuben and I would dress them, pack them in snow, and keep them indefinitely. I have caught my limit of trout in Black River in two hours, after throwing everything less than twenty-four inches back.

Of course, what the dudes wanted was fishing and hunting. We could promise the best in that line, and they were seldom disappointed. I think that Saladin was the greatest drawing card Diamond Rock offered. He was a big mountain lion, always ready to put on a show. We kept him in a pen with sides and top covered with strong wire mesh. He paid little attention to adults, but when a child came near the cage he really put on a show. Saladin was much too valuable to be killed, so when the season ended I was offered what was good wages at that time to stay on during the winter and take care of him.

The storeroom was well stocked with staples when the owners and Reuben took off. They also left me a big stack of magazines and books, plenty of ammunition, and tons of wood. I killed deer for Saladin, and lived principally on meat myself. I like venison, and know how to cook it. If I tired of it I could always roast a turkey or fry a trout. I had them stashed in snow.

And there were the wild horses! West of Fort Apache and in the Mt. Baldy area, the country was wild. It is still wild. On the south slope of White Mountain, even in winter, the sun melts the snow off in open patches. Sometimes a stud finds such a place, perhaps twenty or more acres and well supplied with water. The first snow shuts him in and he keeps his herd there. He knows very well that if he follows a little stream down the mountain he is subject to capture. He is just too wise to risk it. At any rate, this sorrel was.

If his bunch ran short of food he pawed through the frozen snow to the dry grass underneath. When that gave out, the horses barked the aspens as high as they could reach. I have seen wild bunches in the spring with manes and tails chewed off because they were so hungry, but this bunch did not have to resort to extreme measures. They were thin and weak when the snow melted off, but it only took a few warm days to bring green sprouts enough to supply them with food.

ALL THAT LONG, lonely winter I spent hours scheming to catch my stallion. There was nothing which I'd tried previously or of which I had heard that I didn't consider. Over on the Alamocitos there were some Navajos, and the boys and I became good friends. Twice they had taken me on a horse hunt.

The wild bunch seldom leaves its own little range, and it is usually a valley enclosed by hills or mountains. The horses know every source of water, every hideout and every trail on their range. So do the Navajos. They select a moonlight night for the hunt. One goes up on an elevation from which he can spot the stallion and his family. With a canteen of water and a buckskin bag of jerky the Indians conceal themselves near the watering places.

Then one starts out afoot toward the horses. When they sight him, they begin moving toward water. Mr. Navajo does not hurry them. He walks along leisurely, usually trailing within a quarter of a mile or less. If he gets close enough he may skim a stone at them, just to keep them moving. They usually give him an exhausting walk before they attempt to drink, but when they do, a second Indian pops up, heads them from the water, and the tired one drops out until the herd returns. Number Two keeps the horses moving at a walk; he doesn't try to hurry them. If they stop for a bunch of grass it doesn't worry him, for it is not food but water that they must have.

The Indians keep this up for days. The horses, deprived of water and sleep, become so weary that the pursuer can walk right up to one and drop a loop on him. Reuben and I, though, had no time to spend walking them down.

I considered the method used by cowboys. They work horseback; that is, they

THE CAPTURE OF "JESSE JAMES"

By LYO LEE as told to EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Authors

do after they have constructed the approaches to some little canyon in which they hope to trap the horses. With fifteen to twenty working it doesn't take long to cut enough brush to construct wings on either side of the entrance to a canyon. The horses are driven until they are exhausted and then are headed toward the trap. Once inside they can be roped out and branded.

Neither idea seemed feasible, and I decided that our best bet was to attempt to trap the herd. I began considering ways and means of doing it. When spring came, Reuben arrived with the owners of the lodge and I explained my idea to him. Characteristically he came up with improvements.

WE BUILT the trap. That spring we cut pines, big ones. We built a circular corral eight feet high and a hundred feet in diameter. It was irregular in shape for we selected growing trees to which we attached the walls. We used no boards, just logs and poles. With trees for braces we thought it would be strong enough to hold any living thing.

The big problem was the gate. In reality, we had two, so that when closed from either side of the opening, the poles overlapped like the fingers of interlaced hands. They opened on the inside, and when they were closed could not be forced open from within the corral. We set a post on the outside for them to swing against so they would stop. And we tied the gates back.

While we were at work on the corral the wild horses would not come to the spring. Where they drank I do not know, but it was more than a month after we completed the trap before we found footprints at their usual watering place. To entice them to enter the trap we put salt inside, which, next to water, is the most dependable bait one can use. We kept the gates tied open and a supply of salt available all summer and the following winter so they got salt whenever they went for water.

We decided that when winter was over we would make our play. A heavy fish cord was run through staples on the gate and down the sides of the posts. Eighteen inches from the ground we ran it to the big pine in the center of the corral. When that spring was broken the gates would close.

The third day after fixing the string in position, we returned to find the corral full of wild horses. Charging furiously around the fence was the beautiful stallion. He was older than I'd thought—five years at least. At that age a horse's habits are formed and changing them is difficult. The frazzled bit of rope still dangled from his neck. And, as I had assumed, he bore no brand. He must have been sired by a stallion from a good blood line, for he was really superb.

Reuben jumped from his horse and started toward the stud. The horse took one look at him and backed off to jump the fence. He made a magnificent leap, and I wondered if he might clear it. His front feet got hung, but he struggled loose. With a little longer run—no, it was impossible that any horse could leap an eight-foot barricade.

Reuben backed off to give him room and tried to start him to running around inside the fence. He made a throw and picked up the stallion's front feet. Ordinarily a man can throw a rope over his hip, give a little jerk, and down a horse. Not this one! When he felt that rope on his hocks he threw Reuben twenty feet.

My partner got up, put a loop on the stud's neck, and I heeled him. Then we got a hackamore on him and snubbed him to a tree.

How that horse loved his freedom! How he fought for it! It was a shame to make a cowed, enslaved thing of any animal with his spirit. For just a moment I considered releasing him.

Reuben's voice brought me out of it. "What you reckon 'Jesse James' will do when you ride him?"

We never found a more appropriate name for that stallion.

WE BRANDED the yearlings and the two-year-old males with the F L Bar, Reuben's brand. And we left them in the trap with the stud overnight while we took the mares to the Diamond Rock and put them in a corral.

Next morning came the tug-of-war. We put hackamores on the horses in the corral, leaving the stud to be handled last. From the sign we estimated that the horses had gone into the trap the first day; if so, they'd been four days without food or water. In spite of that, Jesse James put up a real battle. Eventually I got him snubbed, with his head so close to that of my mount that he could do little by attempting to bite. Of course, a gelding is afraid of a stallion, and especially of his powerful jaws.

(Continued on page 48)

Lyo working cattle at Quemado

LICENSED T JNZ ORG
ELECTRON C REPRODU CTION PROH BITED

THE FIRST "DAYLIGHT" BANK HOLDUP

By Raymond W. Thorp

THAT IS what they have always termed it, yet there is no such thing as a night bank holdup; only a robbery. It occurred in Liberty, Clay County, Missouri, February 13, 1866. Nobody ever knew who robbed the bank, yet everyone said it had to be Frank and Jesse James. Actually, while only two men went into the bank, at least ten were on hand, sitting their horses in front of the Clay County Savings Association. While everyone in Liberty knew the James brothers by sight, no one could swear that they were along, hence the hassle that has gone on ever since.

Since it was the era when everyone rode horses, nothing was thought of the men congregated in front of the bank. The war was newly over and everyone carried firearms, so nothing was thought, either, of the fact that all were heavily armed. Actually, the courthouse was just across the street, and Sheriff James M. Jones looked out of his window and thought nothing of the sudden congregation.

One of the two men who entered the building tendered a banknote at a window and asked for change. William Bird, a clerk, was making the change when suddenly he found himself looking into a pair of large revolvers. William Bird's father, who had the name of Greenup Bird, was the cashier of the bank, and he was driven into the vault and forced to stuff $60,000 in cash and bonds into two large bags.

After getting the money and bonds, the two gunmen laughingly shoved the two men into the vault, saying, "All birds should be kept in cages." They turned and strode out of the bank, on the way out meeting a young farmer boy of nineteen, George C. Wymore, known locally as "Jolly." He was attending William Jewell College nearby, and was on an errand for his father. Shots were fired, and one bullet pierced his coat and passed through his heart, killing him instantly. The two men mounted their horses and the entire cavalcade rode out of town, laughing and joking about the incident.

William Wymore, the elder brother of Jolly, was Sheriff Jones' deputy, and by the time the latter had collected his senses enough to realize that something was happening over at the bank, the deputy was sent across the street to find out about it. As he entered the bank, he almost stumbled over the body of his younger brother. The holdup men had slammed the door on the Birds, but had not locked it, supposing it to be self-locking, and both of them were ready with their stories.

WITHIN a short time a posse had been rounded up, and they rode out of town on the trail of the outlaws. The sacks they had used to hold the loot were soon identified. A farmer just south of Liberty stated that two men whom he recognized as Frank James and Bud Pence had ridden over from the Missouri River and bought two sacks of meal from him. However, as soon as he learned that the bank had been robbed, and ex-guerrillas were suspected, he told the sheriff that actually he had not recognized the meal-buyers at all!

It was snowing, and in the wet snow it was hard to track, but the posse persevered until it finally found a church that had been broken into, containing only the empty meal sacks.

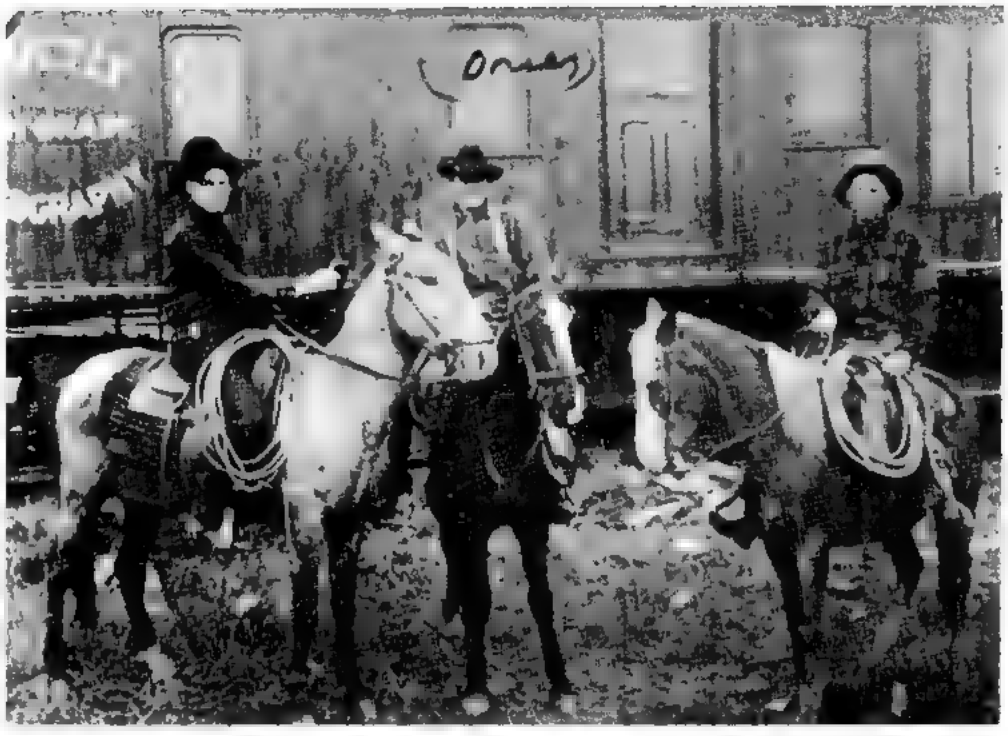
The most remarkable thing about the Liberty bank holdup was reticence on the part of the citizens to recognize people whom they knew well. It was common knowledge that Clay County was the habitat of the Missouri guerrillas, many of whom had originated here. Hundreds of them had been quartered here many times, and even the children knew many of the most desperate men of the bands of Quantrill, Todd and Anderson. No doubt most people kept silent for the same reason that the farmer who sold the meal changed his story.

Of the $60,000 in loot, $42,000 was composed of Union Military bonds. These kept turning up for years. Two weeks following the robbery, two of Bill Anderson's ex-guerrillas were trying to sell some of them in Howard County, where Bill had been killed earlier.

George Shepherd, one of Quantrill's original band, cashed a $1,000 bond in Memphis, Tennessee. Perhaps all of them were cashed in time, but no one was ever arrested for trying to pass them. Shortly after the holdup, bank president James Love had sent out a list of the bonds to all banks. The Clay County Savings Association was flat broke, and after having paid off 60% on the dollar, never opened again.

Other bonds known to be cashed were a $500 bond at the Farmers Bank of Frankfort, Kentucky, and $1,200 in bonds to O. G. Peters of Columbus, Ohio. A reward of $40,000 had been offered for the return of the $42,000 in bonds, the highest ratio ever known.

The question always remained, "Who held up the Liberty Bank?" Frank James was asked this in Gallatin, Missouri, while making a speech, and he said, "Why, Jesse and I, of course. We did everything." And then he floored the audience, "But we didn't shoot the boy. As you know, we never did go around shooting people."



Courtesy Author

Croppy Stancliff (right) clowning it up with Floyd Waymire (center) and Lon Fenius. Croppy's right ear sets the time of this photograph as following the incident in the story.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BIXBY

By Pat Swingle

MY DAD moved to Bixby, Indian Territory, late in 1899; that was when I was just a youngun. At that time Bixby was a very small town; perhaps there were a hundred people living there, maybe not that many, but to a short five-year-old just off a Missouri farm it seemed to be a real good place.

Dad was descended from Pennsylvania Dutch Quakers. Mother was from a Scotch family from Tennessee. Both families had moved into Missouri a while before the War between the States. They grew up in a hard country during a hard time and were rugged folks.

When Dad sold his farm in Missouri he wanted to find a new location and, as he had some brothers around the Bixby country, he just decided to move there too. My uncle, Will Swingle, came up to Missouri and he and my dad bought seven teams of young mules to take to the Territory. Well, what with the mules and the other stuff he wanted to take along, they just shipped everything in a railroad car. We unloaded at Mounds, that being the closest rail point to Bixby.

Jeff De Priest met us at Mounds with his team and wagon. I don't remember what all was in the car, but there must have been a jug of Mountain Dew, because all three of them got about half tight going from Mounds to Bixby. They made sure they had sobered up before we reached home, of course, else all of us would probably have slept out in the barn. We spent all of one day on that fifteen-mile trip from Mounds.

Will kept one team and Pa kept one team. The rest were sold around the country to various farmers. That was in the fall of 1900 and one man, who lived down near where Leonard now is, still owes for a team of mules he bought. Pa died in 1913 and when I was home on a visit in 1915, I tried to slap two

Wild Old Days!

hundred and fifty bucks out of that fellow, but it couldn't be done.

The year 1900 was quite a while before the country became the State of Oklahoma so it was policed by United States marshals. The ones that I recall best were Bud Ledbetter, Hi Thompson and Pussy Foot Johnson. Those were the ones who came to Bixby most often. Johnson was more of a prohibition enforcement man than the others. Occasionally, a couple of the Indian police happened along. They were called the Creek Lighthorsemen and none of those boys were exactly easy-going on lawbreakers.

At that time Bixby had one general store, which was a real good gathering place on Saturdays. Charlie McClanahan operated what passed for a hotel, Joe Buley had a barber shop, Mr. Lawmeister ran the blacksmith shop, and there were a couple of near-beer joints.

Someone shipped in a couple of pool tables and set up business down the street a block from the store. He did all right, too, having a shed room on the side for card games. Once when Pussy Foot Johnson made a raid for some liquor, some men were playing pitch in that side room. Pussy Foot was carrying a shotgun. Being a one-armed man, that shotgun was a bit awkward for him to use. When he tried to break into the side room he, in some way, let the gun fire. The shot went through the door and some of it hit the chair in which Charlie Bradley was sitting. It didn't hurt him at all—probably scared him, all right. Charlie was one real mad man about it.

The next morning I heard Charlie tell Johnson that if he would take that star off and lay the shotgun aside, he would be glad to turn him every way but loose. Johnson probably knew that, while Charlie was a slightly built man, he could be a regular buzz-saw in a tussle; anyway, Johnson just tried to laugh it off. One thing for certain, he sure took a man-sized cussing from Bradley.

GEORGE STANCLIFF, a young rider around the country, worked mostly with stock, either cattle or horses, and I always liked him pretty well. George was the sort of man who might be pretty salty when necessary; however, he always had time to do kids almost any favor they might need. I have ridden a good many miles behind his saddle when just a tad. Later I always had my own horse to ride.

George was always called Croppy Stancliff on account of he and some other fellows once delivered a bunch of ponies to Fort Smith, Arkansas, to a dealer there. When they had delivered the ponies and were at their own leisure for awhile, Croppy proceeded to throw a full-sized spree. That Arkansas liquor was the sort that would make a rabbit spit in a coyote's eye—sort of mixture of corn squeezings and panther tears. Anyway, when Croppy had a real good load of it aboard, he got his pony and cut a few rustys up and down the main street, Garrison Avenue.

Years later, Croppy told me that he was up and down the street several times proclaiming for the whole town to hear what a curly wolf he was from up in the Territory, how the bronc hadn't been foaled that he couldn't ride, how the steer hadn't been calved that he couldn't rope and tie, how the man didn't walk who could outdo him at anything outdoors.

Croppy said that after awhile a long, tall, skinny-looking gent wearing spurs on a pair of rundown boots walked out in the street and hailed Croppy down. He said the man asked him about the Territory and the hard-cases there, said he used to follow the cattle drives north out of Texas to such places as Abilene and Dodge City, claimed he was sort of a peaceable gent himself and as Croppy was kind of disturbing his rest, said that he believed that Croppy was a tough one all right, even might be a bit dangerous to people.

Then all at once he reached up and jerked Croppy off his horse, telling him that such a wild rough character ought to be marked so other people could see and keep out of the way of danger. Then he took his belt knife and sliced the top of Croppy's ear off.

Croppy sobered up and had a doctor sew the tip of his ear back on but later it got to hurting to beat the devil so he got drunk again and jerked the tip off and threw it away. That happened shortly before we moved to Bixby. Everyone called him Croppy—but not many had the gall to make any offside remarks!

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE

By Diane M. Pollock

"OH! THAT the desert were my dwelling-place," wrote Lord Byron some 140 years ago. And, who knows how many pioneers, lying in nameless graves along the wagon trails, once muttered the same thing? The graves that pit the Humboldt Trail as it winds its way across Nevada give a grim account of the many settlers lost because of the hazardous journey. Death was always a passenger on the wagontrains.

On a sagebrush-covered knoll two miles east of Beowawe, Nevada, is the grave of Lucinda Duncan. It tells a story of the gentleness and kindness of early railroad men toward the girl buried in the "Maiden's Grave."

During the mid-1800s, Gravelly Ford was the favorite camping ground for westward pioneer wagons. The rich bottomlands were excellent for grazing. Brush along the riverbank provided shade and firewood. Here, both man and beast could gather new strength.

One spring day in 1865 a wagontrain carrying emigrants from Missouri halted at Gravelly Ford. The emigrants welcomed the stopover for a variety of reasons. For the women, it meant getting the family laundry washed and getting the family to take a much-needed bath; for the men, it meant a chance to repair the wagons, letting the stock eat their fill, and maybe doing a little hunting; for the children, it meant shedding the cloak of would-be adulthood and enjoying the pleasures of play.

For most it meant a chance to relax and dream of the adventures awaiting them. For others, the rest stop wasn't so pleasant. It was a time to grieve for those who didn't get as far as Gravelly Ford and for those who wouldn't be leaving the Ford.

AMONG THOSE who didn't leave was Lucinda Duncan. Friends and relatives buried her in a shallow grave on a point of land jutting out into the river, overlooking the Ford and valley beyond. They marked the spot with a crudely hewn cross inscribed with the history of her life and death. The mourning period was short and the wagons once again started rolling toward California.

With time, the marker was worn smooth by the wind. Sagebrush took root, and the girl was all but forgotten. But as Lucinda was being claimed by the desert, the West was becoming "civilized." There was an urgent need for cross-country transportation that was faster, safer and easier than wagontrains.

The Transcontinental Railroad was started. The Union Pacific headed west. The Central Pacific headed east. Connection date was May 10, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah.

Along the proposed route the crew of

(Continued on page 65)

A Southern Pacific section crew leaves a wreath after a periodic cleaning of Lucinda's grave.

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Miracle at Martinsville

(Continued from page 20)

smiled. Ann tried to keep back the tears, gave him a kiss, and went to the other side to check on Nat. The boy groaned and opened his eyes.

In a matter of minutes Mrs. Martin had sent Hepzibah and some of the bullwhackers to find water and bandages while she and her husband started removing the boys' bloodsoaked clothes.

By the time one of the men had returned with a pan of water and clean cloths, Ann had cut most of Nat's shirt away from his chest and was ready to apply wet compresses. He whispered in a cracked voice that she had only seen part of the wound, the real part of it was in his back. George Martin had just finished bandaging Bob's leg when the younger boy told his father that he, too, had a wound in his back.

One of the men made up another bed of sorts in the corner of the barn. Bob was carried there and gently placed upon his stomach so that his father could more closely examine him.

In the meanwhile two of the freighters had helped Ann turn Nat on his side. Their exclamations joined her gasp of concern when they saw his wound, and before she could stop herself, Ann blurted out that the boy was hurt so badly he would surely die.

Nat, sensing her fright, croaked bravely that he wasn't dead yet and there *was* hope. This seemed to give Ann the courage she needed to get the shirt removed, and the unsightly hole bandaged. The boy was then returned to his original position on the bed. It was at this point that his mother discovered the string that held the arrowshaft in Nat's left elbow. The arm was so swollen that the head of the arrow was concealed.

Ann called her husband to look at the wound, then told Nat that the arrow was imbedded in the joint and it would have to be removed. Martin went to find his pinchers.

The first attempt to extract the arrowhead was unsuccessful. The next time, Martin asked two of the freighters to hold Nat's arm as he braced his feet and pulled.

The broken-shafted barb came out but Nat lost consciousness and knew nothing until the next morning when he was being loaded on a wagon by his parents. They were leaving for Nebraska City, he was told.

REASON, not panic, caused the Martins to leave the ranch. Loss of possessions, provisions, or fear of another attack by marauding redskins would not have been reason enough to undertake the 170-mile journey—but concern for their son was something else. After George Martin had removed the arrow from Nat's elbow, both he and Ann realized that the boy must have medical attention.

With the help of the freighters, who had told them of the doctor at the town on the banks of the Missouri, they were able to get the wagon off the woodpile and a few provisions packed. The long and perilous trek would have to be made without the protection of the train, since Nat's condition would make it impossible for them to keep up with the hard-driven oxen of the bullwhackers' wagons.

After the lone horse pulling their wagon had plodded ten miles across the prairie, the family stopped and made a camp of sorts for the night. Everyone was completely exhausted.

Ann Martin felt that she had much to be grateful for the next morning. Nat, though weak, was still alive, her husband's wounds were mending, and Bob had recovered enough that he was able to hop about, even though he had been unable to get on the wagon without his father's help when they had left the ranch. Now they could make Nebraska City without too much delay.

Nat Martin was suffering agony with every movement of the wagon wheels, but he maintained a courageous stoicism until the morning of the third day when his parents were moving him out of the abandoned log cabin where they had spent the night at Beaver Crossing. It was the halfway point in their journey.

As they reached the wagon, Nat said midst groans and tears that they should go on without him—that he couldn't bear to ride another mile.

And he didn't. Martin and his wife gave in to the pleas of the lad.

For some strange reason, Martin, instead of taking the horse and riding to Nebraska City, where he might have had a chance of persuading the medical man to return with him and tend the boy, decided to leave Ann and the children at the cabin and go in the other direction to Fort Kearny to see if he could get soldiers detailed to ride back with him.

Mrs. Martin nursed Nat as best she could. Hepzibah and Bob took care of the other children, carried water, ate as sparingly of the dwindling supply of provisions as Ann did in order that the little ones might have more to eat. Patiently they waited, wondering if they would ever see George Martin again.

Two weeks after their father had left them on the banks of the river, he returned alone. The military at Kearny had refused to let soldiers accompany him.

His anxiety about Nat dissolved into relief as he entered the cabin and saw the lad sitting on the floor with his back against a wall. A short time later Nat had recovered to such an extent that he was able to sit on the wagon seat upright and unaided. The family was going home.

IT WAS only after the Martins had returned to the ranch that George and Ann realized that a miracle had occurred. Their two sons had been pinned together by an Indian arrow, had gone through hours of tortuous pain unattended, *and had lived.*

Bob Martin died at Ellsworth, Kansas, March 20, 1899, of meningitis, which his brother Nat thought had been caused by the wound he suffered in '64. Nat died at Hastings, Adams County, Nebraska, in 1928 after seventy-nine good years of life.

After the older brother died, the arrows—the one that pinned the boys together, as well as the one with the broken shaft—were presented to the museum, House of Yesterday, at Hastings.

On June 20, 1965, Nat and Bob Martin were finally given recognition for their bravery through the dedicated efforts of Emil Roeser and Vernon Haun of the Hall County Historical Society, and S. N. Wolbach, Chairman of the Hall County Museum Board. A monument of Georgia granite, purchased by George T. Baumann of the Hall County Board of Supervisors, was unveiled in a field three and one-half miles south of the Alda Interchange on Nebraska Interstate Highway 80 and seven miles west of Doniphan. Mrs. Alva Johnston, Nat's daughter, heard United States Senator Carl Curtis of Nebraska, principal

(Continued on page 48)

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Sixth in the series of "Ghosts Along The Yukon"

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos By Karl Kernberger

Welcome to Circle City . . . The End of the Road, proclaims the sign (above left) which stands on a bank above the Yukon. Above, Circle today. Once it boasted twenty-two saloons, eight dance halls, a library and a two-story Grand Opera House.

Circle: WHERE THE ROAD DEAD-ENDS

CIRCLE, ALASKA, marks the spot where the most northerly highway in America dribbles out onto a grassy bank of the Yukon River. On that bank, travelers delight in the knowledge that they are closer to the North Pole than are the inhabitants of Iceland; that they are but fifty miles from the Arctic Circle.

Few pay much attention to Circle itself: a trading post, airstrip, a scattering of log cabins beside the river. A quiet village—dependent upon tourists and a little winter trapping for its existence.

It has not always been so. In its prime, Circle boasted that it was the "greatest log cabin town in the world." This was probably true. There were twenty-two saloons where men gambled, sang, fought, and purchased drinks for the house with nuggets tossed casually onto gold scales. Days and nights of winter darkness were reeled away in eight dance halls, where the fiddles never stopped and the rates were a dollar a dance. For the more pensive, there was a library supplied with a number of chess sets as well as the complete works of men like Carlyle, Darwin, and Huxley. In the two-story Grand Opera House, Shakespearean plays were produced.

Circle had its birth in a legend come true. For thirty years following the end of the Civil War, it was rumored up and down the Yukon Valley that Robert McDonald, an Anglican missionary, had found a place where coarse gold could be scooped out of a sand bar with a kitchen spoon. McDonald, however, was tight-lipped about his find, taking out very little gold. Most men decided the strike was a dud.

But the rumor persisted and Jack McQuesten, a former Indian fighter turned trader, began grubstaking men to look for the "preacher's gold." Two Russian half-breeds, thus outfitted, rediscovered the missionary's strike on Birch Creek in 1893. Within a year, $400,000 worth of gold had been washed out of the gravels; by 1896 annual gold production was more than $1,000,000.

McQUESTEN built a trading post on what he thought was the Arctic Circle, and a settlement of miners strung itself along the river close to the post. In that first wild year, Circle was no place for pikers. When a man hit color on his claim, he was expected to throw a spree, going from saloon to saloon with a crowd at his back, buying cigars and whiskey all around. Some sprees roared on for several days, and a good-natured brawl or two was not out of order. By custom, the miner throwing the party was expected to pay for any damage incurred, which in one case came to $2,900.

At first, silver dollars were the only coins used at Circle. There were no banks, although many saloon-keepers allowed miners to store gold pokes or other valuables in their safes. It was not uncommon for a man to walk about the streets with several thousand dollars' worth of gold on his person. Yet there was very little crime.

Circle was more than 4,000 miles by water from civilization, with little in between. This isolation encouraged use of the miner's meeting, a form of grassroots justice which had developed during the California gold rush. If a crime were allegedly committed, the accuser posted a notice calling a meeting of the townspeople. A chairman was elected to act as judge. Both accuser and defendant would tell their stories and call upon witnesses to testify. The entire meeting then served as jury, deciding the verdict by a show of hands.

Theft was usually punished by death. In a land where starvation and freezing were constant menaces, lawbreaking was not taken lightly. A Circle man was sentenced to hang by a miner's meeting for plundering a cache. However, before this sentence could be carried out, it was decided that he should be exiled instead. He was given a tent and supplies and sent twelve miles from the community, where he was to live in isolation until the arrival of the yearly steamboat. Up to the time he went aboard for the outside, not a word was spoken to him.

The miner's meeting rarely had to be called in the gold camps of the Yukon River. Rugged, highly individualistic men had discovered that survival under the harsh conditions of the Far North required a great deal of cooperation be-

(Continued on page 56)

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speaker at the dedication ceremony, say, "As long as civilization survives, men and women, boys and girls will thrill to the story of courageous Nat and Bob Martin and their parents, George and Ann Martin.

"The sacrifices of the men and women on the frontier, like the sacrifices of the nation's heroes on the field of battle from Bunker Hill to South Viet Nam, have made and preserved us as a nation."

The Capture of "Jesse James"

(Continued from page 43)

Jesse James' head was so sore from fighting the ropes that pressure on it forced him to be guided easily. But we had to use constant vigilance against his kicking. It was a battle all the way to the Diamond Rock. When we got him there we snubbed him to a tree, a good big pine.

That fall we had to get out of the lodge before the first snow. We took all the horses we'd captured. We'd broken the stud to ride, and he was comparatively gentle, but he wasn't worth fifteen cents. His spirit was broken, much in the manner of that of a proud, sensitive person. When that happens to a horse, he is through.

I traded him to the postmaster at Trechado, who owned a little trading post and a few cattle. I told him exactly what to expect of Jesse James. He said that he did not expect to ride him—just wanted him for raising colts. In payment we got Eagle, a good cow pony, and some two-year-olds. I had a fine mount, one I called Brownwood, so I insisted that Reuben take Eagle. He wasn't broken and for over a year he bucked every time he was ridden, but Reuben was a cowboy and could handle him.

The old postmaster certainly lost nothing by the deal. For years I could identify Jesse James' progeny at sight. There were no other horses in the country their equal.

Miramount—Francolon's Castle of Mystery

(Continued from page 41)

the convenience of the ice man, who deposited chunks of ice through them. Approximately fifteen years ago the ice house was destroyed by fire, blamed on children playing in there with matches.

After Father Francolon and his mother moved in, they settled back into the scenery and no one saw much of them. He had a nice buggy and horse, which he kept in a livery stable by the year. He took a daily drive in it, mostly over to Colorado Springs, where we heard he had friends. Once in awhile he took his mother along, but, otherwise, we didn't see her at all.

He let those two ugly dogs run loose around the castle and they went for a walk with him each day. Some people could walk up and pet them, but the dogs liked to fight other dogs in the neighborhood, and that led to much ill-feeling between dog owners and the priest.

I was as surprised as everybody else in Manitou when we heard that Father Francolon planned to donate the great hall of his castle to the elite of Colorado Springs, Manitou, and Denver for a Colonial Ball to raise money for a proposed public library in Manitou. It did seem that the castle was an ideal setting for a George Washington's Birthday Ball, with perfect atmosphere for the splendid Colonial costumes the participants planned to wear.

My wife, Nettie, who lived at 119 Ruxton Avenue, just a block from the castle, was sixteen at the time. She and her mother watched the fine landaus driving up through the portico on the evening of the Colonial Ball, to let out costumed and bejeweled passengers. Along behind came the carriages, dog carts and not-so-stylish buckboards to discharge the less fashionable who, for an evening, could view the more aristocratic for only $1.

THE AFFAIR was attended by 300 prominent members of the social set of three cities. Costuming was almost entirely in keeping with the fashions of Colonial Days. Many of the ladies wore gowns dating back to the third and fourth generations—those worn by their great-grandmothers or some other ancestress of a hundred years before.

At 9 p.m. the reception began. D. D. Lord of Colorado Springs assumed the character of George Washington and received guests in a little alcove just off the ballroom. The ball was led by John Hulbert, promoter of the Pikes Peak Cog Road, and Miss Grace Harding of Colorado Springs.

One of the main attractions of the evening was an Indian village, which presented all the striking and interesting characteristics of western reservations. Fred L. Miner was in charge of it. Walter Scott, former water commissioner of Manitou, was one of the "Indian" boys participating. He's often recalled the fun he and seven other boys had making wigs from black wool.

A few of the very special people were chosen to dance the minuet as a high spot in the evening's entertainment. They rehearsed for days with a teacher imported from Denver, so that the dance would be perfect in every detail.

Refreshments were served in the spacious dining room about midnight. Casser's Orchestra from Colorado Springs, and the Mandolin Club furnished music for the dancing which lasted until 2 a.m., an unheard-of time in those days.

It turned out that the affair was worth all the planning. The receipts practically paid for the library, although the Carnegie Institute was ultimately responsible for establishing it.

Father Francolon, his mother, and his castle then settled back into what seemed to us a dreary routine, with few visitors crossing the threshold for weeks. Then, overnight, we found that the priest and his mother had skipped town, leaving behind a heavy mortgage on the castle.

Sister Dolores and Sister Victoria, of the Sisters of Mercy in Denver, had been in charge of a small hospital near the castle, but it burned down shortly before Father Francolon left town. The Order had no money to rebuild.

Arrangements were made for the two Sisters to occupy the castle, with the agreement that the Sisters of Mercy pay off the mortgage.

I LIKED those two Sisters! Sister Dolores was Irish and full of fun and laughter; Sister Victoria was just a bit more sedate. Those women scrubbed and worked hard to keep the place going as a summer boarding house, which they called Montcalme Sanitarium. Welcome to live there were tourists and people who were old or ill. Two regular boarders, who spent every summer in the castle, were Dr. and Mrs. Durden from Columbus, Mississippi.

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It turned out that almost everything about the castle was against the Sisters' plan. In the building's favor were the eight bathrooms, but few of the other rooms were suitable for bedrooms, being for the most part too small or too large. Equipment for heating water to supply the baths, the kitchen, and the laundry room was inadequate. Any attempt at housing winter visitors would have failed more miserably, because the steam-heating plant installed by Father Francolon barely took the chill out of the big castle.

When the boarding house project failed, the castle was closed. The Sisters of Mercy managed to pay off the mortgage in 1904, partly by selling the furnishings. For many years it remained closed most of the time, opened only for two weeks each summer for a retreat.

World War II came along and Manitou found it needed additional apartments to supply housing for families of troops stationed at Camp Carson, south of nearby Colorado Springs. Someone purchased the castle for $4,500. Since that time the place has been used by a number of owners as an apartment house of approximately ten suites of rooms.

Because of its unusual architecture, Montcalme Castle, as it's now known, remains a special point of interest for visitors to Manitou. The contrast between the castle and the small frame houses around it is startling. Only a dirt road on either side of the castle leading to homes on top of Capitol Hill keeps the neighbors from encroaching even more on its doorstep. After all these years it still looks surprisingly out of place, but continues to be known as the fabulous Castle of the West.

Invitation to a Ghost Walk

(Continued from page 17)

they roll your feet out from under you, or are so loose they slide out from under you leaving you with nothing but a handful of thorns grabbed to keep from following them down into the canyon bottom. And if you get tired of the blisters that finally make walking unbearable, you can always get a horse that will rub off what skin you might have left!

If it is possible to endure all these things, to laugh at yourself while under the watchful scrutiny of the mischievous mountains, and let them see that you intend to stay, they will eventually open their arms and allow you, the newly-initiated tenderfoot, to enter the realm of their wonderland. You have earned your right to explore their crooked and twisted canyons; gape at wind-torn crags, towering pinnacles and peaks that only the wild beauty of the interior regions can give you. The indescribable maze of trails offers you the serenity of a virgin land. The dignity of the majestic peaks reduces you to humbleness in their presence, and the occasional glimpse of wildlife in this lovely refuge makes all the hard knocks worthwhile. To lie on your stomach and drink from a stream of sweet water confirms the saying, "Once you have drunk deeply from springs in the Superstitions, you are fated to return."

Thousands of people visit the mountains in complete safety, just as we have done over the years; others haven't been so lucky. The slip of a carelessly placed foot, the bite or sting of an unseen enemy, an empty canteen or lack of emergency supplies on the part of a lost, "off-the-trail" tourist can end in tragedy. *(Continued on next page)*

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Fair Trial at Encinoso

(Continued from page 33)

Mexico to the Rio Grande. The herd might change owners two or three times before we'd finally catch up to them and have a showdown."

Being a lawman for many years, Siringo had been on dangerous missions before. He didn't really consider the job at Encinoso a tough one. But tough or not, his many experiences had taught him to be alert. He remembered the time a Negro woman had almost killed him with his own handcuffs before he finally got them on her.

The incident with the Hole-in-the-Wall gang up north had been another near miss. He had pushed his horse off a bluff, made his own impression in the sand, and had hobbled into the gang's hideout on a crutch he had made of a cedar limb. He liked to think about the story he'd made up and told them. He'd made it up good. He even showed them where his horse had fallen and where he had landed in the dirt. He was lucky to be alive after a fall like that, he'd told the outlaws.

That assignment had turned out fine. He finally got the drop on his man and had taken him out of "the Hole" to a judge and a jury.

"There have been many times," Siringo said, "that my nose got me into trouble—real trouble. I decided in Encinoso I would have to use it for what it was intended. I had my old Russian wolfhound, old Eat-em-up-Jake, with me. I figured he would be a big help in smelling out beef too. As it turned out, he really did his part."

AFTER PROWLING about the town for awhile, not finding anything of particular interest to a lawman, Siringo saw Eat-em-up-Jake take off in a big hurry toward a broken-down chicken house with an old milch-cow corral around it. Right away he heard some loud cussing in Mexican, and a big woman appeared at the door of an *adobe* shack nearby.

Charley pulled up his horse and looked as far as he could through the doorway, momentarily forgetting about his dog and the big woman. As he peered into the room he saw a man inside and Siringo had a feeling he had uncovered some evidence—the evidence he'd come to find.

Then he saw something else. The big woman had picked up a stick as she wobbled along and she was heading straight toward the chicken house and old Eat-em-up-Jake. About the time Charley caught the smell of burnt meat, the Mexican inside the house had come to the door. Siringo looked beyond him. There on the table, still smoking, was a whole beef-head fresh from the big oven of an iron cookstove in the room.

Siringo didn't have a warrant to enter the man's house but knew he wouldn't need one if he could secure enough evidence. He'd trust in his luck as he had many times before.

The Mexican who blocked the doorway to the kitchen was a huge man—and dark, with heavy shaggy brows, Siringo remembered. It felt good to know his Colt's .45 was resting on his hip.

The detective pushed his way through the door to get a better look. He remembered that most Mexicans favored baked cow's head above most other kinds of meat—they liked it real done. He figured this one was about ready.

A howl of pain from old Jake brought Siringo out of the house on a run. He yelled at the fat woman as she landed another blow with her club. Siringo was over the corral gate and had grabbed the fat *señora* before she could land another blow on his hound. Then he saw the reason for old Jake's excitement.

There high up in the rafters of the old chickenhouse was a fresh-killed beef, all quartered and ready for barbecuing. No wonder old Jake had been so excited. No wonder the *señora* was fighting mad.

AFTER CONVINCING the Mexican he was caught red-handed, Siringo talked him into going up the road to the village schoolhouse where the local Justice of the Peace held court. His employers had assured him he would have full cooperation from the judge at Encinoso. All he would have to do was take his man over there, and the judge would arrange a fair and impartial trial.

"I figured this Mexican judge would give my prisoner a hearing and find my evidence enough to try the man in a district court," Siringo related. "That way I could take him on to the county seat at Carrizozo where he could make bond or go to jail. All I wanted from that J.P. was a preliminary hearing, but what it turned out to be was quite a different story.

"It was a hearing all right, but the hearing wasn't for that Mexican—it was for yours truly, old Charley Siringo."

Siringo had no difficulty getting his man over to the schoolhouse. He explained to the Mexican what he wanted, and that it must be *muy pronto*. As yet, he hadn't needed his gun—the detective didn't want to use it unless he really had to, and it looked like he wouldn't.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, Siringo saw a small crowd gathered around the schoolhouse. They seemed to be quite irritated and noisy. There was a lot of talk—too much talk. They had a rope too and they were motioning toward a huge juniper tree a few yards away. These *hombres* were going to take his prisoner and hang him!

But that didn't make sense. Then it dawned on him what they were really planning. They were getting ready to hang Siringo! And it looked as though the Mexican judge was going to side in with them!

"Well, I was in a fix," the old lawman related. "I didn't see any guns, but I knew I had better get my old Colt's out. So I pulled it out from under my coat and threw down on that judge. I said loud enough for everybody to hear, 'Stand back, *muchachos*—I'll blow the brains out of the first man who makes a move!'

"They stood back, too," Siringo said. "Then I got the hell out of there. It didn't take me long to make tracks on over to the county seat where I got the sheriff and some deputies to help me. When we got back to Encinoso they had cleared out.

"After that it didn't take us long to round up the cow thieves. We got the *hombre* I first caught and we got us a few more besides. In a way though, I couldn't blame those fellows. After all, that Block beef was pretty good stuff. I guess I'd a-done the same thing if I'd been in their place. I know they'd hanged me sure if I hadn't got out when I did. I figured I'd better go a little more prepared next time I went out rustler hunting."

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 21)

pet deer aboard. To a fifteen-year-old kid it had the appearance of a Noah's Ark, and I'd gladly have stayed aboard forever.

Uncle Joe was a small wiry man with gray hair and a spade beard and the brightest blue eyes I ever saw. There was a big difference in our ages, but we spoke and understood the same language, and the long silences were the best of all.

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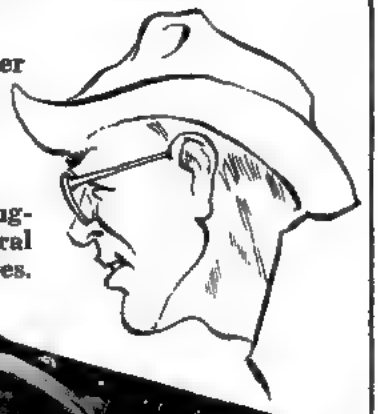

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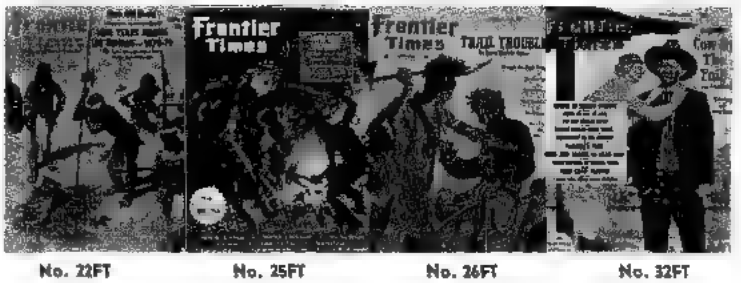

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a crank. Others, like the Doneys, who were Cree breeds, understood him and respected the "No Shooting" signs tacked to Uncle Joe's fenceposts.

Uncle Joe raised good Morgan horses. He never hired a bronc rider who used spurs or had a quirt hung to his saddlehorn. They tell of a time when Uncle Joe, with a four-horse team pulling an empty wagon, was on his way to town to haul back his winter's grub supply. The team balked on solid ground at sundown and as Uncle Joe owned no whip of any kind, he unhooked and unharnessed the four horses and turned them loose to go back home. Uncle Joe followed afoot. He had to hire Hardluck Smith, the freighter, to haul his grub from town. But Uncle Joe didn't appear to mind.

Only once did Uncle Joe show his temper. That was when some man killed his pet deer, by accident or on purpose. Just about the time Uncle Joe showed up, the man "borrowed" Uncle Joe's rowboat, which was tied to the riverbank. Uncle Joe let the man get out into the river, then he sat down on the bank with his rifle and shot the boat full of holes. The river ranchers said they could never understand why Uncle Joe didn't shoot the man.

When he swam ashore on the far side he "borrowed" a horse, and when he reached Lewistown he told how a crazy man had tried to kill him. Then he disappeared before Uncle Joe could pick up his trail and perhaps finish the job. Uncle Joe never spoke of it afterwards.

But there is a grave, and it has a marker with the name of the pet whitetail deer. Summertime the roses bloom there.

I'd like to go back there some day, if Uncle Joe is still alive and living there. I would time it for some time during the winter. I'd like to spread my bed on the scrubbed pine-board floor and share my bed with the hounds, and let the fire die down in the stove and the cabin grow cold. I'd like to hear the soft whimpering of half-grown hound pups dreaming, and the scratching of dog claws on an old canvas tarp as one of Dinah's descendants scratches gently at a long, soft ear.

I'd like to see that bright light come into Uncle Joe's kindly, puckered eyes as he tells how he had made friends with some timid white-tail. I'd like to eat a sunrise breakfast with the sun shining on the white snow, and a tame magpie scolding from the doorway, demanding breakfast.

I lack the courage it took for Uncle Joe to come West to live out his dreams there on the banks of the old Missouri River. Looking back on it now, Uncle Joe was one of the happiest men I've ever known. It might seem a far call to liken him to St. Francis of Assisi, with his birds and wild animals, but in my book the comparison is there.—Walt

The Flume Riders

(Continued from page 25)

that we could travel faster than the schedule of any train of the day and average a mile every two minutes. . . ."

The two pig-troughs zoomed down the flume, weaving and ranging into the air from twenty to seventy feet.

"It was only ten minutes, but it seemed like an hour when we reached the worst part of the flume. I looked over quickly and thought the only possible way to get to the bottom was to fall, and that's just what we did. The breath was knocked out of my lungs and I was sure suffocation would set in on the spot. I've been in eighty-mile winds on mountain summits, but it was nothing compared to this. The water was foaming over Fair's face like ocean whitecaps. I didn't know whether it would be possible for me to survive the journey but I had to again see how fast we were going, even if it was my last look. One quick glance over Fair's shoulder convinced me that we were headed for everlasting oblivion. . . .

"Suddenly I felt the boat hit an obstruction and the carpenter was catapulted into the flume ahead. Fair was thrown forward on his face and I fell on Fair's back. In a matter of seconds he had the carpenter by the scruff of the neck, successfully dragging him back into the boat. . . ."

In the meantime, Flood and Herford riding the second boat had been gaining on the craft in front of them. With a lighter load and the full velocity of the water behind them, Flood and Herford braced themselves as their boat hit the stern of Randall's, throwing Flood and Herford on their faces, and flooding them with sheets of water. Jammed together, the pig-troughs swept across the terminal line at Hufaker's in a bursting cloud of spray.

Barely able to stand after the thirty-five minutes of tension-filled ride, the white-faced flume riders staggered about for moments and then began to wring out their clothes. Fair swore that they had traveled more than a mile a minute at times and added, philosophically, that he would "never again place himself on an equality with lumber and cordwood." It also became known that when Fair had rescued the carpenter from the flume, he had crushed his fingers.

Flood said he wouldn't make that ride again for all the gold and silver in the Consolidated Virginia Mine. Herford, while shaking the water from himself like a dog, snorted that he was sorry he ever built the damn flume in the first place. The carpenter, apparently still dazed, uttered nothing.

As for Randall, he was sure the ride had steamed up a speed that annihilated space. He now had a story for his paper, but had accepted his last challenge. V-flumes, he concluded, were made but for one thing—"the transportation of lumber and cordwood."

Hardluck General

(Continued from page 27)

adequate supplies.

The fall campaign in Montana capped Crook's comedy of boners. The Oglala Sioux under Crazy Horse had retreated into the Badlands of western Dakota. Crook and an army of 4,000 men were sent from Wyoming to track them down.

Once more he loaded up the old pack mules and, in late summer, the driest season of the year, moved into the Badlands. In a succession of disasters he ran out of supplies, water and grass. Forced to eat their horses, the cavalry struggled ahead on foot until an advance party under Captain Mills ran into the Indians. After a day-long struggle, Crook staggered on to haven at Deadwood, South Dakota, letting Crazy Horse get away (the old chief was defeated by Nelson Miles later that winter). Crook was reassigned to Arizona.

His old stamping grounds remained peaceful until March, 1883, when the Chiricahua Apaches under Geronimo decided they'd been pushed around enough

by corrupt white agents and went on the warpath.

Crook sent his army into the field. When he discovered the Chiricahuas were retreating across the international border into Mexican sanctuary, he made personal arrangements with the Mexican government to pursue the hostiles across the border. Disconcerted, the Chiricahuas decided they'd had enough playing hide-and-seek, and came in to surrender.

BUT NOW Crook ran afoul of politics and his dogged determination got sidetracked. A new Indian agent, C. D. Ford, began deliberately countermanding military orders. When the army hired Indians to dig an irrigation ditch, Ford took their picks and shovels. He appointed Indians as policemen and supervisory farmers who looked the other way when whiskey runners furnished the Chiricahuas with the liquor that sent them off the reservation again in May, 1885.

Crook protested directly to Washington. Washington made light of his blunt wire. Meanwhile his officers, accustomed to not reporting anything but the most important movements to Crook, failed to inform him of the drunken renegades. By the time he found out, the Apaches were 120 miles away and Crook, although he sent hard-riding columns to cover the escape routes and waterholes, was unable to stop them. Quickly he personally moved his headquarters to Fort Bayard in Lower New Mexico to direct the campaign.

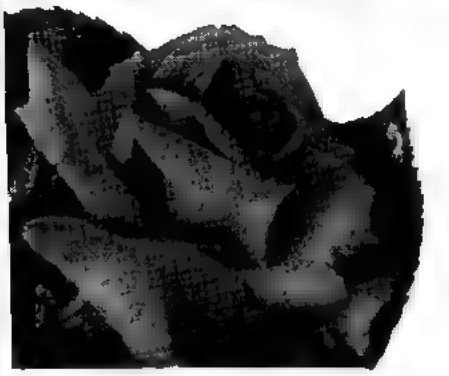
Now Washington got worried. General Sheridan sent Crook a wire saying President Hayes was deeply concerned about his recent actions. At the same time, Crook's junior officers, well to the south, captured Apache supply caches and made arrangements for peace talks. When everything was ready, they notified Crook. He packed his hunting gear and set off to meet Geronimo.

In all fairness to Crook it should be said that he tried to keep the promises he made to the Indians. But this time President Hayes had ordered unconditional surrender for the Apaches. Crook exchanged a series of bitter telegrams with Phil Sheridan but couldn't elicit any promises that the Indians' grievances would be considered. When Crook conveyed the order for complete surrender, the Apaches pulled out and escaped into Mexico again. Frustrated at every turn, diplomatically as well as militarily, Crook requested formal release from his command. In the summer of 1885 General Nelson A. Miles took over and after a series of brilliant campaigns had Geronimo in prison within a year.

Crook was booted upstairs. He got a major-generalship and command of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters in Chicago. Here there were no Indians to fight, no campaigns to direct. It was straight administrative work, and they say headquarters in Chicago looked like a business office, with everybody in civilian clothes and Crook happily active in sponsoring Indian improvement organizations, making speeches, and writing his memoirs.

It is only in these reminiscences that the final bitter realization of what he had been shows through. "I regret to say," he wrote, "that I learned too late that it was not what a person did, but it was what he got the credit for doing, that gave him a reputation."

Either way you read it, it's a fitting epitaph for Major-General George Crook, U. S. A.



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(All above trees are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

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MIMOSA, 4½ to 6 ft.	.79	2.29
*RED BUD; 5½ to 7 ft.	.89	2.59
*WHITE FL. DOGWOOD; 2½-4 ft.	.39	1.09
RED FL. PEACH, 2½-4 ft.	.89	2.59
PINK FL. DOGWOOD; 1-2 ft.	1.98	5.79
PINK FL. PEACH, 2½-4 ft.	.89	2.59
RED LEAF PLUM, 2½ to 4 ft.	.59	1.69
*TULIP TREE, 3½ to 5 ft.	.69	1.98
GOLDEN RAIN TREE; 1-2 ft.	.79	2.29
PURPLE LEAF PLUM; 2½ to 4 ft.	.89	2.59
RED BUCKEYE, ½ to 1 ft.	.49	1.39
GOLDEN CHAIN TREE; 1-2 ft.	.69	1.98
CHINESE RED BUD; 1-2 ft.	.59	1.69
PINK FL. CHERRY, 2-4 ft.	2.79	7.98
MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA; 1 to 2 ft.	1.69	4.79
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(All above trees are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

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*RHODODENDRON, ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
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NANDINAS; fiery red ones, 1 ft.	.59	1.69
RED BERRY PYRACANTHA, ½ to 1 ft.	.89	2.49
GARDEN A, white blooms, 1 to 1½ ft.	.59	1.69
BOXWOOD; dwarf, 1 yr., ½ to 1 ft.	.49	1.39
CAMELLIA SASANQUA, 1 ft.	.88	2.59
BURFORD HOLLY, ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
*CANADA HEMLOCK; 1 to 1½ ft.	.29	.79
BLACK HILLS SPRUCE, ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.89
WHITE SPRUCE, ½ to 1 ft.	.59	1.69
HETZI JUNIPER; spreading, 1 ft.	.89	2.59
PFITZER JUNIPER, low spreading, 1 ft.	.88	2.59
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(Above EVERGREENS are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

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SHASTA DAISY, root divisions	.19	.90
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ORIENTAL POPPY, scarlet	.25	1.19
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*VIOLETS, hardy, blue	.19	.90
*CHRISTMAS FERNS; for outdoors	.19	.90
TRITOMA, red hot poker	.19	.90
HARDY ASTERS, red, pink or blue	.19	.90
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(All PERENNIALS and BULBS are 1 yr. or older)

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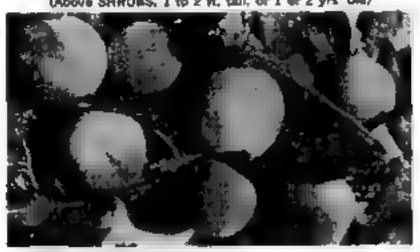
RED BARBERRY, 1 to 2 ft.	.49	2.39
BUTTERFLY BUSH; red	.89	4.29

(Above SHRUBS, 1 to 2 ft. tall, or 1 or 2 yrs. old)



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CHERRY TREES; Montmorency. Prices 1 to 2 ft. — 69¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea.; 3 to 4 ft. — $1.49 ea.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

LONG NEEDED!

The Horse in America (Follett, $6.95) by our old amigo, Robert West Howard, is a book that the equine buffs have needed for a long time. The carefully selected illustrations (they are numerous) and the scholarly "chronology" are worth the money but there is more—much more. Bob notes the development of the horse from what the great Western novelist, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, called "The Little Eohippus" to the many and varied types of horse today. There is an interesting chapter on the "Return of the Natives" and another on "The Puritan Cowboys" who drove the first fat cattle to market (Springfield on the Connecticut River to Boston) in 1655. That much neglected hybrid, the mule, is given a place in history. The development of the horse for special purposes and the influence of the horse on historical events are considered. This is not a book just for Westerners, but for all horse lovers. It is the result of four years of coast-to-coast research. There are many notes, a glossary, and an index. The illustrations include one by Frederic Remington and so well done is the choice of the art that it makes a most satisfactory pictorial history of the horse. Highly recommended.

HERALDRY OF THE RANGE

If you think you know cattle brands, you can really test yourself with *Irons in The Fire, Cattle Brand Lore* (Abelard-Schuman, $4.95) by Oren Arnold. Arnold's book is a dictionary, history, and encyclopedia on brands—all rolled into one. Furthermore, it proves that brands, designed to mark cattle some 4,000 years ago, have also left their mark on men and history. The Old West style of hell-for-leather, rope, tie, and burn branding is still practiced in some sections today. Ear-cutting, tattooing, and tagging are described as rather recent developments in identifying ownership. And modern innovations such as the "sleepy-gun" to immobilize difficult critters have come on the scene. Almost apologetically, the author devotes four short paragraphs to sheep branding, and devotes about equal space to the branding of insects for scientific study.

Only in Texas would college boys (to say nothing of girls) pledge their troth with a hot iron. Arnold recounts such an incident at Rice University. The colorful and varied discussions of branding contained in this book make it a must for Western or livestock buffs.

NEW MEXICO MYSTERIES

Another Verdict for Oliver Lee (Clarendon Press, Clarendon, Texas, $5.00) is a by-product of the intensive research on the life and writing of our greatest western novelist, Eugene Manlove Rhodes. W. H. Hutchinson devoted almost twenty years to that study. It was inevitable that he should be intrigued with Gene's couplet: "Fountain and Garrett and Lee and Fall, God have mercy upon us all."

It was just as sure that the disappearance of Colonel A. J. Fountain and his son and the questions of "Who killed Pat Garrett?" and "Who paid for it?" would come up time after time. Hutch lets the people who knew the men and the country and its mores tell the story -Gene Cunningham, Maurice Fulton, George Curry and Bob Mullins, among them. Did they, too, clear Oliver Lee? That would be tattling! This is an attractive book, enhanced with drawings by Harold and Olive Vandruff Bugbee, in an edition of 650 copies.

A PAIR ON THE YELLOWSTONE

The Valley of the Yellowstone (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75) by Charles W. Cook, David E. Folsom, and William Peterson is presented in this reconstructed version edited by Aubrey L. Haines. It is the story of the first several expeditions which led to the creation of our first national park. It is also number 47 in the American Exploration and Travel Series started in 1939 by the University of Oklahoma Press. The three men, hungry for adventure and anxious to map the country, and record facts about its natural phenomena, were able to confirm earlier reports and to dispel some of the confusion and mystery of the area. As historians of the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Haines has been able to reconstruct the most complete picture yet of this brief, exciting exploration.

60 Miles of Photo History (privately printed by the authors, Pray, Montana, $1.00) is a pictorial history of the Upper Yellowstone Valley. Despite the obvious age of many of the photos, they have reproduced well. A special feature of this booklet is the title "He Left His Name on the Map" that appears above the photos of nearly twenty of the pioneers. Bill and Doris Whithorn have done a good job and it is a bargain.

"WHITE CHIEF OF THE PAWNEES"

Pawnee Bill (University of Nebraska Press, $1.50) by Glenn Shirley is Bison Book 331. The policy of this Press in keeping good Western books "in print" rather than reprinting the old classics has been applauded before in this column. To be sure, there is a place for both kinds of reprints. Shirley's biography of Major Gordon W. Lillie, showman, rancher, banker and friend of the Indians is certainly a book that should be kept "in print" and the price is right.

A PARTICIPANT SPEAKS!

The Battle of Sand Creek (W. M. Morrison, Box 3277, Waco, Texas, $6) is by Morse H. Coffin. Alan W. Farley of Kansas City, Kansas, an erudite member of the KC Posse of the Westerners and of the Kansas State Historical Society, wrote the introduction, and edited

and annotated Coffin's account for its first book appearance. It did appear as a series of letters in the *Colorado Sun*, 1878-9. Sand Creek is of one of the most controversial of all Indian affairs—labeled a "massacre" by many. Coffin did not like all the things that happened during his service in the Third Colorado Volunteer Cavalry—and he said so. This book is a must for the historians of the Indian wars and for those who like to keep the record straight. There are some fine photos and this is an attractive job of book making. Recommended.

SOCIAL HISTORY

Far Above Rubies (Naylor, $3.95) by Chloe Holt Glessner is a family history and tribute to Chloe's mother, Bertha Holt. Soon after the Holt family moved into frontier territory in Oklahoma in the early 1900s, the husband of Bertha Holt died, leaving her with seven children to raise. As the oldest child, Chloe was vividly aware of the problems the family faced and of her mother's heroic efforts to provide for her brood. From life in a dugout shelter and stark poverty, the family progressed through various modern conveniences and eventually had a house in town. This book is a vivid story of family life in rural America sans benefits of the Great Society.

Remember When (privately printed by the author, 919 E. 7th St., Spencer, Iowa 51301, $2.00) is the nostalgic recollections of the happenings in Clay County, Iowa, by Don Buchan. Human interest plus—the Drake Estate swindle; the James boys; Dime Novels and of course, the tragedies that occur in even the quietest communities. Don is a right good yarn spinner—we liked most of them.

AMERICAN INDIANS

James C. Olson's *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* (University of Nebraska Press, $5.95) is a scholarly, entertaining account of the difficult transition of the Sioux from the warrior lords of the Northern Plains to reservation Indians. This is not a biography of Red Cloud and as Dr. Olson states in the foreword, it will not replace the George E. Hyde books about the Sioux. It does supplement and complement Hyde, with whom the author does not always agree.

Red Cloud, a great war leader of the Ogalala, was the most consistent and persistent advocate of preserving the historic Indian way-of-life among the Sioux. He left the Fort Laramie treaty council of 1866 in a huff when Carrington and his troops arrived during the negotiations. Carrington's troubles are too well known to dwell on here but Red Cloud's demands that the forts on the Bozeman Road be abandoned were met before he finally signed a treaty, subject to his interpretations, in 1868.

Red Cloud proved to be quite an interpreter—he was astute (most of the time), eloquent on occasion, he knew how to ask embarrassing questions and when to press his demands. The struggle for control of Indian affairs between the Army and Indian Bureau certainly added to the confusion—Red Cloud dealt with both and the answers were often different. The Red Cloud—McGillycuddy controversy is dealt with at some length in this book. Both made mistakes but in Dr. Olson's objective appraisal they seem to have been honest mistakes. This is recommended reading for all students of Indian history. It is thoroughly annotated, there is a lengthy bibliography, an index and illustrations, including a terrific series of photos of Red Cloud made in the period 1872 to 1900.

Karankawa Boy (Naylor, $2.95) by Audrey Adams is a book for young readers based on fact and legend. The Karankawa Tribe of Indians occupied the area of the Gulf Coast between the Trinity and Nueces Rivers in Texas. They were rovers, living on fish, oysters, and waterfowl obtained from the Gulf and the adjacent marshlands. They were an unreliable, dirty, crafty, and sometimes cannibalistic lot. The white man found the Karankawa could be a ruthless fighter. He would also seek refuge in the Spanish Missions, more to ease his hunger and escape from irate settlers than to seek spiritual guidance. Against this background of danger, excitement and depravity, the author tells the story of young Kwash, the Chief's son. As he develops from childhood to youth, then later becomes chief, it is obvious that even the "Kronks" weren't all bad.

Ritual of the Bacabs (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) translated and edited by Ralph L. Roys is a book of Maya Indian incantations. It was translated from a Maya colonial manuscript, never before published in any language. The forty-two incantations give added insight into the religion of the Mayas. The title comes from the four Bacabs, the deities who held up the sky. In addition to the translated incantations, the book contains a transcription from the original language of the Maya Indians of Yucatan, a glossary of Maya terms, and an appendix of related materials. This book is Volume 77 in The Civilization of the American Indian Series.

3 Would Be a Crowd

(Continued from page 33)

nobody." She glanced toward Pete's cabin.

"Day after I buried Mike, I worked right on. Had to get out a promised shipment of ore. I had bad luck, too. Two miles from home I broke my right arm. Had to drive that old 1927 Chevy in low gear with one hand to get back here. Then I waited three hours before somebody happened along to take me to Barstow to a doc to splint up my arm."

In answer to my question, Nora set down her coffee cup and smiled: "Excitement? Nothing, anymore. Plenty in the old days. When Ben Redfield was found dead in bed from a bullet—four days later—it was sort of exciting, until the doc pronounced it 'suicide.' Doc said Ben didn't die from the bullet hole but from loss of blood."

Nora Merrick's hands, gnarled and toughened from work, lay folded quietly in her lap. "Guess farm life in Norway prepared me for mining. I'm not much of a church-goer and I'm not the other way either. I believe if you treat folks right you're as good a Christian as anybody.

"I don't mind hard work. It's that blamed old Chevy always giving me troubles. The walking I have to do when it stalls. I'm a good walker, though. Last time it broke down I was half-way home from Barstow with a load of groceries. It was 120 degrees in the shade and no shade. I couldn't leave my groceries behind. I carried 'em several miles and my arms give out. So I dug holes under greasewood bushes and buried the stuff, to get later. I'd walked several miles when the 'Copper Queen'—working some good claims up here—comes along with

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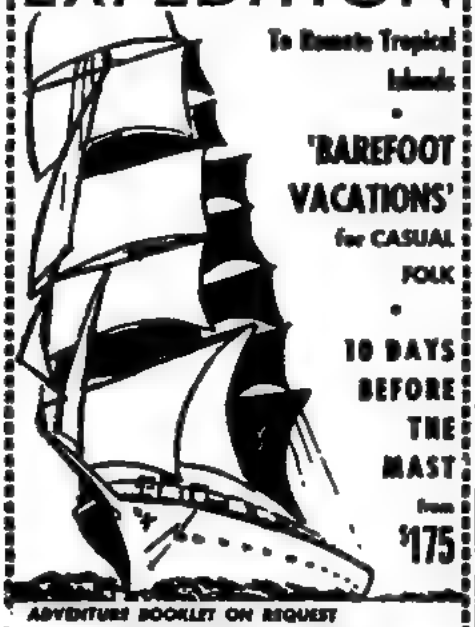

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her brand new husband. She didn't like it much when they had to drive me back to Barstow to get a mechanic to fix that old Chevy.

"One time I had tons of ore up at the mine ready for shipment. That old car wouldn't even cough. So I had to load that ore in a wheelbarrow and bring it down the hill to the trailer—I hauled it in behind the Chevy—and send to Barstow for help. That's the way it turned out the week I buried poor Mike—God rest his soul," she said reverently.

Nora skipped mentioning Pete when she said her nearest neighbor lived three miles distant, and she thought nothing of walking there and back on a hot day for a visit. "If it's awful hot," she explained, "I walk a while, sit a while and never notice it."

A happy glow came into the blue-gray eyes. "Oh, I went back to Norway once in 1934, second class on *Frederick the Eighth*. Stayed seven months. It was nice but I got homesick. Mining was stronger than old home ties. I was glad to get back to Mike and this cabin."

I asked Nora what she would do with the money if she ever really hit it rich at one of her mines.

She brightened, poured another round of coffee and said, "I'm going to buy clothes, a lot of clothes, dress up and go visit old friends in Canada. When I get home I'm going to buy a new car. Not one of these real new ones, but a high-up-off-the-ground car that'll travel this desert country without dragging its belly over sandy ruts and stuff. Then I'm going to sell my mining claims and just set back here in my own house and take life easy."

It took a bit of doing but we finally inveigled Nora up to Pete's cabin. He greeted her cordially. We got pictures of them and, by the time we left, Pete and Nora were again good neighbors.

Today old Goldstone itself is seldom visited. Its buildings are falling into decay. Regardless of old-timers' beliefs that a fortune can still be dug out of every foot of this district, empty ore buckets dangle from windlasses. Only a few are keeping up assessment work on what was once thought to be rich diggings.

Goldstone is still open to prospectors. A few weekenders go into the area and placer enough free gold to keep them in grub. You can try your luck. Maybe *you* will be the one to hit that fabulous mother lode.

Circle: Where the Road Dead-ends

(Continued from page 47)

tween those who would live in it. Cabins were never locked, and it was expected that travelers would enter, bed down by the warmth of a fire, and help themselves to food if they were out of provisions.

Eventually, federal law officers replaced the miner's meeting at Circle, and a log jail was constructed. During the winter months a curious announcement was nailed to the door: "Notice, all prisoners must report by nine o'clock p.m., or they will be locked out for the night. By order of the U.S. Marshal."

This seems less like an Alice-in-Wonderland lockup when one considers that Circle was several hundred miles of rough travel in sub-zero weather from the nearest possible escape point. There were no escapes attempted.

WINTER temperatures in the area range from −20° to −70°, although at that time there were no thermometers in town. A cold snap then was judged by the bottles of quicksilver, whiskey, kerosene, and Perry Davis Painkiller set out in front of McQuesten's store. They froze in ascending order. When even the Perry Davis Painkiller went solid, few ventured outside, for a man could be sure his spit would freeze before it hit the ground, and the chill of in-drawn breath would stab at his lungs.

Intense cold, as well as violent heat, can drive men mad. At least one resident of Circle attempted suicide, a man named Johnson, who tried to cut his throat while very intoxicated. Although he got in some good gashes, he was unsuccessful. Friends stitched him up; he grew a great black beard to hide the scars, and thereafter took pride in the nickname of Cut-Throat Johnson.

By 1896, Circle had a population of 1,200. In the spring, gardens and flower beds sprouted on roof-tops, where heat from wood stoves thawed the sod while the ground was still frozen rock hard. The Episcopal Church bought land for a hospital, and a government school was built. From the twenty-two saloons, festivities continued feverishly, night and day. Men began to predict that Circle might well become the largest American city north of Seattle.

Then during the winter of 1896-97, rumors of a distant gold strike upriver sifted through the town. By Christmas the spectacular tales of hills riveted together with gold had intensified. Businessmen and miners, dancehall queens and trappers began packing.

When the midnight sun lay over Circle that summer, its soft, eerie light picked out the shapes of a ghost town. Boarded saloons fronted deserted streets where half-wild dogs ran in packs. Wind rushed in through open doors and broken windows of empty cabins.

The Klondike stampede had started. All along the Yukon its lure would eclipse the strikes and towns that had preceded it.

Mining—The Game with No Rules

(Continued from page 31)

brothers to trade with them. Their credit was good anywhere. Why not? The difference between a genius and an idiot is a good vein of high-grade ore!

Remembering their hardships for so many years, the Longs didn't succumb to the high-pressuring promoters who repeatedly tried to purchase their property. Over and over their answer was the same.

"What's good for you is good for us," they said. "If you can make money, so can we."

And make money they did. Before long they had several miners employed, and the Longs began producing on a substantial scale. In a few years they were wealthy men.

They paid off their debts and helped everyone who had ever assisted them. And just to prove that the Longs were great-hearted fellows, when they made their big strike they cut their old friend, C. W. Derry, in for a third share, even though he had not been a partner at the time of the discovery. Jacob went "Alger" all the way.

MOST MINING MEN would consider the discovery of the Colorado Central, again on the flank of Leavenworth Mountain, two miles above Georgetown, a fantastically fortuitous find. Dozens of prospectors sought for the lode, three men felt the hot breath of Lady Luck on

Denver Public Library Western Collection

The Lamartine mine workings (on the hill to the left) overlooked the village of Lamartine, partly shown in the valley at lower right.

their necks, but only one glimpsed her coy smile.

One of the three men, M. B. Shelton, a former Georgetown schoolteacher-turned-prospector, tells the story but he waited nearly fifty years and sometimes his memory fails to bring forth the correct names.

Shelton and a partner shared a cabin with an old-timer named Webster, for whom he failed to recall a first name. Webster was a good-hearted, good-natured, likeable cuss, but he cared little for work. For a few weeks out of the year, when water was available, the old boy panned or sluiced on his placer claim, although unenthusiastically.

When broke, he would pick around on nearby dumps, sorting and cobbing out enough ore to pay for his groceries. In those days, before anyone knew about social security or old-age benefits, mine owners let old-timers and high school kids paw over the dumps to earn a bit of spending money. For a time he had a miner friend working on the night shift who would dump an occasional car of high-grade ore on a pre-arranged part of the waste dump, the two splitting the profits.

Even when the money came easy, Webster found it hard to prod himself into laboring for a living. He idled away most of his time, just sitting on his duffer, thinking. He panicked at the thought of a single jack or the working end of a "muck stick."

Webster envisioned himself as a scientist of sorts. His method of exploring for ore was that of doodlebugging, so prevalent then, particularly in witching for water. His scientific apparatus consisted of a mineral bob, which he contended was a vast improvement over divining rods, water switches, caducean wands, or any other of a host of items for which people had made claims. His mineral bob comprised a cartridge shell, partially filled with amalgam (this generally an alloy of mercury with another metal or metals—often the metal being sought for, as in the case of the deposits on Leavenworth Mountain, silver), with two pieces of whalebone stuck into it and fastened there by a wooden peg driven between them. Like most gadgets of this sort, it was Y-shaped.

When divining, Webster held the shafts of whalebone in his hands in such a manner that the bob stood out in front of him, tilted upward, and in crossing a body of mineral matter the bob would dip down, either toward him or away from him, supposedly without any assistance on his part. The old divinator made no claim of knowing how deep an ore body might lie below the surface (typical of most doodlebuggers), or how rich the silver values might run. He ascertained quantity, not quality.

When asked for an explanation of the theory behind his instrument, he explained that his nervous system acted similarly to a battery. There was an electric current between his mineral bob and any body of mineral below him. While his silver amalgam seemed an improvement over the "silver dollar in a crotch," no one thought to question him about the shielding effect of the metal cartridge case.

Having heard enough of the doodlebugger's harangue, Shelton decided to put him to the acid test. All he stood to lose was time and energy. Webster agreed. One morning in mid-winter of 1871-72, the prospectors struck out for Leavenworth Mountain, like "the blind following the blind." The air was cold and crisp, and the ground was covered with snow, at times waist deep. They hiked along the Georgetown and Argentine Wagon Road, until they came to the portal of a tunnel being driven by William P. Linn, a friend of Webster. Shelton remembers Linn as "Glenn," but he leaves no doubt as to his proper identity.

Old Bill Linn was the direct opposite of his friend Webster, particularly when it came to work. He was a "loner" from the "original school of prospectors," a hardy miner from California, having mined there during the rush. Wiry and tough, he could subsist on the leavings

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Geologists say gems are made by volcanic heat and pressure. Who am I to say? I have spent sixty of my eighty years in this wonderful Southwest, where some have found wealth and many have found death in its mountains and deserts. I have found health, happiness and contentment.

"Legend says their tears turned to stone."

John C. Pruet

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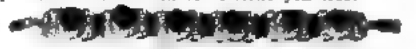

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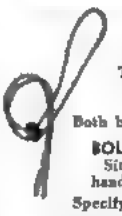

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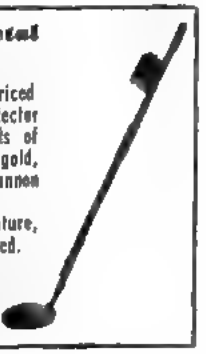

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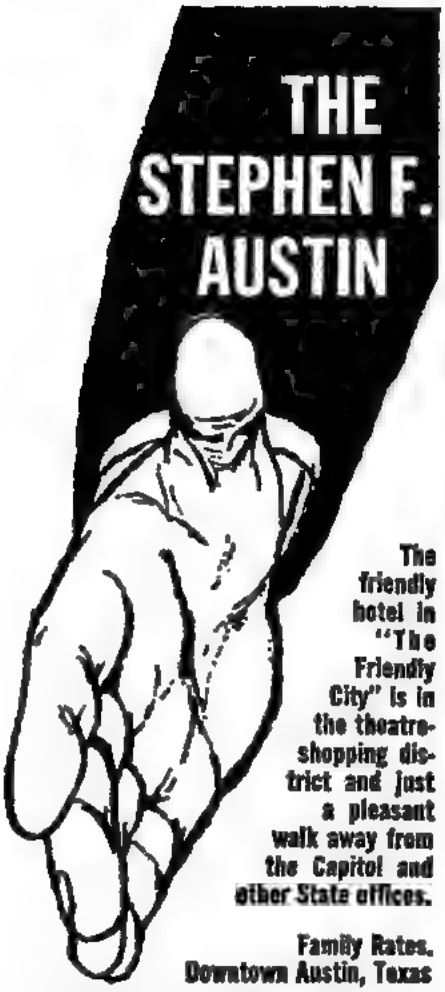

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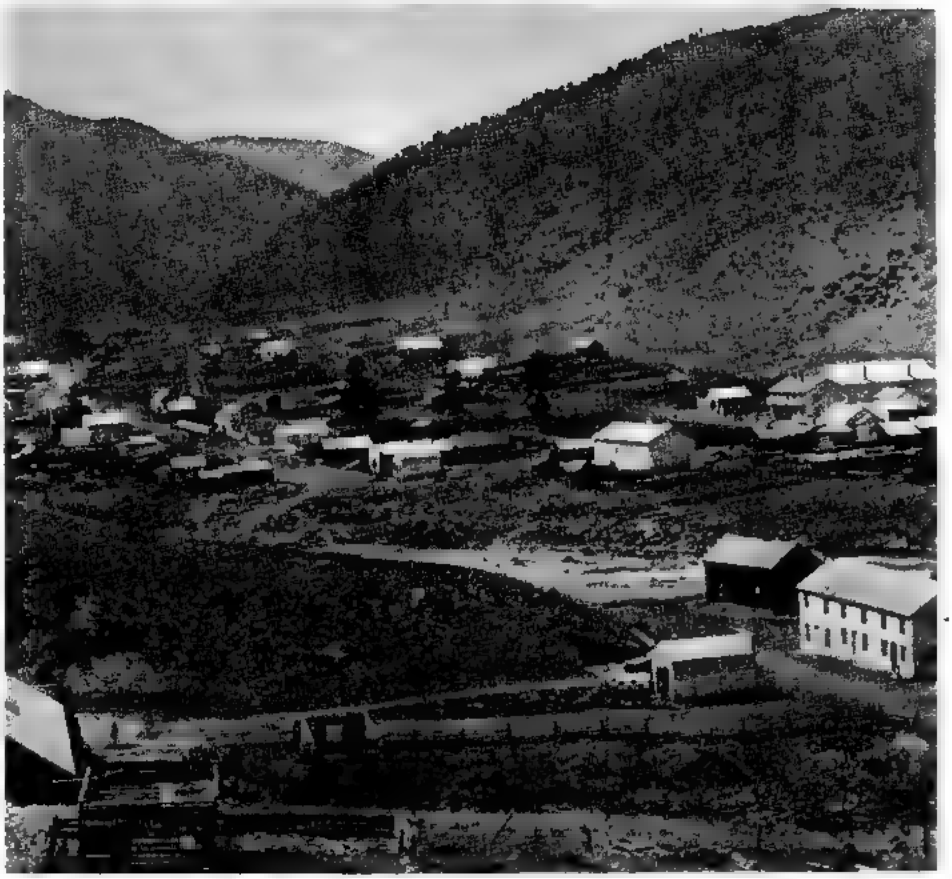

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Idaho Springs, one of Colorado's first towns as it appeared in the 1860s.

of a coyote. Even though nearly sixty years of age, he worked alone, single-jacking with 5/8ths steel and a 4-pound sledge. As a prospector, Linn had been thwarted for twenty years, but nothing seemed to dent his spirit. He batched in a small cabin on South Clear Creek, in the mining camp which subsequently became known as Silver Dale. A saloon keeper, remembered only as Tobe, grubstaked Linn.

Linn had one failing—liquor. He knew it and Tobe knew it. Bill didn't attempt to do anything about it, but Tobe did. Tobe put Bill on a ration. Linn didn't cotton much to the idea, but his grubstake depended on it and he realized his shortcomings. When he disappeared behind the swinging doors and "bellied up to the bar," he lost all resistance.

Every morning, before breakfast, he walked two miles to Georgetown for half his daily ration of liquor, a goblet holding one-third of a pint. At the end of the day, before supper, he repeated the routine, regardless of the weather. Eight miles a day he hiked, in addition to a full day of mining, just for two-thirds of a pint of whiskey.

After they left Linn, Webster confided to Shelton that "Linn was working one of his locations." They went past Linn's tunnel and up the flank of Leavenworth Mountain. Finally the would-be scientist produced his bob and began "gyrating around" like a coon hound who has lost the trail. He worked back and forth, up and down, and along the mountain flank. Then, suddenly, he shook, shuddered, and nearly stumbled, the current surging through his body, the mineral bob yo-yoing against the elastic springiness of the whalebone handles. Nodding significantly at Shelton, he crisscrossed the area and zigzagged around, with the same results, and he kicked the snow away and marked the spot. It would be a large body of ore, he said, but he couldn't determine the depth or grade.

SHELTON noted the lack of timber at this locale and asked Webster to make a second location, one closer to town but higher on the hill, in the trees. Once again, the old man went through a series of strange, bouncing, drunken-like, ants-in-the-pants antics. He stuck a stake in the ground and they went back to town, Webster badly spent after his exhausting, "electrifying" day.

Because of the timber, Shelton decided on the second location and, with a partner, started to sink a shaft. After driving forty feet, they abandoned the project without any sign of mineral. It was a case of winning yet losing. They had more or less disproved the old man's powers of divination, yet they would have welcomed a vein of ore. They intended to chide their cabin mate that evening but the old boy looked so dejected that they didn't have the heart, even suggesting that they might take a whirl at the first location.

This they did. Shelton and an associate constructed a flume from Leavenworth Creek and built a reservoir, planning to "boom" the first location. Shelton had helped to organize the Leavenworth Boom Ditch Company. Booming was used extensively by the early miners. The method was to build a reservoir on a hillside, fill it with water, then suddenly release the head of water which rushed down the hillside, washing or booming away the overburden, so that bedrock was eventually exposed. As the glacial overburden on Leavenworth Mountain amounted to somewhere between 50 and 100 feet in thickness, booming proved much easier than shafting.

Unfortunately in this case, the boom ditch had to cross the Georgetown and Argentine Wagon Road, and an injunction was served on Shelton, restraining him and halting the project.

Meanwhile Old Man Linn plugged away, tirelessly. He reached what he

considered the extension of the Equator vein, drove across it, took some channel samples to Georgetown for assay, and found that the vein held no promise, as the silver values were low. His bad luck held out—six months of hard labor with a Dago hammer, with nothing to show for it. Linn just headed for another location. Now Webster had failed twice; he had two strikes against him.

Ironically, Will Linn chose the first spot the doodlebugger had made for Shelton. Nobody in his right mind would have considered this spot seriously for, in addition to the lack of timber, it was completely covered with glacial overburden, with not a sign of a vein or fault at the surface.

He had no recourse except to sink a shaft. Again he worked all alone, picking the gravel, boulders and clay free, or blasting with long fuse when the rock was fairly consolidated, climbing the ladderway, cutting and snaking timber to the shaft by hand while he waited for the blast and the air to clear, climbing back down, mucking his winze bucket full, climbing to the surface, windlassing the muck and dumping it, repeating this procedure until the whole round had been surfaced, going down to timber or repair the sets damaged by the blast, starting the cycle again, repeating the process time after time and day after day.

Yet every morning and every night he walked to Georgetown for his precious ration of liquor, a humorous figure, tall, lean, gangling, a scarecrow like apparition, wearing the same slouched, crumpled hat and frayed, colored woolen shirt. His rope-belted, baggy, suspender-suspended breeches, bouncing up and down with their load of samples, looked as if they might disappear into the huge, shapeless boots at any minute.

Days passed, and weeks. Then Linn broke through to bedrock and when he had mucked out the last round, he stared in amazement at a two-foot vein of solid mineral. His war-whoop could have carried to Central City. He grabbed some samples and headed for town. The assays ran upwards of 1,000 ounces of silver per ton. Linn let out another war-whoop and headed for Tobe's bar. Tonight he would have all the liquor he could consume. No more rationing for William P.

There was never a question about the Colorado Central vein from the start. Old-timers called it the "mother-lode" and it stayed in bonanza for a long time. The ore often milled thousands of dollars per ton and portions of the vein were so rich in lead and silver that it would not pulverize under the stamps. When Linn finally got off his bender, he often made $2,500 to $5,000 in a day's time, working alone.

But what about Webster? He disappeared. A few days prior to Linn's discovery in September, 1872, he sold his placer claim, loaded his worldly possessions on a burro, and struck out for a new camp. Perhaps the old man didn't feel up to having another location turn sour on him. He left no tracks. No one ever heard of him again. He just vanished into the mountains, never knowing that his doodlebug location turned out to be the best strike ever made on Leavenworth Mountain, or in the whole Georgetown district.

In the end, with the doodlebugger gone, Linn wasn't too gracious about giving Webster any credit in the discovery, even though he had no logical explanation as to why he had chosen that particular spot for his shaft, blan-

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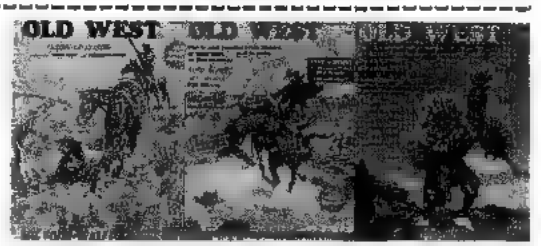

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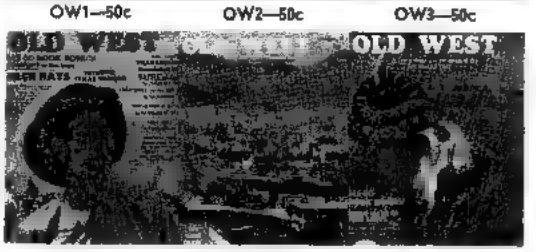

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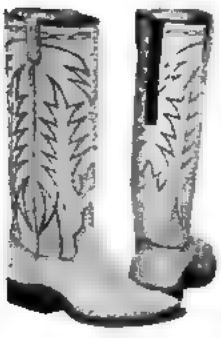

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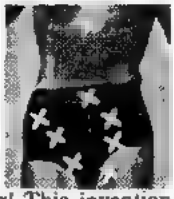

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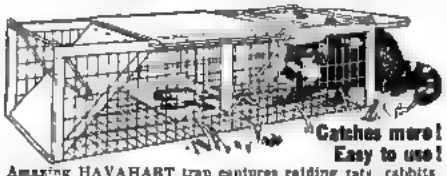

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Silver Dale, Colorado—1890s. Two miles above Georgetown, Silver Dale existed only while the Colorado Central Mine operated. Will Linn batched in a cabin here while he prospected Leavenworth Mountain on the extreme right.

keted as it was by the thick overburden. He told people in town that he searched for the extension of the Hidden Treasure vein, but at this location it had long since pinched out. Webster wasn't around to defend his scientific apparatus; neither was he around when the dividends were passed out.

The strike on the Colorado Central vein caused Shelton to wonder if there didn't exist a "gray-eyed destiny in the affairs of men," for he and his partners had rejected this site once because of the lack of timber and had been restrained from booming it; otherwise, he might have discovered the Colorado Central vein himself.

During Shelton's stay in Colorado, he had turned down a chance for a third interest in the famous Dives Mine, had missed out on a chance at the even more prolific Pelican Mine, and had walked away from his discovery on the Pulaski Mine. We cannot find out what happened to Webster and Linn in the end, but we know about Shelton. He decided to go back to teaching school, and he had picked up some good stories to tell the kids.

MINING IS ONE GAME in which women have played a background role. Not that they weren't important; not that they haven't figured decisively in the outcome many times; but the old miners decided that a female had her place. A woman could be bad luck, and for that reason an old Cornish miner would never let a woman underground. He placed no reliance on her viewpoint. He never considered his own ways strange even though he wasted days playing a hunch, lived by a passel of worn-out adages, guided himself by rules-of-thumb, believed in ghosts, succumbed to the dubious theories proposed by doodlebuggers, believed in a thousand superstitious notions, and might even allow himself to be swayed by the direction his burro took out of camp; yet a woman's intuition left him cold.

Imagine, then, the surprise of Oscar Kempf when his wife, Belle (occasionally written Bell), announced one morning at the breakfast table that she knew where there was a silver mine. It was 1913, and J. O. Kempf was prospecting southeast of Eagle in Eagle County. Surface showings were numerous and had attracted many prospectors. Kempf had walked the country for miles around, without coming up with a likely prospect. Naturally his curiosity perked up with Belle's announcement, for she rarely left the cabin.

"Where?" he asked.

"South of Horse Mountain," Belle replied.

"Silver won't exist there," Oscar snorted.

Then he asked his wife where she had gotten her silly notion about the flank of Horse Mountain. She had seen it in a dream, she said.

Oscar nearly choked. He laughed derisively. Now wasn't that just like a female? He gulped down his coffee, patted Belle on the head, and set out to spend another day in the hills.

About a week later, Belle brought up the subject again, saying her dream had been repeated, identical in every respect. Kempf enjoyed another chuckle at his wife's expense. Don't they beat all, he told the boys.

His fellow prospectors really howled about "the possibility of silver in such rocks, as no trained mining man would have considered it seriously."

But when Kempf's wife had the identical dream for the third time, he said he would take a look-see. It was not to satisfy his own curiosity as much as it was to prove how utterly stupid her silly dreams actually were. He even suggested that she come along, "just so she could see for herself."

Packing two lunches, they started out. Kempf let her lead the way. After all, this was sort of her party. Belle appeared to have no trouble with the surroundings. After three dreams she knew the terrain as well as the interior of the cabin. Her husband chuckled as they came up to and hiked along a sandstone ledge. A silver vein in sandstone? Impossible! And he ought to know. Hadn't he walked a million miles, more or less,

looking for outcrops? Every miner he had ever talked with had derided any suggestion of silver's being found in sandstone. Copper, maybe. Gold, sometimes. But not silver. And the Brush Creek area was a silver district. Wouldn't he have a speech ready the next time Belle came up with some screwball notion!

Well, Kempf never had a chance for any speeches, or for that I-told-you-so laugh. His wife led him directly to her vein.

"See!" she said. "There it is, just like I said."

He stared disbelievingly. There it was, just where she had said it would be, the prettiest vein he had ever looked upon, the wallrock sandstone alongside the fault tinged a blue-green from the oxidized copper minerals, azurite and malachite.

Still he remained dubious. Oscar knew a nickel's worth of copper could stain a whole mountainside blue or green. Assays convinced him that the vein was of economic importance, but not for copper. Silver was the predominant mineral. Kempf lost no time in staking some claims on the flank of Horse Mountain. Eight claims in all were laid out and patented, all eight including the name Lady Bell.

Even after the claims started to produce, Kempf indicated his prejudice about the country rock which hosted the vein. To a reporter for the Red Cliff *News*, he admitted, "this frying pan silver out of a grindstone is certainly a new one on him."

Returns from the first carload brought $82.50 per ton and the next four carloads averaged considerably higher. Between 1913 and 1918 the Brush Creek district produced about 200,000 ounces of silver, most of which came from the Lady Bell Mine.

The Lady Bell never became outstanding, but it made a nice living for the Kempfs. And Oscar learned that there is something more to prospecting, and life in general, than hard work and know-how.

After all, why get involved with all that hard work when your wife could just "dream up" a mine?

ONE OF THE great, yet little known, characters to invade Colorado was James W. Whitlatch, miner, prospector, mine manager, promoter, and "one of the simon-pure originals of the wild West." Unlike Tabor who lucked onto a good thing and then continuously increased his assets with his Midas-like touch, Jim Whitlatch made and spent several fortunes.

Undoubtedly he could have created an empire as vast as that of Hearst, had he handled his affairs as wisely. He was not a scientific miner, but he was one of the best judges of a mineral prospect the western mining regions ever knew. Uncanny, they called him. When he looked down a shaft or "skinned an eyeball along the hanging wall," he seemed to know intuitively what lay hidden from sight.

Maybe Jim was too human. He liked to live. He stayed with a prospect only long enough to "dress it up" for sale. Then he took his money and headed for San Francisco. Women, wine, cards, and horses played an important role in his fabulous career, especially women. As soon as the money vanished, he went back out in the hills.

Whitlatch, in 1864, made a discovery at White Pine, Nevada, which contained some of the richest silver ore ever found in the States, often running upwards of $14,000 per ton. Another discovery was the great Whitlatch-Union Mines in Montana. He also made considerable money on the Granite Mountain Mine in the same State. In Nevada, he operated on the fabulous Comstock Lode during its bonanza period, and he made a killing on the sale of stock to San Francisco millionaires. His predictions of the reserves at the Comstock turned out to be closer than those of any engineer who ever visited the various properties, and gained him considerable reputation. Every great mining camp of the West felt his influence at some time.

Just how much Whitlatch earned during his lifetime is not known. The White Pine Mine supposedly netted him over $200,000. After sale of his interests in the Whitlatch-Union Mines he was reputedly worth over $650,000. On two other occasions, at least, he netted $150,000 or more on the sale of mining properties. Dozens of small mines were promoted by him. Each time he took his money and headed for a fancy hotel in San Francisco, and there he remained until the pretty girls and the gaming tables reduced him to nothing except his

Oro City in 1873, just prior to Jacob Long's strike. Abe Lee built the first cabin here, and H. A. W. Tabor operated one of the stores in the background.

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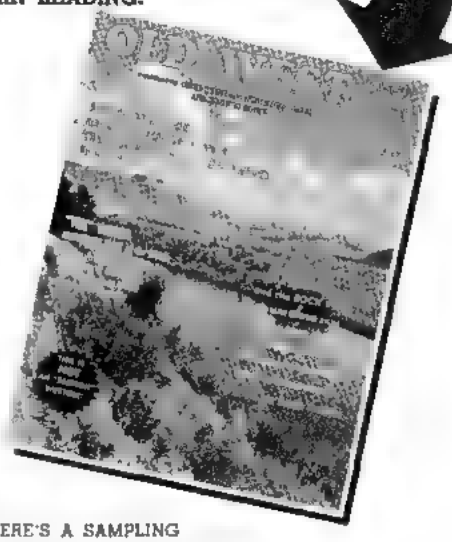

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fancy clothes. Well, not really—Jim always left town while he still had a few thousand dollars left, which held out until he could get his hands on some more.

Whitlatch visited Colorado on several whirlwind trips and lived in Fairplay on two different occasions during the early and late '80s. Never has anyone landed in South Park with such a flourish, before or after. Negro body-servants, high-stepping horses, splendid carriages and fancy ladies always accompanied him. He smoked only the best cigars. Saloons thrived while he was around for he was not only a big spender, but a good-hearted spender. Jim always bought the drinks. Lavish tipping was a trademark. A pretty girl soon learned that a nice smile and a cheery "good morning" gained a handsome reward.

During his stay in Fairplay he carried on a running feud with the editors of the *Flume*, this paper frequently lambasting him for his life of dissipation. Between the lines you can sense that they didn't exactly like his method of promoting properties. Referring to the Kansas Mine, near Montgomery, the *Flume* suggested that Whitlatch both "managed and mismanaged" the property, which he had "inveigled" Boston capitalists to purchase. Naturally Jim got a good-sized cut of the sale price. He was also paid a handsome salary to manage the property, but most of his time was spent looking for other deals, for other sales.

These included the Mudsill and several around Leadville and along the Mosquito Range, like the New York Mine which he induced London financiers to purchase. Jim was one of many in that era who played the sucker game of "baiting Englishmen." Even when the mines lost money, Jim made out all right.

Finally Whitlatch seemed to sense that the "string was running out." When he returned to Fairplay in 1889, he confessed to the editors of the *Flume* that he had been a fool to have wasted all his opportunities. His touch for promotion seemed to vanish with his confession. Despondent, he returned to San Francisco, hoping to get enough backing to return to Colorado.

With time running out, and flat broke, Whitlatch grew discouraged and never left his dingy hotel room during his last weeks. In 1890, rather than face the humiliation of begging for a handout, Jim shot himself.

JUST WHY some Colorado miners were lucky, or others unlucky, remains an enigma. After reviewing the lives of many, one is still at a loss for clues. There appears to be no set pattern, no equation which will satisfy all the variables, all the unknown factors.

One thing for sure, the lucky ones weren't always the nice type. Neither were they necessarily the ones with the background, training, or the know-how. What then?

Optimism certainly fits into the picture, somewhere. In those days a prospector chanced onto a bonanza and theorized on his discovery afterwards. The fact that *anyone* could luck into a fabulous strike brought *everyone* "rushing" into a likely region. Nearly *everyone* managed to get to Pikes Peak. At least 40,000 have been estimated to have participated in that feverish run for gold.

"PIKES PEAK OR BUST" flaunted the banners on the wagons racing pell-mell across the prairies in 1859. Gold fever raged for weeks—a mass epidemic. Disgruntled, many returned home—"BUSTED." A few hardy souls stayed on. Scattered bands of diggers radiated out into surrounding areas like California Gulch, out of Leadville, where on April 6, 1860, John O'Farrell, in breaking through the ice to get water for his breakfast coffee, inadvertently dug into the sand of the creek bed, and found gold. (This story has also been attributed to Abe Lee, mentioned elsewhere. One of the two reportedly said, "By God, I've got California in this here pan.")

Breakfast came late that morning, and there was more than one story in O'Farrell's coffee pot. Just as he noted with satisfaction the bright glints of yellow metal, he also observed small pieces of porphyry, which reminded him of conditions similar to those he had noted in the sands of the Feather River in California.

O'Farrell soon forgot about the porphyry, as did the hordes of bearded men who followed, trapped as they were by the mirage of gold. Up to 1875, these miners disgustedly threw out chunks of heavy mineral, which irritatingly interfered with saving the gold. No one realized that this dirty, iron-stained, oxidized stuff which glutted their sluice boxes was rich in lead and silver. Then, in 1875, A. B. Wood, digging a ditch to bring water to his placer, dug up a piece of lead in the topsoil. He dug through the overburden and landed on an ore body. Everybody forgot about gold.

THEN August Rische and George Hook, two German shoemakers, finagled a $17 grubstake out of Tabor, finding, surprisingly enough, a jug of whiskey among their provisions. They voted to have a nip on Fryer Hill. The vote carried unanimously. One drink led to another. Several nips led to an afternoon nap. Rousing from their nap, they foggily decided to sink a shaft right there. Had they moved fifty feet either way, or had they dug anywhere else on Fryer Hill, they would have been disappointed. That's the story of the Little Pittsburg. The rest is rip-roaring history.

Now back to Pikes Peak. In the spring of 1884, wild rumors spread throughout the state of a fabulous discovery. News noised about the saloons, traveled like a prairie fire. A second rush ensued. Walking, riding horses, riding in buggies and wagons, traveling all night, prospectors swarmed in from all directions and, by break of day, 4,000 men had gathered at Mt. Pisgah. Gold was not found in paying quantities. The result was another fiasco, and the biggest drunk in the history of Colorado.

Two bottles accounted for this second fiasco, both ancient history to the miner. A bottle of whiskey helped spread the wild rumors; a bottle of high-grade gold chloride was used to salt the hillsides. Appropriately enough, a graveyard sprang up at the scene of this activity.

Small wonder, then, that the news of a third strike in 1891 went unheeded. Like the cry "Wolf!" the cry "Gold!" fell on deaf ears. Nevertheless, at the top of Bull Cliffs, under the shadow of Pikes Peak, a miner stumbled across a shallow shaft, dug, ironically, during the first Pikes Peak rush. This shaft was near not one but many valuable mines which later made fortunes for dozens of miners. The third time was the charm.

Concluding the Pikes Peak story, another miner's adage can be mentioned:

(Continued on Page 64)

THE WAY

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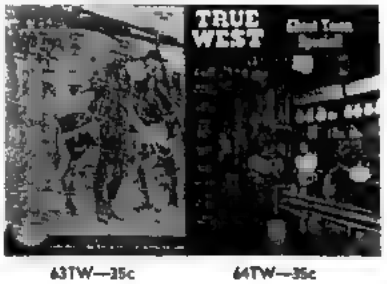

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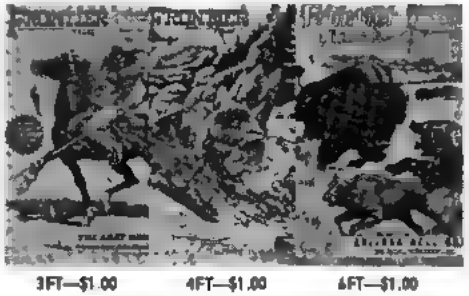

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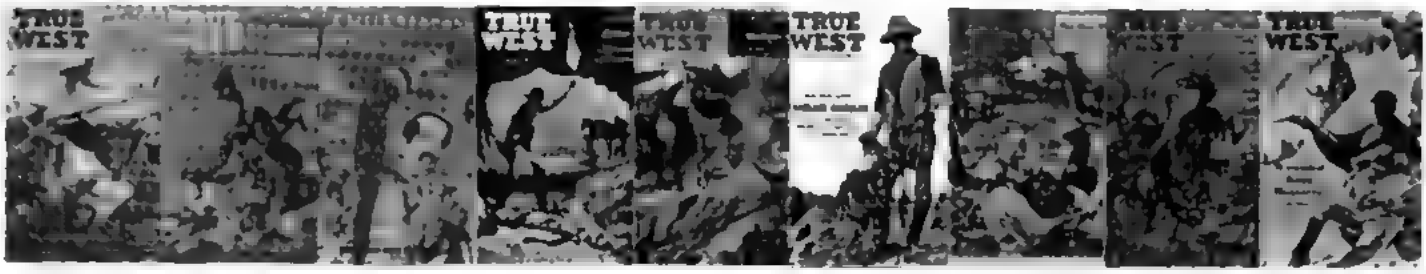

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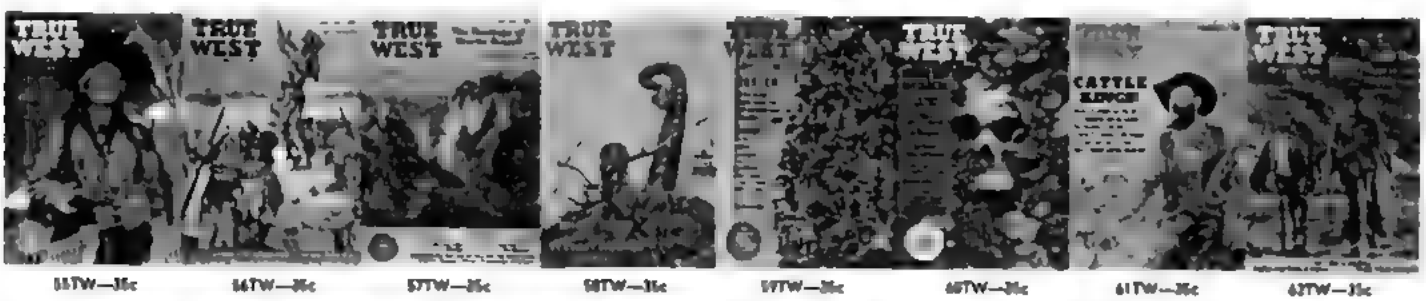

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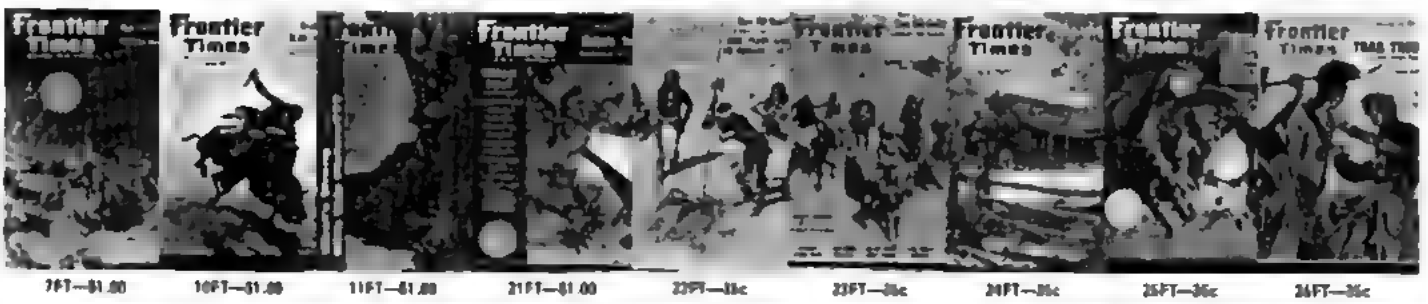

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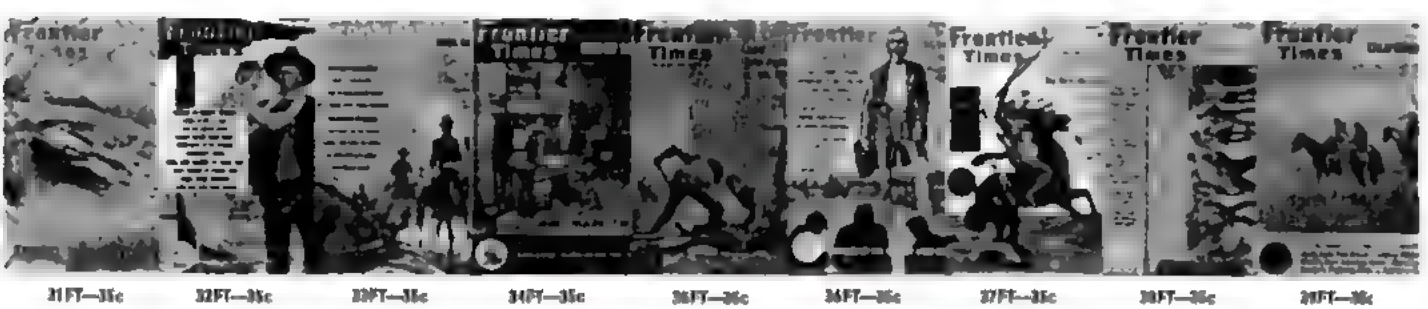

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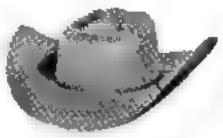

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An educator once said that to arrive at an intelligent conclusion one must define the terms used. Our term is "luck." To this point, we have shown many examples of luck, but still lack a definition. But when the early Mexican and Spanish miners entered into the Southwest and Colorado they brought a saying, which, while it doesn't define luck, explains it better than anything else: "This may not be true, but it happens."

I Saw the Whitman Massacre

(Continued from page 35)

When daylight came at last, we could see that we were near a trail. As we lay there we could hear the Indians pass, first one way and then another. As they went toward the mission they were empty-handed; as they went away, their arms were full. They were carrying plunder from the Doctor's house, and were talking and laughing as if they were on a party.

We were deathly afraid. Between their coming and going we talked about what to do. We wanted to go to Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia. It is now known as Wallula and was about thirty miles distant.

There were too many Indians going back and forth along the trail and we didn't dare move very much. We didn't have anything to eat and couldn't get close enough to the river to get a drink. But Father tied my little tin cup to a long willow stick and managed to get a little water.

We lay in the bushes all day. As soon as it got dark Tuesday night, we started again. Mother was so weak that we could go only a short distance before her strength gave out. She wanted Father to leave her and us children, and to go to the fort for help.

"I cannot leave you. I can only die with you," Father almost shouted.

No more was said until he had calmed down. When he was quieter, Mother pleaded to him of his duty to us. He finally consented to go on alone. When darkness had come again, each of us said a prayer.

Father made ready to go. He could take but one of us with him. Which one should it be?

My little brother John was only four years old. He was sick and weak from the measles. His weight would not be as great a burden on Father as one of the others. It was hoped John could be left at the fort to be sent out to friends in case the rest of us didn't survive.

THE PARTING was hard. None of us knew whether or not we would ever see each other again. How we listened to Father's steps as he slipped away in the darkness.

Father was nearly drowned as he fell while trying to cross the Walla Walla River. He managed to get out on the same side of the river he had entered. Finally he crossed near Wallula and arrived at the fort near daybreak.

He was put in a room where there was nothing but a fire. The people there gave him a cup of tea and a few scraps of food. Father asked for help to get us in to the fort.

McBain, the factor, told Father that his wife would surely be dead by that time. He said that it would be better not to try to get the children, either.

"I will save them or will die in the attempt," was his reply to McBain.

An American artist by the name of Stanley had come to the fort the same day Father got there. He had been painting for some company in New York and had been in the Colville country. Some of his provisions were left and he offered to give them and the use of his horse to Father.

McBain would not keep my sick brother at the fort, so Mr. Stanley made him as comfortable as possible.

Father had left us in the dark. He had been over the route only once before and he didn't know for sure whether or not he could find our hiding place. So he hired a Walla Walla Indian for a guide and started back to where we were hidden.

At last they came near to the brush where we were. Father called out and Mother answered. At the sound of her voice the Indian jumped off of his horse and hurried over to us. He had his hand in his blanket. We thought that we were to be killed then and there.

"Hia Klatawa." He greeted us with the jargon meaning, "Hurry and go."

Then we knew that he was a Walla Walla and not a Cayuse. The Cayuse Indians didn't use the jargon.

"My God, Margaret, are you still alive?" Father asked as he embraced us. Such a meeting as that was.

It was getting light and we were soon on our way. Mr. McBain had told Father to go to the Umatilla River near where Pendleton is now. We stopped at the Hudson's Bay farm to get fresh horses.

The men at the farm told us that we would never get to Umatilla as the Indians were hunting Father like bees—to kill him. We left the farm and went in the hills toward Umatilla. Mother stopped after we had gone only a little way.

"If I have to see you killed, it will be here," she said.

Our guide then took us back toward the fort. After having several narrow escapes we reached it during the night.

"Why have you not done as I bade you? Why did you not go to Umatilla?" Mr. McBain was very angry with us for coming to the fort.

"My wife will not go there," replied Father.

We were then taken into the fort but they wanted Father to leave that very night. He told McBain that we would not go until he could take his family with him.

"I demand protection as an American citizen. If you turn me out I will die by the walls of the fort," Father told him. McBain then let us stay.

Mr. Ogden, one of the leading men at the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, was a different kind of man than McBain. He had heard of the massacre and he came up from Vancouver and brought a lot of goods to trade to the the Indians for the people who were captured. Besides us, there were sixty-two captives taken by the Indians. Some of the young women had been taken to be wives for the savage Cayuses.

Payday for the Indians was quite a day. They received fifty blankets, fifty shirts, and ten handkerchiefs for all of us. In addition, they got ten guns, one hundred balls and powder, ten fathoms of tobacco, and some knives.

The night after they received their pay, they held a war dance in the fort. Anyone who has heard an Indian's war cries when he is hungry for blood will never forget it. Nor will he ever be mistaken when he hears the genuine chorus as we heard it that night.

On the 3rd of January, 1848, we left the fort in batteaus to make the trip down the Columbia. The ground was frozen hard and it was snowing when we left. It was very cold.

We had been gone only a short time when the Cayuses started out to retake us. They had heard that the Volunteers were on their way up to the fort and the mission. We got away from them and went on down the river. At night we had to unload the boats and drag them ashore. Otherwise, they would have frozen in the water.

When we arrived at The Dalles, we met some more of the Volunteers. At the Cascades we met another group. They helped us make the portage at the Cascades. The boats had to be carried on the men's shoulders for the five-mile trip. Every child, who was able, had to walk and carry a bundle.

When we got below the Cascades, the batteaus were put into the water and we floated down to Portland (or where Portland is now). The Volunteers went on up the river after the Indians responsible for the massacre.

Governor George Abernathy met us on the sloping bank of the river. He had twenty-five Volunteers with him there. Portland was not a town then—there were only a few cabins near the banks of the river.

The men stood with their arms presented. When our three boats came under their guns, they fired a salute. Then they took off their caps and gave three cheers. Their flag was floating over the whole group.

We were under the Stars and Stripes again.

When a Man and a Horse Square Off

(Continued from page 39)

sure blowed the plug this time—pure living lightning—and since Marion didn't have time to pick up the reins or get his leg from around the apple, he simply had to ride it out perched sidewise in the saddle—or bite the dust.

With his leg sticking like a postage stamp around the saddle horn, Marion somehow kept his balance until the horse gave up and stopped bucking. That wild ride made Marion McGinty the Saddle Bronc Riding Champion.

NOT LONG after the contest, Miss Addie Morrison, of Knox County, was visiting relatives in King County when Marion met her at a singing. He thought her to be the most beautiful young lady that he had ever met. She had lived on a ranch all of her life. She not only loved Marion, she also loved the things that it took to make a bronc-buster cowboy happy.

They were married at Gilliland, Texas, on March 6, 1898, and set up housekeeping on the 6666 ranch.

Marion bought his first ranch in Yoakum County in the fall of 1914. He left his oldest son to take care of the cattle while he returned to Post City to move his wife and the five other boys to Plains. In 1927 he bought another ranch located one mile north of Plains. He named it Elk Horn, and lived there until his death in 1961.

Once when a friend was admiring a photograph of Mrs. McGinty, taken when she was a young lady, he remarked to Marion, "Mrs. McGinty was very beautiful then."

Quick as a flash Marion replied, "She still is!" That was about the time they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1948.

The last horse Marion raised to ride was one called "Bottle." Its mother was killed by lightning and the McGintys raised it on a bottle. When their son, Rusty, retired from bulldogging, he gave his horse, Brownie, to Marion, who rode him as long as the horse lived. Mrs. McGinty said that they all cried when they buried Brownie on a hill north of their ranch house. Marion was sixty years old when he rode a bucking horse called Butter Nose. He also rode a little brown horse called Joe.

McGinty loved his horses and he loved people, too, but he would scrap if riled. Back in 1937, Tubby, the Plains barber, was standing outside of the postoffice door talking with a young man who had had a nip too many. Marion rode a sorrel named Ball up to the usual post, got off, tied up his horse and ambled across the street to the post office. Thinking Marion was not within hearing distance, the inebriated young man made a slurring remark about the McGintys.

Marion never let on like he had heard the remark but when he got even with the fellow he hauled off and knocked him down. He then walked on into the post office, got his mail, came back out and walked nonchalantly across the street as if nothing had happened. He got on old Ball and went home.

All this time McGinty never uttered a word and, as far as I know, the incident was never mentioned by either of the two involved. Since it was one of those quiet days that we used to have in Plains, no one saw what happened except the three men just named. Marion was sixty-five years old then.

In later years he liked to reminisce and talk about his old friends. He'd tell about Ted Richards, a trail cook that he had known long ago, and the fellows who were with him when he rode that pitching demon at Seymour back in 1897. He talked about Al Gordon, a man named Mulkey, and another one that he called Carney. And there was Walt Cousins, the fellow who had handed Marion the bottle of bock beer.

Somehow, he never got around to identifying the fellow who fired the gun that caused the bronc to fall apart and bring to Marion fame. I say "fame" because Marion McGinty executed a feat that day that has yet to be equaled.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 45)

the Central Pacific (now the Southern Pacific) found a deserted grave, overrun with sagebrush and tumbleweed. The marker bore only the name "Lucinda Duncan." The railroad section crew had no idea who Lucinda was, where she came from, where she had been going or how she died. All they knew was that a woman was buried in the middle of the desert and no one was around to care for the grave properly.

The men took time out from work to clean the grave and surround it with a picket fence. They erected a cross on which was carved the inscription "Maiden's Grave" and on the other side her name.

From that time on, the section crews took a special interest in the grave. They kept it clear of brush, mended and painted the fence and, from time to time, brought flowers. Lucinda was every crewman's mother, sister, aunt and sweetheart all in one. It didn't matter that they had

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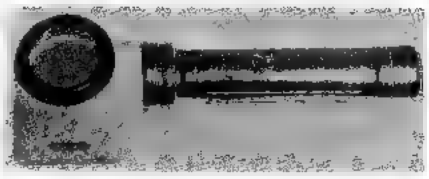

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never known her in life—they knew her in death and she was the bravest and loveliest "little lady" of them all.

When the old Central Pacific track was being re-aligned in 1906, it was discovered that the new route would pass directly over the grave site. The men moved the grave to a pioneer cemetery on a little hill a few hundred yards from the track. There they built a new picket fence and erected another cross.

BY THIS TIME the story of Lucinda and the "Maiden's Grave" had grown into a legend that was written about in history books, travel folders, tourist guides and newspapers.

Conductors on the Southern Pacific Overland *Route* never tired of telling the story of how the section crews kept the faith. Of course, the tale was never the same; it varied according to the whim of the storyteller and the extent of his imagination.

Like all legends, there are still questions about Lucinda Duncan that are unanswered. How old was she? No one knows for certain. Some say Lucinda was in her teens, either thirteen or seventeen, at the time of her death. Others believe Lucinda was a seventy-year-old grandmother in charge of a forty-wagon train.

How did she die? Again, no one is certain. It can be reasonably assumed that she wasn't a victim of an Indian attack, since no such evidence has been uncovered.

In 1950, the old weatherbeaten cross had just about seen its last days and the Southern Pacific men decided to erect another one—one that could be seen by passengers speeding by. They built a cross twenty feet high and painted it white. The section crews who maintain the tracks around Beowawe today continue to carry on the tradition of their comrades of old by making sure Lucinda is never forgotten.

PERCIVAL CLEGG

By Robert G. Oliver

I MET Percival Clegg while I was working in Saltillo, Mexico. He was a forty-year-old Englishman, who weighed two hundred pounds, and was six feet tall. His ruddy face was about sixteen inches long and about four inches wide. His hair was a light brown. I do believe he was the ugliest man I ever saw. When he was in company with other people he kept them laughing all the time, but during the two years that I knew him I never saw him smile at all, and other people who knew him said the same thing.

Clegg was the smartest man I ever knew. He had finished Oxford with honors. He could look at a column of figures and add them much quicker than you could on an adding machine. Then he could recite the column of figures back to you. He could quote Shakespeare by the hour. He could read an article in a newspaper and repeat it verbatim. If anyone ever had a photographic mind, he did.

Clegg was the second son of the family. At that time in England the first son was the only one who got any of the property so consequently Percival was left out.

He was widely traveled. He had traveled all over the world. He was in Malaya when the First World War broke out. He was called into the British Army from there. During World War I some of the British troops were trained in the United States. He was sent to the United States to train with one of Her Majesty's divisions. He was stationed in California.

One day he came out of a saloon, a "pub" as he called it. Two ladies walked up to him and one of the ladies said, "Do you know Jesus?"

He looked at them with a blank expression and said, "Jesus who?"

The lady replied, "Why, Jesus Christ."

"Why no," Percival answered, "I don't think there is anyone in my company by that name. No, I never heard of him." But Percival Clegg could quote from memory any passage in the Bible that you asked him to quote.

AFTER the war he got a job with the Mazapil Copper Company and was sent to Mexico as the chief accountant. He was living at the Provincial Hotel when I went to work in Saltillo, and was one of the first persons I met. His room at the hotel opened out onto the patio.

Percival loved his liquor and one night after he had indulged quite freely he went to his room and went to bed. Across the patio from his room was the hotel stable, and in it was an old white horse.

About two o'clock Jack Morrison, another accountant who worked for Mazapil, and I went to the stable and got the old white horse and led him into Percival's room.

About three-thirty Percival awoke and saw the horse standing there in the gloom asleep, his head over the foot of the bed. Percival later said, "Damn it all, I didn't know if the horse was going to eat me or not. His lower lip was hanging down about two inches below his upper lip and his eyes looked like they were about three inches in diameter. I don't know if he was blowing fire out of his nostrils or not."

Percival thought he was really having DTs. He jumped out of bed and came running to our quarters and woke us up. We went back to his room with him, took the horse back to the stable, and helped him get his things together, for he was determined to move out of the Provincial Hotel before daylight.

Sometimes when he had a few drinks, he would go out on the Plaza and hire all the hacks that were there. He would get in the first one and have all the others, usually six or seven, follow him, and he would parade all over town. One night he came parading with all his hacks to the apartment where we lived. Jim Glass, Jack Morrison, and I were there.

Percival got out and came in and said. "Do you fellows have any money so I can pay my hack bill? Damn it all, I've spent all my money."

He brought the drivers in one at a time. I'd ask the driver the amount of the fare. Jim Glass would pay him and Jack Morrison would pour him a drink. We continued until all the drivers had been paid.

Our Englishman was very kind-hearted and helped many little children in Mexico. Sometimes when he had a few drinks he would gather up all the little shine boys and take them to a store and buy them shoes and clothes they so badly needed.

One night he and I were in the Sierra Majado. We were standing at the bar talking to Colonel Gomez. We all had our glasses up to toast *salud* in Spanish, when a soldier came in, walked up to the colonel, grabbed him by the shoulder, jerked him around and began to curse him. The colonel pulled out his pistol and killed the soldier.

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Actual photograph of the light, made by Orrick Sparlin, Miami, Oklahoma

Percival watched the colonel fire the shots, then calmly looked over his shoulder and said, "Give him three more, Professor."

The next day Percival and I had to go to the Army Board of Review as witnesses in behalf of the colonel. The colonel was exonerated. He was always our friend after that.

Percival once bet Jack Morrison $100 American money that Jack couldn't go sixty days without taking a drink of liquor. When the head of the Mazapil Copper Company heard about it, he made the same wager. Jack went the sixty days all right and won the money, but when the bet was over Jack got drunk and stayed drunk for a week.

Percival Clegg was always a good sport, a great humorist, and always ready for an adventure. He drank a lot but never missed a day's work.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT

By Dale Plank

IN 1954, my family moved to the northeastern corner of Oklahoma. We weren't there long until someone told us of a "mysterious light" that appeared on a road two and one-half miles from our house. The light first appeared in 1886, near Hornet, Missouri.

When I first heard of the light, I was as skeptical as anyone could be. After seeing and being around the light for over ten years, my skepticism has long since left me.

In 1957 Arthur P. Meadows purchased a small lot at the east end of the road on which the light appears. He erected a shanty where information was freely given to tourists who came to see the phenomenon.

Mr. Meadows, later known as "Spooky," kept adding to his shanty. Soon he had a small museum with newspaper clippings, photos and other material pertaining to the light. In his shanty tourists signed the guest book which shows that an average of 3,000 visitors a year have been interested in this mystery.

I was fifteen years old when I went to work for Spooky. For a small fee I operated a high-powered telescope. Through the telescope the light revealed one of its secrets. It is composed of small lights, which appear as one large light. I have seen sixteen lights at one time, and four lights at another. I have chased the light in my car. When the light appears to be only a few yards away it will disappear and reappear in back of you.

Newspapers have commented on the light. The St. Louis *Dispatch* reported, "The light is a glowing blob in the middle of a dirt road that stretches from the state line (Missouri) westward into Oklahoma. It rests just above the horizon, dancing about slightly. It glows every night."

The Kansas City *Star* kept an open-mind policy, too. "In the *Star* office we have received reports of these spooklights for many years. Scientists have visited the area seeking explanation on the spot but failed to locate the source."

Leonard Stoner said, "I have lived around Quapaw for sixty-one years. I have seen a number of teams investigating the source of the ghostlight but none of them found out what it is. I was here before there were any cars in this district and the ghostlight was here then."

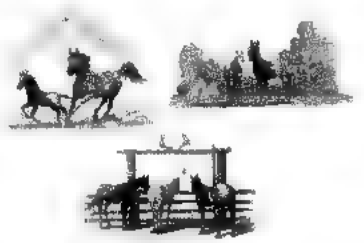
My brother, Duane Plank, now living in Orofino, Idaho, saw the light climb a three-strand fence, then jump over the fence and disappear into the blackjack trees that line both sides of the road.

Today the small lot of land on the east end of the road is known as "Spooksville." Spooky has a community building beside the old shanty which still stands, but is not used today. Because of ill health Spooky isn't able to entertain tourists as he used to with short shows and songs.

For the past seventy-nine years the light has remained a mystery. It is hard to sift fact from folklore. One thing is certain—every cave, highway and mineral deposit was tested with scientific equipment by the United States Corps of Engineers during World War II. They came away from the area of the light without a logical explanation.

CORRECTION

The story, "Who Killed Oliver Yantis?" in the February 1966 issue of TRUE WEST should have carried a by-line as follows:
By Daniel D. Holt and Joseph W. Snell



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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

at times, but never serious. On Friday evening before he died he was said by the people here to be apparently as well as ever. On Saturday morning he was found quite sick and in a few hours he was unconscious. He grew worse all the time until about 3 o'clock Monday morning he died.

I was 75 miles from here when Father was taken sick Saturday. I was out on Devils River looking after some goats he had bought. They found it hard to locate me. I did not reach home 'til 3 o'clock Sunday evening after a ride of 75 miles in about seven hours. I found Father in a serious unconscious state but all had been done that could be done. My sisters from New Orleans and brother Roy reached here Monday night. We buried father on Tuesday in Del Rio. He had a nice funeral from the residence of Mr Blair, a great friend of his in life.

In regards to the book, there is quite a little written now but it requires a great deal to finish it. Yet I am trying to get all the sketches I can together and try and have it written just as soon as possible. If you can give me a few sketches or newspaper clippings of his adventures they will be appreciated and I know will help the book along. I will let you hear from me from time to time and will send you some of the books as soon as it is published. I will close now. Please write soon.

Nephew,
Samuel Bean

Sam Bean's book about his father was never finished. He probably expected to add a few touches to a manuscript which the Judge had kept around the saloon for several years. But Sam was better with a gun and a rope than with a pen, and besides his time was short. In 1907 he was cut to pieces in a barroom brawl in Del Rio. His papers were kept for a while by his wife's relatives but have long since disappeared.—Jack Wallace, 25465 Gould Street, Loma Linda, California.

Rodeo and Milt

Gentlemen:

Just in the past year I have become acquainted with your publications, TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. I have particularly enjoyed the stories by my old friend, Milt Hinkle. I first met Milt Hinkle when I was ten years old (which was in 1935) when my father, Roscoe Armstrong, joined Uncle Milt with his Bucking Ford Act at the first rodeo ever presented in the old Duquesne Gardens in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. From 1935 through 1937 Dad worked many rodeos for Milt throughout the Midwest. At one time Milt owned a farm near Greencastle, Indiana, which was about forty miles from my hometown of Montezuma, Indiana. Dad, who is eighty-two years old, and my mother still live there.

Don't know whether this is of interest to you or not, but Milt Hinkle's rodeo in 1935 at Duquesne Gardens had some of the top hands in the business. The stock was owned by George V. and Minnie Adams, who were quite well-known rodeo producers in their own right. Dad's Bucking Ford act was one of featured specialty acts along with Tin Horn Hank Keenan, one of the old-time great rodeo clowns; Buck Owens and his high school horse, Goldie; Texas Slim Collins, whip manipulator; Weaver and Juanita Gray, trick riders and ropers; Lloyd and Blanche McBee; and among the cowboys and cowgirls were Red and Claire Thompson, Alice Adams, Mary Cardinal, Bill and Mary Parks, Buck Edison, Pancho Villa, Steve and Chuck Heacock, Mattie Downs King, Jack King, Alice Sisty with her Roman jumping over an automobile, and many others.

Back in those days when Milt Hinkle put on a rodeo it was the fastest and roughest in the game with never a dull moment. Pete Adams, who was Dad's favorite rodeo announcer, was the announcer for this show.

I would like to see more rodeo stories; I especially wonder if anyone has any stories to write about Opal Wood, whom I consider one of the greatest of all rodeo cowgirls.

I enjoy your magazines immensely.—Earl Armstrong, 1204 East Bradford St., Marion, Indiana 46852.

Nothing Left for the Kids

Dear Sir:

I have a personal gripe about us human beings. Around us in the West we've got such a glorious amount of history in the real that I can't understand why we're destroying it. We are leaving nothing for our children.

My son is at the age when he is becoming interested in our past. He wanted to see a "real life" ghost town, so I took him to Bodie, which is not far from our home. California has taken over the townsite and Park Rangers are in charge. They took my little boy around and told him all about Bodie's past.

Well, anyway, what he wanted to see especially was the graveyard. Little-boy-like, he wanted to see tombstones with "shot by" or "lynched by," etc. I knew, of course, that Madame Moustache was buried there and that there had been around twelve or fourteen hangings. We climbed up to the graveyard and there was nothing! The place was a complete shambles. I asked the Ranger what had happened, and he told me that people had come in and carried off the old grave-markers as souvenirs. Besides that, one of the people who took care of the town prior to the State's taking over, sold the grave register to a collector, and now the State is unable to mark any of the graves.

My little boy walked over every inch of the graveyard hoping he'd find one maiker of the "Wild West." And while we were up there, I saw two other disappointed little boys. About that time I'd have gladly resigned from the whole human race!

If any of your readers know anything about the lost register, or if they would let the State use it, the graves could be marked and future visitors could read in those inscriptions the past of one of California's roaring old mining towns.—Patricia Engstrom, 1284 Stafford Way, Yuba City, California.

Information Needed

Dear Sir:

I wonder if any of your readers could tell me about Logan, Montana. In the enclosed picture the feller holding the saddle horse is my Uncle Harvey. Harvey was another of those green Englishmen who headed West aspiring to be a cowboy. He left England with his brother Dick in 1905 and, whereas Dick did most of his wandering in Canada, Harvey crossed into the U.S.

Harvey wasn't much of a letter writer, but he did send home some pictures taken in Montana. One address was Miracle Ranch, Logan. Sounded like he spent more time in irrigation ditches, water up

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Uncle Harvey, holding the reins

to his knees, working with a spade, than on the back of any bronco.

I would like to hear something of this area. Is there still a Miracle Ranch or is that land farming country now?

Harvey was broke in 1915 when he went back to the old country to get into World War I. He and two more uncles died in France.

Glad to see the old Canadian stories in your publications. Keep up the good work. —Tom Bird, Foxford, Sask., Canada.

Gentlemen:

I am trying to help an old friend locate his half-sister who was last heard from about 1920 in Oakland, California. It was understood that her husband, Kurt A. Stolberg, Jr. was the head chemist and assayer for the Elkoro gold mines, located in Jarbidge, Nevada. Kurt and Gladys Davis Stolberg lived with Kurt's family in Oakland. Kurt was a World War I veteran, 14th degree Mason, born about 1888 and was over six feet in height. Gladys was born July 1, 1898 at Aurora, Missouri. She married Kurt in Reno, Nevada, February 19, 1919. The last that was heard from them they were going to Colorado on business. Kurt's family was believed to be rather prominent around Oakland.

I would be interested in hearing from persons who are related to or know of the Stolbergs, also from any old-timers knowing about the Elkoro gold mines.—Earl C. Rhodes, P.O. Box 234, Marionville, Missouri.

Chief Plenty Coups

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading "Siege at Fort Pease." Most of the early-day landmarks mentioned are very familiar. Old Fort Ellis is just a short distance east of Bozeman, Montana, where I lived the early years of my life. I later lived in Billings for twenty years. I know the Crow Reservation quite well, as I have fished in Pryor Canyon many times, also in the Big Horn River and Black Canyon.

In some of the past copies of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES I have seen Chief Plenty Coups' name mentioned. On my way to Pryor Canyon to fish, I used to pass his home when he was still alive. He lived just out of the little settlement of Pryor, near Pryor Creek.

I also attended the ceremony relinquishing his authority to Max Big Man. Max lived at the Crow Agency. They exchanged the beautiful headdress with many other things pertaining to the leadership of the Crow Tribe. Chief Plenty Coups was a very old man at that time, had hardly any voice left, just a rasping whisper, and was very thin. He was a remarkable person. His age at that time was estimated to be ninety years. (This must have been in the early Thirties.) This ceremony took place near the site of old Fort Custer, high above the Big Horn River overlooking Hardin, Montana.—J. W. Scollard, 670 Panchita Way, Los Altos, California.

Fort Pease

Dear Pat:

I enjoyed reading "Siege At Fort Pease." We were particularly interested because Major F. D. Pease was my husband's great-grandfather.

Last Saturday my husband, son and I visited old Fort Pease. It is 115 miles from here. There is a ranch built on the site now and a family by the name of Draper has lived there for many years. —Hazel (Mrs. Hubert) Pease, Ashland, Montana.

Early Plumbing

Dear Pat:

In a back issue of TRUE WEST, two of your correspondents said something about those little backyard houses with figures cut in the side walls. While the subject is rather unsavory, I can't resist telling this one.

In 1902 we delivered 1,200 head of cattle at Brownwood, Texas, for shipment to Indian Territory. They were bought by Ira Word who ranched in Sutton County.

The late H. W. (Shorty) Collins had an interest in part of the cattle. He and his boy (about my age) were with us. After the cattle were loaded into the cars, Mr. Word invited my father and Mr. Collins and us two boys to have supper with him at the Walker House which was reputed to be the finest hotel between Fort Worth and San Angelo.

Brownwood was quite a city to me. It had electric lights and what everyone called "public water works." We had nothing like that in Coleman, which was my hometown. Our water supply was contained in underground cisterns caught by the run-off from houses when it rained.

Leading off from the Walker Hotel lobby into the backyard was a board walk. At the end of the walk was a string

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of those little houses we are talking about. A continuous stream of water flowed in a trough underneath. It was the first sewage disposal installation that I had ever seen, or even heard of.

After supper we went down to the saloon where most of our cowboys were congregated. Our fathers had to sign a paper before the bartender would let us boys enter the saloon. Mr. Collins called all the cowboys up to the bar for a drink and then he said, "Boys, I want to give you a little advice. Don't drink any water while you're in this town. I polluted the cistern."—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California.

Old McCabe

Dear Editor:

I have just received the August issue of TRUE WEST from another subscriber who asks about the accuracy of the article "The Fate of Old McCabe," by Tom Barkdull.

As your records will show, I have been an occasional contributor to your magazines. I have always been careful to conform to factual reporting concerning the old Arizona mining camps and their peoples and activities.

I think I am one of a very few remaining residents of Old McCabe. I lived there from 1898 to 1910, through most of the active life of the old camp, working in the mines, driving stage, and carrying the mail.

Chaparral was a small camp located about a mile north of McCabe, on a different and much larger gulch. I delivered the mail there from McCabe on horseback. Neither Chaparral nor McCabe was located on the Prescott-Phoenix stage line. I was born on that stage line, at Gillette, and knew the road pretty well.

The McCabe Mine was located first, and afterward the Gladstone Mine. I worked in both. Work was discontinued in both simply because the ore veins became too small and of too poor value. I never heard of the cave-in Mr. Barkdull describes.

Most of McCabe was located on what was called "Galena Gulch." I could name most of the population. I haven't been there recently but I am informed none of the old buildings is left and it is hard to find traces of where most of them stood. The graves pictured are probably those of the McCarty family.

Sorry to have to contradict statements in one of your articles but I have always understood that your magazines tried to portray places of the older West as they actually were.—Clarence E. Wager, 5688 Newland Road, Paradise, California 95969.

Author's Reply:

1. Regarding McCabe and Chaparral being on the Prescott-Phoenix stage run, there are originals of handbills and placards on display in the Sharlot Hall Museum which were printed and displayed solely to announce that both villages had been included as regular stops on the trip going both ways. Historians of the era tell of making these stops. From these items it is evident that the stops were made during the night, as they speak of the houses and businesses being asleep. These handbills were reproduced for John and Lillian Theobold (Postoffices and Postmasters of Arizona Territory).

2. Mining location records show that the Gladstone Mine was located first, probably by John H. Marion, and the McCabe Mine at a later date by Frank McCabe. They appear to have been merely two separate shafts over the same lode in later years which may be what has caused the confusion. I mean, of these two separate workings, perhaps the McCabe workings were started first, notwithstanding that the Gladstone location was the first filed.

3. The cave-in and flooding of the mine was related to me by an ancient miner who also spent most of his life in McCabe and who still lives close by the old townsite. The last trip I took out there found him actually working the old Arizona. He even knew the man, Frenchie, who stopped too close to the surface, besides many more of the inhabitants. Perhaps some of the names will strike a familiar chord with Mr. Wager: George Flammer, Mickey the Mike, Corduroy Bill, Big Turk, Frank Beard, Biddy Foran and Miss Kerbaugh (first name forgotten), who was the schoolteacher.

4. Chaparral Gulch constitutes the main channel or watershed down from the Bradshaws to the area around the mines and the towns. Galena and Ticonderosa Gulches are only tributaries of Chaparral Gulch. The print of the U.S. Geological map (1900 survey) which I enclose shows this fairly clearly. Your correspondent is only partially right regarding the location of Chaparral in respect to McCabe. Chaparral was in fact about a mile distant, not north, but west-southwest. Chaparral lay at the confluence of the Chaparral and Galena Gulches, while McCabe lay at the confluence of the Chaparral, Galena and Ticonderosa Gulches. Actually Chaparral Gulch was the culprit during times of flash floods. Incidentally, for location purposes, the government surveyors found McCabe at and around the section corner common to sections 19, 20, 29 and 30, Twp. 13 No., R. 1 E. The government brass-capped monument is, in fact, in the middle of what remains of the town today.

5. Yes to one of his questions: the graves are those of Martha, Thomas, Jack McCarty and D. M. Thomas. The large obelisk marker is over the grave of one Lena Reichelt and baby.

I hope that this clears up any doubts that may have existed regarding old McCabe and its fate. I always confirm and reconfirm everything that I submit to you.—Tom Barkdull.

Groesbeck Hanging

Dear Sir:

When I read the "Mexican Hanging Affair" it made me think of a hanging at Groesbeck, Texas, in 1895 or 1896. I was a fourteen-year-old then.

A colored man helped an old fellow named McKinsey load his feed in Mexia. He saw him get a $20 gold piece back in change.

The colored man made it out on the road and when the old man came by, he beat him to death with rocks. He got the gold piece and left the old man's body in the wagon. The team carried him and his feed home.

They soon got the murderer and put him in jail at Groesbeck. The hanging took place across the street from where I lived with my uncle, Captain J. P. Brown. He was tax collector of Limestone County. Mr. John Grisen was sheriff and his son Alvis was deputy.

In my eighty-six years, I have never seen as many people as came in wagons, hacks, buggies, and by northbound and southbound trains. People came from everywhere. I would never have watched him hang if he had not acted like he

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"Run on down and stop 'em and I'll keep ya' covered!"

was proud of his new suit and hat. He seemed to be proud of himself.

My son watches the stands every month and gets TRUE WEST, and he is the one who caused me to try and write what I have. He thought it was history that might never be told.—Mrs. Emma McKandles, Hill Top Nursing Home, Boerne, Texas.

Indian War-whoop

Dear Sirs:

Please explain the origin or reason for the Indian war-whoop.—Max M. Coleman, 2008 47th Street, Lubbock, Texas.

Reply from Bill Judge:

You sure picked a tough one. If you mean the date of origin of the Indian war-whoop, I can't help you and I don't think anyone else can either. It dates back to the French-Indian wars in the east and even probably before then.

If from where it was copied or the inspiration, there are many tales of the origin. Some say that it was copied from the coyote who is the hero of many Indian legends or tales. Some say it was copied from the wolves, and "wolf" was the name given to Indian scouts. It would seem that the type of cry would resemble those two wild animals more than any other. There are pictures drawn of Indians back in the old days popping their hands back and forth from and to their mouths to produce the quavering sound usually associated with the high-pitched, eerie sound. The southern Rebel cry was supposed to be adapted from the war-whoop or cry, after the Texans introduced it.

The primary purpose was supposed to produce terror in a surprise attack, to scare the opposition and their animals. So far as I can determine, there appears to have been several types of war cries. Some were in imitation of other animals and birds which happened to be the medicine helper of the individual warrior.

The war cry served other purposes as well. It bolstered the courage of the attackers, served to identify positions in battle, numbers, etc.

I have run into individual references to cries of different clans, lodges, chiefs, etc. I don't know how accurate these references are but they were made by quotes from Indians. It is highly probable that cries among different bands were different, for purposes of identification. As war leaders were leaders in battles and each had his own following in big battles, it is also probable that different leaders had their own cries.

Hope that the above will partly cover the answer you asked. Sorry I can't be more informative and definite. Incidentally, if you ever played Indians when a kid and gave a high-pitched yell with your hand back and forth from your mouth, you came pretty close to the Indian war-whoop. Many of our customs and play methods are handed down from one generation to another after the origin has been forgotten.

The rebel cry was supposed to have been uttered without the hand, just as with some of the Indians. It consisted of high-pitched, warbling falsetto tones that gave an eerie raising of goose-pimple flesh.

Lyman Wight

Dear Sir:

Your story on Mormans in Texas interested me greatly, my being a fifth generation. I thought the most interesting thing is that Lyman Wight was my great-granduncle. One of his wives was Mary Hawley, born about 1823 at Harperville, Illinois. She died in Texas. I'm most certain my relatives will be interested in the story.—B. Dale Malan, 626 14th East, Seattle, Washington.

Pages from the Tally Book

Dear Sirs:

"Lost Mine of Sycamore" in the August issue was very interesting. I have been in Sycamore Canyon several times but didn't get to explore it as I would like to do. The old man, Jim Mahone, whose picture is shown with the story, I knew very well for about ten years at Seligman, Arizona. He was scout for Capt. Clark while the Santa Fe Railroad right of way was being surveyed through Arizona. I have pictures of his funeral and it was a military funeral which Jim's people resented. Jim was nearly blind for the last few years of his life and lots of times I would see Jim and he couldn't see me.

I would say, "Hello, Jim Mahone," and he would say in return, "Hello, big white

Miscellaneous

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chief." He could recognize and remember voices extremely well.

I also knew Hackberry Slim several years ago and I have known quite a few of the people mentioned in his story. I knew Tom Burnett and worked for him through roundup a number of years on the Triangle Ranch near Paducah, Texas. I also knew Tom's father, Burk Burnett of the 6666.

Walt Coburn's "Tally Book" is very good. He spoke of the Matador Cattle Co. I worked for the Matador Land and Cattle Co. Ltd. at Matador, Texas, in 1918 and when we branded the 1918 calf crop and tallied them up, we had branded 23,000 calves. Most people in that part of the country knew me as Matador Slim.

I came to Arizona in April, 1919. Then in November, 1919 I went back to Texas and back to work for the Matador again and in August, 1938 I came back to Arizona and have been here since then. All told, I have disturbed quite a lot of livestock and have been considered a fair hand.

I feel quite sure Mr. Coburn and I talk the same language and would like very much to visit with him sometime. I had a stroke in June, 1964; lay on a concrete floor four days and nights before anyone found me. It was in 112° weather so I was in pretty bad shape and so dehydrated that I weighed only 133 pounds when they got me to the hospital. I came here to a rest home at Wittman, Arizona after spending fifty or more years on the range. It's pretty tough on an outdoor man just to hole up and do nothing but write a few letters to relatives and friends but when I can get TRUE WEST or OLD WEST or FRONTIER TIMES it surely helps to pass the time more pleasantly.—Noble (Matador Slim) Pierce, P.O. Box 83, Wittman, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Small:

Just read Walt Coburn's Tally Book about "Humpy Jack." I knew him well. Jack Davis was his name and he is buried at Malta, Montana. I used to take care of his grave—there is no marker on it.

We left Malta fifteen years ago but visit there every year and I always visit Jack's grave.—Vivian Murphy, 1116 Lakeside Avenue, Coeur d' Alene, Idaho 83814.

Contest: Confusion, Inc.

(Continued from page 3)

he thinks that fictionized pieces, based on fact, will eventually kill the field and he was wondering if there was anything on earth we could do about it. Here is just a part of his four-page letter:

"Here is a quotation directly from an editors's letter: 'Frankly they're not true—but fiction written like fact pieces—and based on true historical incidents (broadly).' This from an editor who advertises his magazine as filled with honest-to-God true stories. It was in reply to a letter of mine concerning certain changes he wanted made in a manuscript I sent him. These changes did not correspond to the factual material. If you can get this in print (without using my name) I believe it will help the situation considerably, and probably cause some of your competitors to hesitate about jumping the lines of common decency and ethics."

One note of humor—a disgruntled writer (who couldn't sell us a single article because our researchers found them full of mistakes) wrote us in part, "Why read your magazines anyhow—the others are publishing all of your stories over in one form or another!" I was just wondering if that was supposed to be a *hurting* statement?

One last observation and we'll get back to the contest itself. One of our editors some time back was talking to the editor of a now defunct "true" Western magazine in New York City. At any rate, when they first started, their editor said to ours, "People don't care whether the story is true or not—they want to be entertained."

Our editor replied, "I think you're wrong—our readers want to read the truth and to be entertained at the same time. Often we spend more money on skilled research than we do on the story itself!"

The other editor replied, "Well, let's see who lasts the longest!"

We saw, and we think we know what we are doing, but if we are credited with distortions, mistakes, etc.—we blamed sure want it to be *really us* and not somebody else who sounds like us!

I want to make this a STRONG POINT. We do not claim to be perfect, to be free of mistakes. In one of my very first editorials I came out emphatically on this. I said that we'd make mistakes, maybe be completely fooled by a hungry author now and then, but we would honestly and laboriously SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH, turn every rock, try for the most accurate western factual magazine in the whole world. That we have done. If you but knew how many hands (researchers and authorities all over the country) handle each manuscript before it is released! We *do not* deliberately fictionize an article in order to make it more exciting.

SO, LET'S make this contest simple. You already have the range of prize money at the beginning of this announcement. We'll have to close the contest April 15, 1966. Any entries received here after that date can't be counted, so allow yourself plenty of time. In case of duplication, or nearly so, we'll have to take the one with the earliest postmark. Address your ideas to CONTEST, Western Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704.

Again, what we want is an *absolute identification* that we can put on the front cover of each of our three magazines. Second, third, etc., winners may have their entries used throughout the magazines in suitable spots. Remember that these entries can be symbols, slogans—anything to identify us at a glance. If you are not an artist, don't worry about drawing a symbol. Just make it so our artist can recognize it. Also, you might go over all three current magazines and even submit some of the things we have hit upon as trial balloons. Even if you select something from this announcement. or the one in March FRONTIER TIMES, and even if it is from a letter, we'll pay you and the writer of the letter both. I think that is proof enough that we are really serious about wanting something that will separate us from the others! Who knows, this may help *them* more than it does us!

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